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THE WORKS OF

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

&

JOHN FLETCHER

VARIORUM EDITION

VOLUME I

Francis Beaumont.

THE WORKS OF

[illegible]

AND

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

THE [illegible]
[illegible]
A [illegible] AND NO [illegible]
THE [illegible] LADY
[illegible]

[illegible]

THE WORKS OF
FRANCIS BEAUMONT
AND
JOHN FLETCHER

VARIORUM EDITION

VOLUME I

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY
PHILASTER
A KING AND NO KING
THE SCORNFUL LADY
THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

LONDON
GEORGE BELL AND SONS
& A. H. BULLEN
1904

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CONTENTS

PAGE

FRONTISPIECE.—Portrait of Francis Beaumont from the original painting at Knole Park, by permission of the Rt. Hon. Lord Sackville, G.C.M.G.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE v

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY. Edited by P. A. Daniel . 1
Facsimile title-page of 'The Maid's Tragedy'. *to face* 2

PHILASTER. Edited by P. A. Daniel 115
Facsimile title-page of 'Philaster' . . . *to face* 116

A KING AND NO KING. Edited by R. Warwick Bond 243
Facsimile title-page of 'A King and No King' *to face* 244

A SCORNFUL LADY. Edited by R. Warwick Bond . 355
Facsimile title-page of 'A Scornful Lady' . *to face* 356

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY. Edited by R. Warwick Bond 475

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

EDITED BY P. A. DANIEL

Stationers' Registers, 28 April, 1619. "Master Higgenbotham Master Constable. Entred for their copie vnder the handes of Sir George Buck and both the wardens A play called *The maides tragedy* . . . . vjd." [Arber's Transcript, III. 647.]

(Q1.) *The Maides Tragedy. As it hath beene diuers times Acted at the Blackefriers by the Kings Maiesties Seruants. London Printed for Francis Constable and are to be sold at the white Lyon ouer against the great North doore of Pauls Church.* 1619. 4to.

Bibliotheca Lib. Company Sheets 1620 Fr.

(Q2.) *The Maids Tragedie. As it hath beene diuers times Acted at the Black-Friers by the Kings Maiesties Seruants. Newly perused, augmented, and inlarged, This second Impression. London, Printed for Francis Constable, and are to be sold at the White Lion in Pauls Church-yard.* 1622. 4to.

Stationers' Registers, 27 October, 1629. Heggenbotham and Constable assigned over to Master Hawkins *The Maides Tragedie.* [Arber IV. 221.]

(Q3.) *The Maids Tragedie,* &c. *Written by Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher Gentlemen. The Third Impression, Reuised and Refined. London, Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins, and are to bee sold at his Shop in Chancery-Lane neere Serjeants-Inne.* 1630. 4to.

Stationers' Registers, 29 May, 1638. Mrs. Ursula Hawkins, widow of Richard Hawkins, made over to Masters Mead and Meredith a number of books the property of her late husband, among them *The Maides Tragedie.* [Arber IV. 420.]

(Q4.) *The Maides Tragedie,* &c. *The fourth Impression, Revised and Refined. Printed by E. G. for Henry Shepherd, and are to be sold at the signe of the Bible in Chancery lane.* 1638. 4to.

How Shepherd obtained a right in this book there is nothing in the Stationers' Registers to show.

Stationers' Registers, 25 January, 1639. The books transferred by widow Hawkins to Mead and Meredith on the 29 May, 1638, are by them made over to William Leake. [Arber IV. 452.]

(Q5.) *The Maids Tragedie,* &c. *The fifth Impression, Revised and Refined. London Printed by E. P. for William Leake, and are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-lane, neere the Rowles.* 1641. 4to.

(Q6.) *The Maids Tragedy,* &c. *The sixth Impression, Revised and Corrected exactly by the Original. London Printed for William Leake, at the Crown in Fleet street between the two Temple Gates.* 1650. 4to.

(Q7.) Another Edition, also called *The sixth Impression, Revised and Corrected exactly by the Original. London, Printed in the Year* 1661. 4to.

All the above mentioned editions, except the two last, have a wood-cut on the title-page representing Amintor stabbing Aspatia.

The Maid's Tragedy is in the folio of 1679: printed apparently from Q6, 1650.

The Maides Tragedy.

AS IT HATH BEENE
diuers times Acted at the *Blacke-friers* by
the KINGS Maiesties Seruants.

LONDON
nted for *Francis Constable* and are to be sol
at the white Lyon ouer against the great North
doore of *Pauls Church*. 1619.

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

DATE.—The precise date of this play must remain matter of conjecture.

Malone, in his "Attempt to ascertain the order in which the plays of Shakespeare were written" (*Var.*, 1821, II. 450), pointed out that in 1611 Sir George Buck, Master of the Revels, had before him a MS. play, which he licensed in these words—"This Second Maiden's Tragedy (for it hath no name inscribed) may, with the reformations, be publickly acted. 31 October, 1611, G. Buc."

This MS., now in the Lansdowne Collection (807), has no title-page; but is now headed, in a hand-writing different from that of the play itself, "The Second Maiden's Tragedy."[1] It seems evident from Sir George's words—"*for* it hath no name inscribed"—that this heading must have been adopted from the licence itself.

Of course the inference Malone wished us to draw—and which is drawn from this licence—is that Sir George having this untitled tragedy of a maiden before him, and bearing in mind *The Maid's Tragedy* of Beaumont and Fletcher, which he may be supposed to have licensed shortly before, spoke of this as a *second* maiden's tragedy to distinguish the one from the other.

On this inference Malone dates *The Maid's Tragedy* 1610.

Dyce, who at first (I. 313) confessed that he had "nothing to offer except the hypothesis of Malone," afterwards "inclined to fix its date in 1609" (I. xxxi.), but does not state on what grounds.

Mr. F. G. Fleay (*Chron. Eng. Dram.* I. 192) offers no opinion as to its actual date, but, with reference to Malone's hypothesis, thinks it evident that *The Maid's Tragedy* "was licensed in 1611 c. Oct."

That the play was in existence before May 1613, we learn from Mr. Cunningham's *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels*, etc. (*Shak. Soc.*, 1842.)

In his *Introduction* to that work, p. xliii., Mr. Cunningham gives an entry in the Books of the Treasurers of the Chamber, which records a payment to John Hemynges "upon a warrant dated 20 May 1613 for presentinge fourtene severall playes before the Prince, the ladye Elizabeth and the Prince Palatyne." In Vol. II. p. 123 of the *Shakespeare Society's Papers*, 1845, he supplements this entry with certain extracts from an interleaved copy of Langbaine, in which Hazlewood had entered Dr. Percy's transcript of Oldys's notes, and from these notes it appears that one of the "fourtene severall playes" was *The Maid's Tragedy*.

[Here it may be remarked that these *fourteen* plays were but *thirteen*; one of them, *Philaster*, being given twice, the second time under its sub-title of *Love lies a bleeding*.]

I believe this is all that can be offered as regards the date of *The Maid's Tragedy*: probably we shall not be far out in supposing the time of its production to have been some ten years earlier than that of its entry in the Stationers' Registers on the 28 April, 1619.

Perhaps it should be added that Cunningham (pp. xl. and 211 of his *Extracts*, etc.) identifies a play called the *Proud Maid*, and the *Proud Maid's Tragedy*, performed Shrove Tuesday, 1612, with *The Maid's Tragedy* of

[1] "The Second Maiden's Tragedy" is one of the MS. plays rescued from Warburton's cook. It was first printed in Vol. I. of the *Old English Drama*, 1824–5; again in Hazlitt's edition of *Dodsley*, Vol. X., 1875, and again in Chatto and Windus's edition of *The Works of George Chapman*, ed. R. H. Shepherd, 1875 (among the "Doubtful Plays and Fragments"). This last edition is the best; reference to the MS. has supplied it with numerous corrections, and some dozen lines omitted in the two former.

Beaumont and Fletcher, and Dyce (see his note, p. xxxii. Vol. I.) appears to accept this identification. As the title of Proud Maid could not apply to either Aspatia or Evadne (for Aspatia is certainly not proud, and Evadne is no maid), Mr. Cunningham's identification does not seem very apt; moreover this *Proud Maid* play belonged to the Lady Elizabeth's servants, and, as far as is known, *The Maid's Tragedy* was always a King's Company play.

THE TEXT.—The first edition, 1619, of this play is curtailed and frequently corrupt. More than four score lines are wanting in it, besides many single words throughout the play. On the other hand, it has some half dozen lines not in subsequent editions. The second edition, 1622, "Newly perused, augmented and inlarged," restores what are clearly the omissions of the first, but has also many verbal alterations, not all of which can be considered improvements on the text of Q1. Both these editions are anonymous.

The third edition appeared in 1630, and both the authors' names appear for the first time on the title-page. It is said to be "Revised and Refined"; but on what authority, the stationer, Richard Hawkins, who has prefixed to it a few lines giving his "censure" of the play, does not tell us. Its refinements, however, are not many; little more than a score in all, a good half of which are mere errors, and the rest, with three exceptions, doubtful or of very small importance.

The three exceptions are—

(1) III. ii. 149, 150.—"did thine anger *swell* as high As *the wild surges*," in place of the "did thine anger *go* as high As *troubled waters*," of Qos. 1 and 2.

(2) III. ii. 265, 266.—"I have cherish'd him *To my best power*," in place of "I have cherish'd him *As well as I could*," of Qos. 1 and 2.

(3) V. iv. 271.—Amintor dying is made to say "My *senses fade*," in place of "My *last is said*," of Qos. 1 and 2.

The first two "refinements" are accepted by all the editors, the third is rejected by them; Theobald, indeed, speaks disrespectfully of it.

Qos. 4 and 5 follow Q3 throughout, as do also Qos. 6 and 7, though these last two boast of being "Revised and Corrected exactly by the Original."

The Folio edition is apparently a reprint of Qo. 6.

Beaumont, the chief author of the play, died three years before the first edition appeared. Fletcher survived till 1625, so that he may have had a hand in the publication of both Qo. 1 and Qo. 2; though to neither of them did he give his name, and neither of them betrays the care an author might be supposed to give to a work in which he was concerned.

Under these circumstances our recension of the text must necessarily be eclectic: we have no edition the authority of which can be considered supreme, nor, after the first three, any that much requires consideration. All, however, have been consulted, and in our notes we believe we have recorded all variations of the slightest importance; so that the reader who may be dissatisfied with the choice we have made, will have it in his power to choose for himself.

Our choice has, of course, been largely influenced by that of preceding editors, who have smoothed our path, and for whose labours we are duly grateful: we do not pretend that in our text will be found any great advance on theirs; it is chiefly in our care to make the reader acquainted with the grounds on which it is formed that we make any claim to improvement on their work.

THE ARGUMENT.—The scene is Rhodes. Amintor, a noble gentleman, is troth-plight to Aspatia, daughter to Calianax, Lord Chamberlain and Commander of the Citadel; a testy and foolish old man. By command of the King, Amintor breaks off his match with Aspatia, and weds Evadne, the sister of his great friend Melantius, the King's General.

On their wedding-night Evadne impudently informs Amintor that she is the King's mistress, and denies him her bed; their marriage, she tells him, is merely to serve as a screen to her intrigue with her royal lover. Amintor, whose sense of loyalty to his sovereign outweighs his indignation at this outrage to his honour, consents for a time to dissemble his position; but his melancholy attracts the attention of Melantius, who extorts from him at last the terrible secret, and thereupon vows vengeance on the King. To this, however, Amintor will not consent, and Melantius, soothing him into the belief that no harm shall befal the King, resolves alone to revenge his friend's injury, and the disgrace brought on his own house.

First he seeks out Evadne, and terrifies her into repentance and a vow to wash out her stain in the blood of her paramour; next that he may bring his plot about with safety to himself and his friends he cajoles Calianax, whom he has brought into disgrace with the King, to surrender to him the Citadel. This obtained, he sends Evadne to murder the King in bed; which she does under circumstances of great atrocity.

While this is doing Aspatia, who throughout the play has been bewailing the loss of her promised husband, resolves on dying by his hand; to this end she disguises herself in the habit of her brother, and kicks and cuffs Amintor into fighting a duel with her, in which, of course, she soon receives her quietus.

While she lies dying, Evadne presents herself fresh from the murder of the King, her hands bloody, and with a knife. She imagines that with these proofs of her return to virtue Amintor will at once receive her to his arms; he, however, with whom loyalty is a passion, rejects her with increased horror: on this she turns the knife upon herself, and dies then and there. Amintor, who has also resolved on suicide, now proposes to himself before ending his life to seek out Aspatia, and beg forgiveness of his breach of faith to her. The mention of her name a little revives the dying Aspatia; she reveals herself to him, and dies in his arms: Amintor then stabs himself, and falls by her side.

Meantime, the murder of the King being discovered, his brother Lysippus is proclaimed his successor; but Melantius, by his possession of the Citadel, has the means of ruining the kingdom, and can only be brought to surrender his power by a full pardon to himself and to all concerned in his plot: this is readily granted, and the whole company then repairs to Amintor's house. Here they find him at the last gasp, lying between the bodies of his two would-be wives: a few last words, and he dies in the arms of Melantius, who would follow him in death, but is restrained by force. The new King then declares that these events shall teach him to rule with temper, and the scene closes.

"THE SOURCE," says Dyce, "from which the incidents of this drama were derived, has not been discovered. Aspatia, fighting in male attire with Amintor, has a sort of prototype in the combat between Parthenia and Amphialus. See Sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book iii."

HISTORY.—To the Entries in the Stationers' Registers and the Title-pages of the several quarto editions which appeared before its publication in the Fo. of 1679—given on a preceding page—the following notes may form a supplementary history of the Play; they are arranged as far as possible chronologically.

"Playes acted before the Kinge and Queene this present yeare of the Lord 1636":—

"The 29th of November at Hampton Court the Maides Tragedie." (See *Introduction*, p. xxiv. to Cunningham's *Extracts from Revels*, etc.)

There are frequent mentions of or allusions to the Play in the complimentary verses prefixed to the first folio ed., 1647, of our authors' works.

During the time of the suppression of the theatres a "droll" entitled *The Testy Lord*, made up from those scenes in which Calianax is concerned, was acted at the Red Bull; it may be found in *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport*, published by Kirkman, first in 1662. (See *Biog. Dram.* ed. 1812, iii. 414.)

After the Restoration, from a list made by Sir H. Herbert of Plays exhibited by the King's men, it appears that The Maid's Tragedy was performed on 17 Nov., 1660 and on 25 Feb., 1661. (Cited by Malone, *Var.* 1821, iii. 274, 275.)

Pepys (*Diary*, 16 May, 1661) notes:—"To the Theatre, and there saw the latter end of the 'Mayd's Tragedy,' which I never saw before, and methinks it is too sad and melancholy."[1]

At some later date, evidently, Waller made his alteration of the Play; which alteration, or rather its new fifth act, was first printed in "The Second Part of Mr. Waller's Poems," etc. Licensed 26 Sept., 1689. "Printed for Tho. Bennet, at the Half-Moon in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1690." In the Preface, anonymous, it is stated that "The Play was altered to please the Court." In the same year was issued, "The Maid's Tragedy [*i.e.* its fifth act] altered, with some other pieces. By Edmund Waller, Esq. Not before Printed in the several Editions of his Poems. London, Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges Head in Chancery Lane near Fleet Street, 1690."

There is no preface to this edition; only a brief notice to the effect that these pieces were never intended for publication, but that an imperfect copy [Bennet's, of course] having got to press it was deemed proper to print the true version.

The main difference between these two versions is in the way Evadne is disposed of; in Bennet's she enters a convent or sanctuary of vestals; in Tonson's she quits Rhodes to make sale of her beauty in Asiatic Courts. Waller's plot, having got Evadne out of the way, proceeds as follows:—Melantius having secured the Citadel and the Army, and wishing to effect his vengeance on the King with as little disturbance to the State as possible, endeavours to secure the co-operation of Lysippus, the King's brother; to this end, after exacting from him a vow of secrecy, he reveals to him his plot and offers him the crown. Lysippus will not consent, but, bound by his oath, cannot reveal to the King his danger: he therefore proposes a single combat to Melantius, who accepts. The King fortunately over-hears their conference and surrounding himself with a guard, he calls Diphilus, Melantius' brother, to his presence and proceeds with him to the place fixed for the combat. There he has Melantius in his power, but, scorning to take advantage of his position, he proposes a double combat, himself and Lysippus against Melantius and Diphilus; they proceed to fight; but after a few passes Melantius and his brother overcome by the King's generosity offer up their swords and kneel for pardon, which is at once granted to them. Amintor and Aspatia are now to be disposed of: the latter, resolved on suicide, repairs to a wood where grow certain poisonous berries, these she is on the point of swallowing when Amintor arrives, prevents the rash act and renews his vows of love. The King then appears on the scene, joins their hands and, addressing the audience in an appropriate Epilogue, ends the play.

The above were not the only alterations Waller attempted: another Epilogue is extant which is stated to have been "designed upon the first alteration of the play, when the King only was left alive." (See *Annotated Edition of Eng. Poets. Waller*, ed. Bell, pp. 222—224.)

The author of the Preface to "The Second Part," etc. (Bennet's ed.) says,

[1] Pepys again witnessed the performance of this Tragedy on the 7 Decr., 1666, 18 Feby., 1667, and 15 April and 9 May 1668; but we learn nothing from his notes beyond the fact that he thought it "a good play."

"it is not to be doubted who sat for the Two Brothers' characters"—and it is evident that the King and Lysippus were intended for Charles II. and his brother James; the latter thus excuses the licentiousness of the former—

> "Long may he reign, that is so far above
> All vice, all passion, but excess of love!"
>
> * * * * * *
>
> "Love is the frailty of heroic minds;
> And, where great virtues are, our pardon finds."

Nothing is said by the author of this Preface about the original play having been prohibited; he merely states that it "was altered to please the Court": Langbaine, however (1691), writes that "King *Charles* the Second, for some particular Reasons forbid its further Appearance during his Reign"; and he adds, "It has since been reviv'd by Mr. Waller, the last Act having been wholly alter'd to please the Court." Langbaine's "since" of course refers to the *prohibition* not to the *Reign*. In "The Lives and Characters of the English Dramatic Poets," etc. [Gildon, 1699],—Langbaine's work "improved and continued" down to 1698,—it is stated that "somewhat in it [the original play] displeasing King *Charles* the Second, it was for some time forbid coming on the Stage, till Mr. Waller Reviving it and wholly altering the last Act (which is Printed in his Poems) [it] appeared again publickly."

The anonymous Editor of Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays, 1711, says that the play was "by a private Order from the Court silenc'd. This was the Reason Mr. Waller undertook the altering the latter part," etc.

Cibber (*Apology*, etc., 1740, p. 282) mentions its prohibition, "by an Order from the Lord Chamberlain," as a circumstance "that common Fame has deliver'd down to us." "For what Reason," he continues, "the Politicks of those Days have only left us to guess. Some said, that the killing of the King, in the Play, while the tragical Death of King *Charles* the *First* was then so fresh in People's Memory, was an Object too horribly impious, for a publick Entertainment. What makes this Conjecture seem to have some Foundation, is that the celebrated Waller, in Compliment to the Court, altered the last Act of this Play," etc., etc.

That this "prohibition" did not immediately follow the Restoration is clear from the notices of performance in November 1660 and February 1661, cited above; Mr. Pepys's testimony of May 1661, and the Qo. ed. of the same year (Q7) are also in evidence. That it was not in force during the whole of Charles II.'s reign seems evident from Rymer's attack on the play, in his *Tragedies of the Last Age considered*, etc., printed in 1678, but licensed in July 1677, some nine years before the end of Charles's reign: and he obviously speaks of the original play as being then in possession of the stage.

Again, Elijah Fenton, who in 1729 edited Waller's Poems, in his *Observations*, etc., affixed to his edition, says:—"I have nothing to add to what has already been said of these alterations in the Preface to the Second Part of Mr. Waller's Poems . . . but shall only observe that Langbaine mistook in affirming that King Charles II. would not suffer the Play to appear [in its original state] on the Stage: for, I have been assur'd by my friend Mr. Southerne [the Dramatist], that in the latter end of that reign he has seen it acted at the Theatre Royal, as it was originally written by Fletcher; but never with Mr. Waller's alterations."

Charles II. with all his faults, was certainly not deficient in a sense of humour, and, after considering these varying statements, one is almost tempted to think that if he issued any order at all in this case, it would probably be to prohibit the performance of the play *with* Waller's alterations, which—one regrets to say it—are sorry stuff.

Charles II. died 6 February, 1685. In 1686 an edition of the Play "As it hath been Acted at the Theatre Royal, by their Majesties Servants," was printed "for R. Bentley and S. Magnes in Russel-street in Covent-Garden."

Another edition—same title as that of 1686—was "Printed for Richard Wellington at the Dolphin and Crown at the West-End of St. Paul's Churchyard," in 1704.

"The part of Melantius was the last that was acted by the celebrated Betterton, three days before his death, which happened 28 April, 1710. Before the middle of the eighteenth century, it still continued to be performed with great applause, as appears from Theobald's notes,[1] who began his labours for an edition of our authors in 1742. How long it retained possession of the stage after that period I am unable to say; but it had been laid aside in 1764, when Baker's Biographia Dramatica [*Companion to the Play-house*] appeared, for some years." WEBER.

"*The Maid's Tragedy*, under the title of *The Bridal*, with alterations by the eminent tragedian Mr. Macready, and with three original scenes by Mr. Sheridan Knowles, was acted at the Haymarket Theatre in 1837, and very favourably received by the public." DYCE.

[1] In a note on the quarrelling scene between Melantius and Amintor, he says, "I have always seen it received with vehement applause." He, perhaps, alludes to a period somewhat earlier than 1742. DYCE.

THE STATIONER'S CENSURE

GOOD wine requires no bush, they say,
And I, no prologue such a play:
The makers therefore did forbear
To have that grace prefixed here.
But cease here, censure, lest the buyer
Hold thee in this a vain supplyer.
My office is to set it forth,
Where fame applauds its real worth.

CENSURE] i. e. Opinion, judgment. These lines, not in Q1, 2, occur after the Dram. Pers., in Q3—7. Omitted in F.; restored by Web. and Dyce and placed here.

8 *Where*] "i. e. Whereas." Web.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING.

LYSIPPUS, brother to the KING.

AMINTOR, a noble gentleman.[1]

MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, } brothers to EVADNE.

CALIANAX, an old humorous lord and father to ASPATIA.

CLEON, STRATO, } Gentlemen.

DIAGORAS, a Servant.

Lords, Gentlemen, Servants, &c.

EVADNE, wife to AMINTOR.

ASPATIA, troth-plight wife to AMINTOR.

ANTIPHILA, OLYMPIAS, } waiting gentlewomen to ASPATIA.

DULA, a Lady.

Ladies.

NIGHT, CYNTHIA, NEPTUNE, ÆOLUS, Sea-gods, & Winds, } Masquers.

SCENE, *Rhodes.*

[1] AMINTOR is thus characterized first in Q3.

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter LYSIPPUS, DIPHILUS, CLEON, *and* STRATO.

Cle. The rest are making ready, sir.
Lys. So let them;
There's time enough.
Diph. You are the brother to the King, my lord;
We'll take your word.
Lys. Strato, thou hast some skill in poetry; 5
What think'st thou of the masque? will it be well?
Stra. As well as masques can be.
Lys. As masques can be?
Stra. Yes; they must commend their king, and speak in praise
Of the assembly, bless the bride and bridegroom
In person of some god; they're tied to rules 10
Of flattery.
Cle. See, good my lord, who is return'd!

ACT I. SC. 1.] With the exception of Sc. 1 of this act, only the Acts are marked in Q. F. Theo. marked a few of the scenes and their localities; Edd.'78 discarded what little Theo. had done; Web. completed the work: it is here given as in Dyce's ed., which differs slightly from Web.'s in respect of localities.

1, 2 Lys. *So . . . enough*] Q2 to F., clearly in error, give this speech to Strato.

6 *thou*] om. Q2—4. 6 *the*] Theo. to Dyce (Seward conj.). *a* Q. F.

7 *masques . . . masques*] *maske . . . maske* Q3 to Web.

8 *their king*] om. Q1. So in Fletcher's letter to Lady Huntingdon

Enter MELANTIUS.

Lys. Noble Melantius!
The land by me welcomes thy virtues home;
Thou that with blood abroad buyest us our peace! 15
The breath of kings is like the breath of gods;
My brother wish'd thee here, and thou art here:
He will be too-too kind, and weary thee
With often welcomes; but the time doth give thee
A welcome above his or all the world's. 20

Mel. My lord, my thanks; but these scratch'd limbs of mine
Have spoke my love and truth unto my friends,
More than my tongue e'er could. My mind's the same
It ever was to you: where I find worth,
I love the keeper till he let it go, 25
And then I follow it.

Diph. Hail, worthy brother!
He that rejoices not at your return
In safety is mine enemy for ever.

Mel. I thank thee, Diphilus. But thou art faulty:
I sent for thee to exercise thine arms 30
With me at Patria; thou camest not, Diphilus;
'Twas ill.

Diph. My noble brother, my excuse
Is my king's straight command,—which you, my lord,
Can witness with me.

13, 14 *Noble . . . home*] Q2 to F. add "to Rhodes," and the addition is accepted by all the editors. Dyce, noting the absence of these words from Q1, suggested, but did not adopt, the reading of our text. It is to be noted that though all the rest of this speech is printed as prose in Q. F., a separate line is given to "Noble Melantius." Theobald arranged and read:—

Noble Melantius! The Land
By me welcomes thy Virtues home to Rhodes.

Edd.'78, Web., and Dyce have:—

Noble Melantius, the land by me
Welcomes thy virtues home to Rhodes.

15 *Thou . . . peace*] *Thou that with blowes abroad bringst us our peace at home* Q1.

18 *be too-too kind*] Ed. (Bullen conj.). *be kind* Q1. *be too kind* Q2 to F., Edd.'78 to Dyce. *be e'en too kind* Theo. 19 *welcomes*] *welcome* Q1.

20 *his*] *this* Q5 to F. 20 *world's*] *world* Q1.

24 *It*] The whole of the preceding dialogue, from the commencement of the scene and inclusive of this word, is printed as prose in Q. F., and F. continues as prose to the end of l. 25. In the main the metrical division here given is that of preceding editors.

33 *straight*] *strict* Q2 to F., Web., Dyce.

Lys. 'Tis most true, Melantius;
He might not come till the solemnities 35
Of this great match were past.
Diph. Have you heard of it?
Mel. Yes, and have given cause to those that here
Envy my deeds abroad to call me gamesome;
I have no other business here at Rhodes.
Lys. We have a masque to-night, and you must tread 40
A soldier's measure.
Mel. These soft and silken wars are not for me:
The music must be shrill and all confused
That stirs my blood; and then I dance with arms.
But is Amintor wed?
Diph. This day. 45
Mel. All joys upon him! for he is my friend.
Wonder not that I call a man so young my friend:
His worth is great; valiant he is and temperate;
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend need it. When he was a boy, 50
As oft as I return'd (as, without boast,
I brought home conquest), he would gaze upon me
And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay to do those things he heard;
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel 55
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it: he oft would make me smile at this.
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all performed.——

Enter ASPATIA, *passing with attendance.*

Hail, maid and wife!
Thou fair Aspatia, may the holy knot, 60
That thou hast tied to-day, last till the hand
Of age undo it! may'st thou bring a race

34 *most*] om. Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web. 35, 36 *solemnities . . . were*] *solemnitie . . . were* Q2 to F. *solemnity . . . was* Theo. to Web.
37 *Yes, and . . . that here*] *Yes, I have given cause to those that* Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web. 41 *measure*] A solemn dance.
44 *with arms*] om. Q1. 45 *This day*] Qy. *This very day?*
47 *my friend*] om. Q1. 48 *and temperate*] om. Q1.
57 *Weigh*] *Weighes* Q1. 59 Enter . . .] Enter Aspatia, passing by. Q2 to F., Edd.'78. Enter Aspatia, passing with Attendants. Theo. Enter Aspatia. Web. Enter Aspatia, passing over the stage. Dyce.
61 *the*] *thy* Q4. 62 *undo it*] Theo. to Dyce. *undoe't* Q. F.

Unto Amintor, that may fill the world
Successively with soldiers!
Asp. My hard fortunes
Deserve not scorn, for I was never proud 65
When they were good. [*Exit* ASPATIA.
Mel. How's this?
Lys. You are mistaken, sir; she is not married.
Mel. You said Amintor was.
Diph. 'Tis true; but——
Mel. Pardon me; I did receive
Letters at Patria from my Amintor, 70
That he should marry her.
Diph. And so it stood
In all opinion long; but your arrival
Made me imagine you had heard the change.
Mel. Who has he taken then?
Lys. A lady, sir,
That bears the light above her, and strikes dead 75

67 *sir*] *for* Q2 to Web. "*Sir* and *for* confounded" is the subject of an article (CVIII.) in S. Walker's *Critical exam., etc.*, II., 289.

74 *has*] *hath* Q2—7, F.

75 *That bears the light above her*] Q1, 3 to Edd.'78, Dyce. *That beares the light about her* Q2, Web. Neither Theobald nor the Editors of 1778 record the reading of Q2, nor have they any note on this passage. Monck Mason, innocent of any knowledge of Q2, remarks—"Whether we suppose that the pronoun *her* refers to Aspatia, or to Evadne herself, it is scarcely possible to extract any sense from this passage as it stands," and he proposes to read—"That bears the *lightning's power*." He cites in support a passage from *The Humorous Lieutenant*, IV. i.—

I have no eyes,
No mortal lights; but certain influences,
Strange virtuous lightnings, human nature starts at;

which passage, it may be observed, is in ridicule of such hyperbolical expressions as are here spoken seriously. Weber does not admit Mason's conjecture; he remarks—"I have preferred reading *about*, with quarto 1662 [*sic.* should be 1622, Q2] which affords better sense than *above*. *Light* evidently stands for *lightning*." Dyce, who prints *That bears the light above her*, remarks—"Surely, 'her' refers to Aspatia: compare what Amintor presently says—

'thy sister
Accompanied with graces *above her*,' [l. 139]—

where it ought to be observed, 4tos. 1619, 1622 [Q1, 2] have, by a misprint, 'about.'" Dyce thus supports one doubtful reading by another doubtful reading; but he may be understood to interpret the passage in the sense that Evadne bears the light above, that is, is of greater merit or distinction than Aspatia: Weber, that Evadne bears or carries lightning about her, which comes to much the same thing as Mason's conjecture. I have allowed the reading to stand which has the greater authority, but I cannot believe with Dyce that "her" refers to Aspatia; I suspect a corruption in *bears*, and that we should read—"That *blears* the light above her." Evadne makes dim the very light of heaven that is above her, by her superior brilliancy.

With flashes of her eye; the fair Evadne,
Your virtuous sister.
Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them!
But this is strange.
Lys. The King, my brother, did it
To honour you; and these solemnities
Are at his charge. 80
Mel. 'Tis royal, like himself. But I am sad
My speech bears so unfortunate a sound
To beautiful Aspatia. There is rage
Hid in her father's breast, Calianax,
Bent long against me; and he should not think, 85
Could I but call it back, that I would take
So base revenges, as to scorn the state
Of his neglected daughter. Holds he still
His greatness with the King?
Lys. Yes. But this lady
Walks discontented, with her watery eyes 90
Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods
Are her delight; where, when she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell
Her servants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in; and make her maids 95
Pluck 'em, and strow her over like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious grief,
That strikes all her beholders: she will sing
The mournful'st things that ever ear hath heard,
And sigh, and sing again; and when the rest 100
Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in course, that fill the room
With laughter, she will, with so sad a look,
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief 105

82 *unfortunate*] *infortunate* Q1. 85 *he*] *'a* Q1.
86 *Could I but*] *If I could* Q2 to Dyce; though the last considers "Could I but" as "perhaps the better reading."
87 *So*] *Such* Q1. 88, 89 *Holds . . . king*] om. Q1.
89 Lys. *Yes . . . lady*] Lis. *O 'twere pittie, for this Lady, sir* Q1.
90 *Walks*] *Sits* Q1. 91 *The*] *In* Q1.
92 *where*] *and* Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web.
93 *she . . . tell*] *Then she will sit, and sigh, and tell* Q1.
96 *her over*] *them ouer her* Q1. 100 *sigh*] *swound* Q1.
101 *our*] *your* Q1.
102 *in course*] "means in their turn, one after the other. The same expression occurs in [II. i. 110.]" Mason. 102 *fill*] *fils* Q1.

Will put in such a phrase, that, ere she end,
She'll send them weeping one by one away.
Mel. She has a brother under my command,
Like her; a face as womanish as hers,
But with a spirit that hath much out-grown 110
The number of his years.

Enter AMINTOR.

Cle. My lord the bridegroom!
Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily,
Upon my foe. I love thee well, Amintor;
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart;
I joy to look upon those eyes of thine; 115
Thou art my friend, but my disorder'd speech
Cuts off my love.
Amin. Thou art Melantius;
All love is spoke in that. A sacrifice,
To thank the gods Melantius is return'd
In safety! Victory sits on his sword, 120
As she was wont: may she build there and dwell;
And may thy armour be, as it hath been,
Only thy valour and thine innocence!
What endless treasures would our enemies give,
That I might hold thee still thus!
Mel. I am poor 125
In words; but credit me, young man, thy mother
Could do no more but weep for joy to see thee
After long absence: all the wounds I gave
Fetch'd not so much away, nor all the cries
Of widowed mothers. But this is peace, 130
And that was war.

111 *My lord the bridegroom*] Theobald followed by all the Editors placed a comma after *lord*; there is none in Q. F.

112 *I . . . fiercely*] *I mĭght rūn* mŏre *fīercelȳ*. Coleridge, *Remains*, ii. 293. Cited by Dyce as "an unnecessary alteration"; yet something of the kind seems required: Qy. would it be permissible to read *fiercelier*?

123 *only*] i. e. chiefly. 123 *thine*] *thy* Q4 to Edd.'78.

125—127 *That . . thee*] Theobald's arrangement. Lines end *thus . . . man . . . thee* Q. F.

125 *I am poor*] *I am but poor* Q4 to F., Web. *I'm but poor* Theo., Edd.'78.

127 *do*] om. Q2 to F.

128 *gave*] Ed. *have* Q. F. and all Editors. We cannot imagine Melantius weeping at all for his own wounds; but we may well suppose him to have felt some slight compunction for those he was forced to give.

130 *mothers*] *mothers too* Theo. 131 *that*] *what* Q3 to F.

Amin. Pardon, thou holy god
Of marriage-bed, and frown not, I am forced,
In answer of such noble tears as those,
To weep upon my wedding-day!
Mel. I fear thou art grown too fickle; for I hear 135
A lady mourns for thee; men say, to death;
Forsaken of thee; on what terms I know not.
Amin. She had my promise; but the King forbad it,
And made me make this worthy change, thy sister,
Accompanied with graces above her; 140
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,
And grow old in her arms.
Mel. Be prosperous!

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord, the masquers rage for you.
Lys. We are gone.—
Cleon, Strato, Diphilus!
Amin. We'll all attend you.—

[*Exeunt* LYSIPPUS, CLEON, STRATO, DIPHILUS.

We shall trouble you 145
With our solemnities.
Mel. Not so, Amintor:
But if you laugh at my rude carriage
In peace, I'll do as much for you in war,
When you come thither. Yet I have a mistress
To bring to your delights; rough though I am, 150
I have a mistress, and she has a heart
She says; but, trust me, it is stone, no better;
There is no place that I can challenge in't.
But you stand still, and here my way lies. [*Exeunt severally.*

133 *those*] *these* Q1. 135 *fickle*] *cruell* Q1. *sicke* Q3 to F.
140 *above her*] *about her* Q1, 2. *far above her* Theo. to Web. "The line, as given in the old eds., is not deficient in melody, if an emphasis be laid on 'her.' Compare a line in *Philaster*, V. v. 143.—'As any man has power to wrong *me*.'" Dyce.
142 Enter . . .] There is no entry of *Messenger* marked in Q1, and the speech, l. 143, which follows, is given to *Amint.* Dyce changes *Messenger* to *Servant*. 145 Exeunt . . .] om. Q2 to F. 148 *peace*] *sports* Q1.
149 *Yet*] *but* Q1.
153 *challenge in't*] Q3 to F., Edd.'78 to Dyce. *challenge gentlemen* Q1. *challenge* Q2. Theobald printed—

"There's no place I can challenge gentle in't."

"By *gentle*," says he, "we must understand *soft*, in opposition to the Hardness of *Stone*." 154 Exeunt . . .] Theo. Exeunt. Q1. Exit. Q2 to F.

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Palace, with a Gallery full of Spectators.

Enter CALIANAX *with* DIAGORAS.

Cal. Diagoras, look to the doors better, for shame! you let in all the world, and anon the King will rail at me. Why, very well said. By Jove, the King will have the show i' th' court.

Diag. Why do you swear so, my lord? you know he'll have it here. 5

Cal. By this light, if he be wise, he will not.

Diag. And if he will not be wise, you are forsworn.

Cal. One must sweat out his heart with swearing, and get thanks on no side. I'll be gone, look to't who will. 10

Diag. My lord, I shall never keep them out. Pray, stay; your looks will terrify them.

Cal. My looks terrify them, you coxcombly ass, you! I'll be judged by all the company whether thou hast not a worse face than I. 15

Diag. I mean, because they know you and your office.

Cal. Office! I would I could put it off! I am sure I sweat quite through my office.—I might have made

SCENE II.] "Compare *Henry VIII.*, V. iv.—a scene that was doubtless written by Fletcher." Bullen.

2 *rail at*] *be angry with* Q1.

3 *well said*] Dyce pointed out—here, I believe, for the first time, 1843, —that this expression is frequently used by our early writers as equivalent to "well *done*." In his edition of *Shakespeare* he notes numerous instances.

4 *i' th'*] Q6, 7, F. *i'th* Q3—5. *i' th the* Q1, 2.

9 *One . . . swearing*] *One may sweare his heart out with swearing* Q2—7. *One may wear his heart out with swearing*, F., Dyce. *One may wear out his heart with swearing*, Theo. to Web. 12 *shall*] *will* Q3 to F.

12, 13 *Pray, stay*] om. Q1. 15 *judged*] *judge* Q1.

18, 19 *Office . . . office*] "The syllable *off* reminds the testy statesman of his robe, and he carries on the image." Coleridge's *Remains*, ii. 293, cited by Dyce. Perhaps some readers may need to be reminded that a robe of office was sometimes spoken of as the office itself: so Prospero. *Tempest* I. ii., taking off his magic garment, says—"Lie there my art," on which passage Stevens aptly quotes a saying of Lord Burleigh, when he put off his gown at night,—"Lie there, Lord Treasurer." Again, in *Look About You*, sc. xiii. p. 422, Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. vii., Skink, putting off Gloster's dress, in which he had been disguised, exclaims—"There lies Gloster." In Cartwright's *Ordinary*, V. v., Shape putting off his disguise as a constable, says—"Lie

room at my daughter's wedding: they ha' near killed her amongst them; and now I must do service for him that hath forsaken her.—Serve that will!

[*Exit* CALIANAX.

Diag. He's so humorous since his daughter was forsaken! [*Knock within.*] Hark, hark! there, there! so, so! codes, codes! What now?

Mel. [*within.*] Open the door.

Diag. Who's there?

Mel. [*within.*] Melantius.

Diag. I hope your lordship brings no troop with you; for, if you do, I must return them.

[*Opens the door.*

Enter MELANTIUS *and a Lady.*

Mel. None but this lady, sir.

Diag. The ladies are all placed above, save those that come in the King's troop: the best of Rhodes sit there, and there's room.

Mel. I thank you, sir.—When I have seen you placed, madam, I must attend the King; but, the masque done, I'll wait on you again.

Diag. [*opening another door.*] Stand back there!—Room for my lord Melantius! [*Exeunt* MELANTIUS *and Lady.*]—Pray, bear back—this is no place for such youths and their trulls—let the doors shut again.—No!—do your heads itch? I'll scratch them for you.

---

thou there, watchman." So also in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, V. i., Lord Frampul putting off his disguise as the Host, calls to his servant:—

"Fly, take away mine host,
My beard and cap here from me, and fetch my lord."

Fly does so, and presently re-enters with Lord Frampul's robes.

20 *ha'*] *had* Q5 to F. *have* Edd.'78, Web.

21 *amongst*] *among* F. to Dyce.

24 Knock within] Except this stage direction and the "within" of l. 26 the knocking and opening and shutting of doors, down to l. 44, is the work of Weber and Dyce. 24 *there, there! so, so!*] *whose there* Q1.

25 *codes*] "A corruption of 'gods.'" Bullen.

27 *Who's there*] *Who is't* Q1. 29 *with you*] om. Q1.

34 *and there's*] *there is no* Q1.

39 Exeunt . . .] Dyce. Exit Melantius Lady other dore. Q1. om. Q2 to F.

42 *No*] *I* Q2 to F.

42 *do your heads itch, etc.*] "So the Porter in *Henry VIII.*, V. iv.:—'Fetch me a dozen of crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. *I'll scratch your heads.*'" Bullen. 42 *for you*] om. Q1.

[*Shuts the door.*]—So, now thrust and hang! [*Knocking within.*]—Again! who is't now?—I cannot blame my lord Calianax for going away: would he were here! he would run raging amongst them, and break a dozen wiser heads than his own in the twinkling of an eye.—What's the news now?

[*Within.*] I pray you, can you help me to the speech of the master-cook?

Diag. If I open the door, I'll cook some of your calves-heads. Peace, rogues! [*Knocking within.*]—Again!—who is't?

Mel. [*within.*] Melantius.

Re-enter CALIANAX.

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. Oh, my lord, a' must.—Make room there for my lord!

Re-enter MELANTIUS.

Is your lady placed?

Mel. Yes, sir, I thank you.—
My lord Calianax, well met:
Your causeless hate to me I hope is buried.

Cal. Yes, I do service for your sister here,
That brings mine own poor child to timeless death:

45 *going away*] *giving way* Q1.

46 *he would run raging, etc.*] Weber notes—"At the exhibition of Shirley's masque, called the Triumph of Peace, at court in the year 1633, Lord Pembroke, who, along with the office of Calianax, had the same violence of temper, and weakness of intellect, broke his staff over the shoulders of Thomas May, the celebrated poet. This story is related in Strafford's Letters, and by Osborne in his Traditional Memoirs. The latter uses the very words of our poets, as he observes that Pembroke 'did not refraine, whilst he was chamberlaine, to *break* many *wiser heads than his owne.*'" Dyce quotes this note, but queries it as being by Sir Walter Scott. He refers to his *Account of Shirley*, etc. (prefixed to his *Works*), p. xxvii., where he gives a full extract from the Strafford correspondence, and adds that he possesses a copy of 4to. 1638, on the margin of which, opposite the present passage, is written in an old hand "Pembroke." It should be noted that Q1 for "a dozen wiser heads than his own," has merely—"a dozen heads."

46 *amongst*] *among* Q4 to Dyce.

54 Re-enter . . .] Dyce. Enter Calianax. Q1. Enter Calianax to Melantius. Q2 to F.

56 *a' must*] *I must* F. to Dyce. Diagoras, of course, means—he must be let in.

57 Re-enter . . .] om. Q. F.

62 *mine*] *my* Q3 to Dyce.

62 *timeless*] "untimely. Cf. II. i. 43, V. iv. 92, etc." Bullen.

She loves your friend Amintor; such another
False-hearted lord as you.
Mel. You do me wrong,
A most unmanly one; and I am slow 65
In taking vengeance: but be well advised.
Cal. It may be so.—Who placed the lady there,
So near the presence of the King?
Mel. I did.
Cal. My lord, she must not sit there.
Mel. Why?
Cal. The place
Is kept for women of more worth. 70
Mel. More worth than she! It misbecomes your age
And place to be thus womanish: forbear!
What you have spoke, I am content to think
The palsy shook your tongue to.
Cal. Why, 'tis well:
If I stand here to place men's wenches—
Mel. I 75
Shall quite forget this place, thy age, my safety,
And, thorough all, cut that poor sickly week
Thou hast to live away from thee!
Cal. Nay, I know you can fight for your whore.
Mel. Bate me the King, and, be he flesh and blood, 80
A' lies that says it! Thy mother at fifteen
Was black and sinful to her.
Diag. Good my lord—
Mel. Some god pluck threescore years from that fond man,
That I may kill him, and not stain mine honour!
It is the curse of soldiers, that in peace 85
They shall be braved by such ignoble men,
As, if the land were troubled, would with tears
And knees beg succour from 'em. Would the blood,
That sea of blood, that I have lost in fight,
Were running in thy veins, that it might make thee 90

65 *one*] Qy. *wrong*? 66 *but*] om. Q1.
68 *So . . . king*] om. Q1. 72 *thus*] *so* Q1.
74 *Why*] om. Q1. 76 *quite*] om. Q2 to Web.
77 *thorough*] Theo. to Dyce. *through* Q. F.
80 *me*] om. Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web. 80 *he*] *of* Q1.
81 *A'*] *He* F. to Dyce. 83 *fond*] i.e. foolish. Dyce.
86 *braved*] *bran'd* Q3—7. *brain'd* F. 88 *the*] *that* Q2 to Web.

Apt to say less, or able to maintain,
Should'st thou say more!—This Rhodes, I see, is nought
But a place privileged to do men wrong.
Cal. Ay, you may say your pleasure.

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. What vild injury 95
Has stirr'd my worthy friend, who is as slow
To fight with words as he is quick of hands?
Mel. That heap of age, which I should reverence
If it were temperate; but testy years
Are most contemptible.
Amin. Good sir, forbear. 100
Cal. There is just such another as yourself.
Amin. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talk as if he had no life to lose,
Since this our match. The King is coming in;
I would not for more wealth than I enjoy 105
He should perceive you raging: he did hear
You were at difference now, which hasten'd him.
[*Hautboys play within.*
Cal. Make room there!

Enter KING, EVADNE, ASPATIA, *Lords and Ladies.*

King. Melantius, thou art welcome, and my love
Is with thee still: but this is not a place 110
To brabble in.—Calianax, join hands.
Cal. He shall not have mine hand.
King. This is no time
To force you to 't. I do love you both:—
Calianax, you look well to your office;—
And you, Melantius, are welcome home.— 115
Begin the masque.
Mel. Sister, I joy to see you and your choice;
You look'd with my eyes when you took that man:
Be happy in him! [*Recorders.*

91 *or*] *and* Q1. 94 *say*] *talke* Q1.
95 *vild*] The forms *vild* and *vile* were used indifferently.
95 *injury*] *wrong* Q1 and Theo.
97 *hands*] *hand* Q2 to Dyce. 109 *my*] *thy* Q1.
112 *mine*] *my* Q5 to Dyce. 113 *to't*] *to it* Theo. to Dyce.

Evad. Oh, my dearest brother,
Your presence is more joyful than this day 120
Can be unto me!

The Masque.

NIGHT *rises in mists.*

Night. *Our reign is come; for in the quenching sea*
The sun is drown'd, and with him fell the Day.
Bright Cynthia, hear my voice! I am the Night,
For whom thou bear'st about thy borrow'd light; 125
Appear! no longer thy pale visage shroud,
But strike thy silver horns quite through a cloud,
And send a beam upon my swarthy face,
By which I may discover all the place
And persons, and how many longing eyes 130
Are come to wait on our solemnities.

Enter CYNTHIA.

How dull and black am I! I could not find
This beauty without thee, I am so blind:
Methinks they shew like to those eastern streaks,
That warn us hence before the morning breaks. 135
Back, my pale servant! for these eyes know how
To shoot far more and quicker rays than thou.
Cynth. *Great queen, they be a troop for whom alone*
One of my clearest moons I have put on;
A troop, that looks as if thyself and I 140
Had pluck'd our reins in and our whips laid by,
To gaze upon these mortals, that appear
Brighter than we.

121 *Can be unto me*] om. Q1.
122 *quenching*] *raging* Q2 to F., Edd.'78 to Dyce.
126, 127, *Appear . . . cloud*] Dyce notes:—"This passage (as his commentators observe) was probably in Milton's recollection when he wrote—
'Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud.'—*Comus.*"
127 *horns*] *horn* F. 127 *quite*] *quick* Edd.'78, conj.
130 *and how*] *that have* Q1.
131 Enter . . .] "Qy. '*Descend*'? Night and Neptune *rise.*" Dyce.
132 *could*] *can* Q1.
133—137 *This beauty . . . than thou.*] The *they* in l. 134 suggested to Monck Mason to read *These beauties* in l. 133, or (which he would prefer) to transpose the last two couplets, ll. 136, 7, *Back . . . thou*, and ll. 134, 5, *Methinks . . . breaks.* 142 *these mortals*] *those* Q1.

Night. *Then let us keep 'em here ;*
And never more our chariots drive away,
But hold our places and outshine the Day. 145
Cynth. *Great queen of shadows, you are pleased to speak*
Of more than may be done : we may not break
The gods' decrees ; but when our time is come,
Must drive away, and give the Day our room.
Yet, whilst our reign lasts, let us stretch our power 150
To give our servants one contented hour,
With such unwonted solemn grace and state,
As may for ever after force them hate
Our brother's glorious beams, and wish the Night,
Crown'd with a thousand stars and our cold light : 155
For almost all the world their service bend
To Phœbus, and in vain my light I lend,
Gazed on unto my setting from my rise
Almost of none but of unquiet eyes.
Night. *Then shine at full, fair queen, and by thy power* 160
Produce a birth, to crown this happy hour,
Of nymphs and shepherds ; let their songs discover,
Easy and sweet, who is a happy lover ;
Or, if thou woo't, thine own Endymion
From the sweet flowery bank he lies upon, 165
On Latmus' brow, thy pale beams drawn away,
And of his long night let him make this day.

150—159 *Yet . . . eyes*] om. Q1. Edd.'78 give the lines in a note only, not believing them to be by either Beaumont or Fletcher ; they supposed them to have been first added to the text in Q3, 1630, whereas they appear in Q2, 1622. Coleridge's judgment (*Remains*, ii. 294), cited by Dyce, is that "the first eight lines are not worse, and the last couplet incomparably better, than the stanza retained." 150 *whilst*] *while* ed. 1711 to Web.

154 *wish the Night,*] Elliptical for "wish for the Night." F., followed by all the editors, omitted the comma after *Night*. 161 *birth*] Qy. *mirth*?

164 *thine own*] *then call thine own* Q2 to F., Edd.'78 to Dyce.

Q2, 1622, was published in Fletcher's life time and is said to have been "Newly perused augmented and inlarged" : as we have seen, only a few lines above, it was certainly "augmented" ; but in this case its divergence from Q1 seems the result of a blundered revision. Possibly the intended reading was "call thine" or "thy." In this doubt with Theobald we allow the original to stand : it is perfectly intelligible, the verb *Produce* (l. 161) being understood before *thine own Endymion*.

165 *bank*] *bed* Q2 to F., Edd.'78 to Dyce.

166 *brow*] *top* Q2 to Dyce.

167 *and of his . . . this day*] Ed. *And of his . . . thy day* Q1. *And of*

Cynth. *Thou dream'st, dark queen; that fair boy*
was not mine,
Nor went I down to kiss him. Ease and wine
Have bred these bold tales: poets, when they rage, 170
Turn gods to men, and make an hour an age.
But I will give a greater state and glory,
And raise to time a nobler memory
Of what these lovers are.—Rise, rise, I say,
Thou power of deeps, thy surges laid away, 175
Neptune, great king of waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded!

NEPTUNE *rises.*

Nept. *Cynthia, see,*
Thy word hath fetch'd me hither: let me know
Why I ascend.
Cynth. *Doth this majestic show*
Give thee no knowledge yet?
Nept. *Yes, now I see* 180
Something intended, Cynthia, worthy thee.
Go on; I'll be a helper.
Cynth. *Hie thee, then,*
And charge the Wind fly from his rocky den,
Let loose his subjects; only Boreas,
Too foul for our intention, as he was, 185
Still keep him fast chain'd: we must have none here
But vernal blasts and gentle winds appear,
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad boughs
sing
Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring;
These are our music: next, thy watery race 190

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this . . . this day Q2. *And of this . . . a day* Q3 to Web. *And of his . . . a day* Dyce.

168 *queen*] *power* Q1. 169 *wine*] *winde* Q1.

171 *Turn*] *Turnes* Q1. 173 *nobler*] *noble* Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web.

175 *laid away*] i.e. laid aside. Mason. For *laid* Seward proposed, and Theo. and Edd.'78, adopted, *lade*. "The Word *lade*," says Seward, "will signify his [Neptune's] parting the Waves with his Trident to give him a free Passage; which is an Image quite poetical!"

178 *fetch'd*] *force* Q1; no doubt a misprint for *forct*.

183 *fly*] *goe* Q1. 184 *his*] *thy* Q2 to Web.

190—192 *These . . . things*] Q2 to F.; and so, substantially, all the Editors; except that they place *we are pleased to grace This noble night* in parentheses. Q1 has:—

Bring on in couples; we are pleased to grace
This noble night, each in their richest things
Your own deeps or the broken vessel brings:
Be prodigal, and I shall be as kind
And shine at full upon you.
Nept. *Ho, the wind-* 195
Commanding Æolus! [*Enter* ÆOLUS *out of a Rock.*
Æol. *Great Neptune!*
Nept. *He.*
Æol. *What is thy will?*
Nept. *We do command thee free*
Favonius and thy milder winds, to wait
Upon our Cynthia; but tie Boreas strait,
He's too rebellious.
Æol. *I shall do it.*
Nept. *Do.* [*Exit* ÆOLUS. 200

Bid them draw neere to have *thy watrie race*
Led *on in couples, we are pleas'd to grace*
This noble night each in their richest things—

I believe our text is the result of a bungled attempt to correct the certainly corrupt Q1, and I would propose to read:—

These are our music: next, thy watery race,
Led on in couples, we are pleased to grace,
This noble night;
Bid them draw near, each in their richest things—

Should it be objected that the short line—"This noble night"—breaks the regularity of the couplets in which the masque is written, it may be pointed out that there is certainly one other instance in the short line—"At midnight"—l. 216. Dyce is the only editor who notes the reading of Q1, and the word *Led* in the second line suggested to him that, instead of "*Bring* on in couples," it would be preferable to read "*Lead* on," etc.—the word "brings" occurring in the next line but one (l. 193). 193 *vessel*] *vessels* Q1.

195 *Ho*] *See* Q1. *Oh* Q2. *Hoe* Q3—5. Q1 supposes the stage business of Neptune releasing Æolus from the rock in which he is confined, and then introducing him to Cynthia with:—"See," etc.

195, 196 *wind-Commanding Æolus.*] First hyphened by Theobald, who notes that Seward and Sympson had each, independently, made the same correction: Edd. '78 and Weber concur. There is no point of any kind after *wind* in Q. F. Dyce follows the 1711 ed., in printing "Wind!"; his reason being that Æolus is called "the Wind" in l. 183; not, however, with a capital "W" in any editions but that of 1711, Theobald's and his own; and as to the two former see note on "Fear," II. ii. 56, 57. Mitford, *Cursory Notes*, etc., 1856, on Dyce's ed., apparently accepts Dyce's pointing; but considers "Commanding Æolus" to be a marginal direction, not a part of the text; as Dyce's lines are not metrically arranged, Mitford probably overlooked the fact that he would thus leave l. 196 imperfect. 200 *too*] om. Q1.

200—202 Nept. *Do . . . main*] Theobald's division; followed by Edd.'78, Web., Dyce. Q1 has:—

Æol. [within.] *Great master of the flood and all below,*
Thy full command has taken.——Ho, the Main !
Neptune ! [*Re-enter* ÆOLUS, *followed by* FAVONIUS *and other Winds.*

Nept. *Here.*
Æol. *Boreas has broke his chain,*
And, struggling with the rest, has got away.
Nept. *Let him alone, I'll take him up at sea ;* 205
I will not long be thence. Go once again,
And call out of the bottoms of the main
Blue Proteus and the rest ; charge them put on
Their greatest pearls, and the most sparkling stone
The beaten rock breeds ; tell this night is done 210
By me a solemn honour to the Moon :
Fly, like a full sail.
Æol. *I am gone.* [*Exit.*
Cynth. *Dark Night,*
Strike a full silence, do a thorough right
To this great chorus, that our music may
Touch high as heaven, and make the east break day 215
At mid-night. [*Music.*

" *Nept.* Doe maister of the flould (*sic*), and all below
Thy full command has taken.
Æol. O ! the maine,"—
and so the later Qos. and Fo., except that in the first line they add "great" before "master." Heath, *MS. Notes*, cited by Dyce, would give the words,—
"Great master of the flood and all below,
Thy full command has taken."—
to Cynthia, "she perceiving the approach of the milder winds set at liberty by Æolus. Just as she has said this, Æolus, who has not yet returned from executing his orders, cries out 'Ho, the Main !' etc." Seward would read :—
" *Nept.* Do,
We're master of the flood," etc.

203 Re-enter . . .] Dyce.
206 *I*] *He* Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web. 206 *once*] *hence* Q1.
207 *And . . . main*] *And bid the other call out of the Maine* Q1.
210 *beaten*] *beating* Q5. *bearing* Q6 to F. "See *New Eng. Dic. s.* beaten, 5 † c. 'Overlaid, inlaid, embossed, damascened with gold or other precious material.'" Bullen. 210 *tell*] Dyce (Mason conj. who compares l. 230 in the first song below). *till* Q. to Web.

FIRST SONG.

During which PROTEUS *and other sea-deities enter.*

Cynthia, to thy power and thee
We obey.
Joy to this great company!
And no day 220
Come to steal this night away,
Till the rites of love are ended,
And the lusty bridegroom say,
Welcome, light, of all befriended!

Pace out, you watery powers below, 225
Let your feet,
Like the galleys when they row,
Even beat:
Let your unknown measures, set
To the still winds, tell to all, 230
That gods are come, immortal, great,
To honour this great nuptial.
[*The measure.*

SECOND SONG.

Hold back thy hours, dark Night, till we have done;
The Day will come too soon:
Young maids will curse thee, if thou steal'st away, 235
And leavest their losses open to the day:
Stay, stay, and hide
The blushes of the bride.

Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darkness cover
The kisses of her lover; 240
Stay, and confound her tears and her shrill cryings,
Her weak denials, vows, and often-dyings;
Stay, and hide all:
But help not, though she call.
[*Another measure.*

216 FIRST SONG. During . . . enter.] Dyce. All preceding editions have merely "Song." 217 *thee*] *them* Q3 to F.

232 The measure.] Web. adds—"by the Sea-gods."

236 *losses*] *blushes* Q2 to F.—Theobald restored the reading of Q1 for the reason that *blushes* occurs in the next line but one.

244 *But help not, though she call.*] Following this song Q1 has the stage-direction—"Maskers daunce, Neptune leads it." and then proceeds with Æolus's next speech, l. 259, "Ho, Neptune!"—What here follows, ll. 245—258, "Nept. *Great queen . . . a-twining,*" was first printed in Q2. The stage-direction, omitted in Q2, was transferred by Theo. to the end of Neptune's speech, ll. 247—250, which there had merely—"Measure."

Nep. *Great Queen of us and heaven, hear what I bring* 245
To make this hour a full one.
Cynth. *Speak, sea's king.*
Nept. *The tunes my Amphitrite joys to have,*
When she will dance upon the rising wave,
And court me as she sails. My Tritons, play
Music to lay a storm! I'll lead the way. 250
[*Masquers dance;* Neptune *leads it.*

THIRD SONG.

To bed, to bed! Come, Hymen, lead the bride,
And lay her by her husband's side;
Bring in the virgins every one,
That grieve to lie alone,
That they may kiss while they may say a maid; 255
To-morrow 'twill be other kiss'd and said.
Hesperus, be long a-shining,
Whilst these lovers are a-twining.

Æol. [*within.*] *Ho, Neptune!*
Nept. *Æolus!*

Re-enter ÆOLUS.

Æol. *The sea goes high,*
Boreas hath raised a storm: go and apply 260
Thy trident; else, I prophesy, ere day
Many a tall ship will be cast away.

245, 246 Nept. *Great . . . king*] The passage stands thus in Q2 to F.
"*Nep.* Great Queene of us and heaven
Heare what I bring to make this houre a full one,
If not her measure.
Cinth. Speake Seas King."

Theo. reduced the lines to a couplet; striking out "If not her measure," which he supposed to be some marginal annotation accidentally foisted into the text. Seward proposed to alter to—"If not *o'er*-measure" and to retain the sentence as a permissible metrical intercalation. Edd.'78 and Web. follow Seward. Dyce retains *if not her measure*, and remarks,—"The meaning of Neptune's speech is clearly this:—Great queen of us and heaven, hear what I bring, endeavouring to make this hour a full one, though perhaps what I bring may not completely fill up her measure. The pronoun *her* is frequently applied to *hour* by our early writers." Mr. F. G. Fleay, *Chron. Eng. Dram.* 1891, I. 193, suggests that the words in dispute are merely a misprint of a stage-direction—"*Another* measure," which should be placed at the end of the second song. We have adopted his suggestion.

247—249 *The . . . she . . . she*] Theo. (Seward conj.), Dyce. *Thy . . . they . . . the* Q2 to F. Edd. '78 adopt *The* in l. 247, but follow Q. F. in ll. 248-9. Web. adopts *The* and *she* in ll. 247 and 249, but retains *they* in l. 248.

250 *lay*] Dyce (Heath, MS. Notes). *lead* Q2 to Web.

Third Song.] Dyce. Song Q2 to Web. 259 *sea goes*] *seas go* Q5 to Edd.'78.

Descend with all the gods and all their power,
To strike a calm. [*Exit.*

Cynth. *We thank you for this hour:*
My favour to you all. To gratulate 265
So great a service, done at my desire,
Ye shall have many floods, fuller and higher
Than you have wish'd for; and no ebb shall dare
To let the Day see where your dwellings are.
Now back unto your governments in haste, 270
Lest your proud charge should swell above the waste,
And win upon the island.

Nept. *We obey.*

[NEPTUNE *descends and the Sea-Gods.*

Cynth. *Hold up thy head, dead Night; see'st thou not Day?*
The east begins to lighten: I must down,
And give my brother place.

Night. *Oh, I could frown* 275
To see the Day, the Day that flings his light
Upon my kingdom and contemns old Night!
Let him go on and flame! I hope to see
Another wild-fire in his axletree,
And all fall drench'd. But I forget; speak, queen: 280
The Day grows on; I must no more be seen.

Cynth. *Heave up thy drowsy head again, and see*
A greater light, a greater majesty,
Between our set and us! whip up thy team:

263 *the*] *thy* Theo., perhaps rightly. 264 *calm*] *call* F.

264, 265 *We . . . gratulate*] *A thanks to every one, and to gratulate,* Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web.

268 *and*] om. Q2 to Web. Theo. to Web. make up the line by reading *wished* for *wisht*. 270 *governments*] *government* Q2 to Web.

271 *charge*] *waters* Q1. 272 Neptune descends . . .] Exeunt Maskers Descend. Q1. Neptune descends with Proteus, etc. Exeunt Favonius and other Winds. Dyce. 277 *kingdom*] *kingdomes* Q2 to F.

279 *wild-fire*] An allusion to Phaeton. Theo.

280 *fall*] *false* Q5 to F. 280 *forget*] *forgot* Q5 to F., Edd.'78, Web.

282 *Heave up*] *Once heave* Q1. Probably the line originally ran—"*Once more heave up* thy drowsy head and see."

284 *set*] Theo. (Seward conj.), Web., Dyce. *sect* Q. F., Edd.'78.—Seward says,—"The Night and Cinthia both talk of the Morning's Approach, and that they must go down; till the Latter finds out, that they are only the Rays of Light shot from the King and Court, which they mistook for the Day-break. Hence it's plain, it should be wrote—*Between our* Set *and us, i.e.* our Setting, or, going down." Edd.'78 say,—"We admit the justice of Mr. Seward's explanation of the sense of this passage; but do not see the necessity

The day breaks here, and yon sun-flaring stream 285
Shot from the south. Which way wilt thou go? say.
Night. *I'll vanish into mists.*
Cynth. *I into Day.*
[*Exeunt.*

Finis Masque.

King. Take lights there!—Ladies, get the bride to bed.—
We will not see you laid; good night, Amintor;
We'll ease you of that tedious ceremony: 290
Were it my case, I should think time run slow.
If thou be'st noble, youth, get me a boy,
That may defend my kingdom from my foes.
Amin. All happiness to you!
King. Good-night Melantius.
[*Exeunt.*

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for any alteration. We have therefore followed the old copies; which only imply, by an extravagant compliment, that the brightness of the court transcends that of the Sun, and is more repugnant to Night and her attendants than even the splendor of the Day." On these notes Mason comments as follows:—"The compliment mentioned by the Editors [of 1778] was certainly intended, and will still remain, though Seward's amendment should be adopted: but it is impossible that the words *between our sect and us*, can signify *more repugnant to me and my attendants*; they will equally imply any other meaning whatsoever. But, though I agree with Seward in reading *set* instead of *sect*, I cannot approve of his explanation:" . . . Night and Cynthia "were not mistaken with respect to the approach of Day; for Cynthia says *The Day breaks here*, pointing to the East; and at the same time shews old Night, that there was a greater light shot from the South, which stood between them and their point of setting; and asks which way she would go in this dilemma; to which Night replies, that she will vanish into mists; and Cynthia says, *I into day*, which was then at hand."

284 *whip*] *lash* Q1.

285 *Day breaks*] *day-break's* Edd.'78, Web.

285 *yon sun-flaring stream*] *yon same flashing stream*, Q2—5, Theo., *yon some flashing stream*, Q6—7, *you some flashing stream*, F., *yon sun-flaring beam*, Edd.'78, Web. Dyce remarks—"'stream' has been used by poets in the sense of *ray* even from the time of Chaucer;

'Tho ben the sonnes *stremes*, soth to sain.'
The Monkes Tale, v. 14672, ed. Tyr."

286 *Which . . . say.*] Dyce. *Say, which way wilt thou go?* Q. F., Edd.'78, Web. *Say, wilt thou go? which way?* Theo.

287 *I into Day*] *Adew* Q1.

288 *lights there*] *light their* Q1.

293 *kingdom*] *kingdomes* Q1.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Ante-room to EVADNE'S *Bed-chamber.*

Enter EVADNE, ASPATIA, DULA, *and other* Ladies.

Dula. Madam, shall we undress you for this fight?
The wars are nak'd that you must make to-night.
Evad. You are very merry, Dula.
Dula. I should be
Far merrier, madam, if it were with me
As it is with you.
Evad. How's that?
Dula. That I might go
To bed with him wi' th' credit that you do.
Evad. Why, how now, wench?
Dula. Come, ladies, will you help?
Evad. I am soon undone.
Dula. And as soon done: 11
Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.
Evad. Art thou drunk, Dula?
Dula. Why, here's none but we.
Evad. Thou think'st belike there is no modesty
When we're alone.

1—43] Down to Aspatia's first speech, l. 43, the dialogue is mostly in couplets; though rhyme and verse too fail in places: in Q. and F. it is printed with very little regard to either verse or rhyme. Theobald had "a strong suspicion" that Dula's two speeches ll. 3—5 and 5, 6 formed a stanza of some old known ballad, and printed thus—

Dula. *I should be merrier far, if 'twere*
With me as 'tis with you. [Singing.
Evad. How's that?
Dula. *That I might go to bed with him*
Wi' th' credit that you do.

Seward approved, and Edd.'78 and Web. adopted Theo.'s emendation.

2 *nak'd*] Printed *nakt*, *nak't* and *nak'd* in Q. F. *naked* Theo., Edd. '78. Sidney Walker (*Sh.'s Versification*, p. 192) notes that the word "is frequently contracted into a monosyllable by our old poets": he gives many instances. See also Nares (*Glossary*, etc.) s. v. *Nake*.

3 *very*] om. Q1, Theo. 5, 6 Evad. *How's . . . do*] om. Q2 to F.

14 *we're*] *we'are* Q1. *we are* Q2 to F.

Dula. Ay, by my troth, you hit my thoughts aright. 15
Evad. You prick me, lady.
1. *Lady.* 'Tis against my will.
Dula. Anon you must endure more and lie still;
You're best to practise.
Evad. Sure, this wench is mad.
Dula. No, faith, this is a trick that I have had
Since I was fourteen.
Evad. 'Tis high time to leave it. 20
Dula. Nay, now I'll keep it till the trick leave me.
A dozen wanton words, put in your head,
Will make you livelier in your husband's bed.
Evad. Nay, faith, then take it.
Dula. Take it, madam! where?
We all, I hope, will take it that are here. 25
Evad. Nay, then, I'll give thee o'er.
Dula. So I will make
The ablest man in Rhodes, or his heart ache.
Evad. Wilt take my place to-night?
Dula. I'll hold your cards against any two I know.
Evad. What wilt thou do? 30
Dula. Madam, we'll do't, and make 'em leave play too.
Evad. Aspatia, take her part.
Dula. I will refuse it:
She will pluck down a side; she does not use it.
Evad. Why, do, I prithee.
Dula. You will find the play
Quickly, because your head lies well that way. 35
Evad. I thank thee, Dula. Would thou couldst instil
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia!

16 1. Lady. *'Tis . . . will*] This forms the first part of Dula's following speech Q2 to Web.
18 *You're*] A contraction of *you were*. So in *Cymbeline*, III. ii. 79.—"Madam, *you're* best consider." Mason. Q1 has—"'Tis best to practise."
20 *high*] om. Q1. 23 *livelier*] *lively* Q4 to F.
25 *I hope, will take it*] *will take it, I hope* Q1. 27 *ache*] *to ake* Q6 to F.
28 *take*] *lie in* Q1. 29 *against*] *'gainst* Theo. to Dyce.
33 *pluck down a side*] To *set up a side* meant to be partners in a game, to *pluck* or *pull down a side*, to cause the loss of the game by ignorance or treachery: see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, II. i. Dyce.
34 *Why, do, I prithee.*] Theo., Dyce. *Doe I prethee*, Q1. *Why doe.* Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web.

Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast do dwell:
Methinks, a mean betwixt you would do well.
Dula. She is in love: hang me, if I were so, 40
But I could run my country. I love too
To do those things that people in love do.
Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek:
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When at the altar the religious priest 45
Were pacifying the offended powers
With sacrifice, than now. This should have been
My rite; and all your hands have been employed
In giving me a spotless offering
To young Amintor's bed, as we are now 50
For you. Pardon, Evadne: would my worth
Were great as yours, or that the King, or he,
Or both, thought so! Perhaps he found me worthless:
But till he did so, in these ears of mine,
These credulous ears, he pour'd the sweetest words 55
That art or love could frame. If he were false,
Pardon it, Heaven! and, if I did want
Virtue, you safely may forgive that too;
For I have lost none that I had from you.
Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.
Asp. Would I could! 60
Then I should leave the cause.
Evad. See, if you have not spoil'd all Dula's mirth!
Asp. Thou think'st thy heart hard; but, if thou be'st caught,
Remember me; thou shalt perceive a fire
Shot suddenly into thee. 65
Dula. That's not so good; let 'em shoot anything but fire, and I fear 'em not.
Asp. Well, wench, thou may'st be taken.
Evad. Ladies, good-night: I'll do the rest myself.
Dula. Nay, let your lord do some. 70

41 *could*] Qy. *would*? 43 *timeless*] See I. ii. 62.
48 *rite*] Dyce. *right* Q1, Theo. *night* Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web.
59 *lost*] *left* Q5 to F.; both words imply the same sense, and are frequently used one for the other; in this same scene, l. 353, where Q1 has *left* the later editions have *lost:* so in *Hamlet*, III. i. 99, where the Qos. have—"their perfume *lost*," the Fos. have *left*.
61 *I should*] *should I* Q3 to Dyce. 62 *See*] *Loe* Q1.
67 *and*] om. Q2 to Dyce. 68 *may'st*] *must* Q1.

Asp. *Lay a garland on my hearse*
Of the dismal yew—

Evad. That's one of your sad songs, madam.
Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.
Evad. How is it, madam? 75

Song.

Asp. *Lay a garland on my hearse*
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow-branches bear;
Say I died true.
My love was false, but I was firm 80
From my hour of birth:
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

Evad. Fie on't, madam! the words are so strange, they are able to make one dream of hobgoblins.— 85 *I could never have the power*—sing that, Dula.

Dula. *I could never have the power*
To love one above an hour,
But my heart would prompt mine eye
On some other man to fly. 90
Venus, fix mine eyes fast,
Or, if not, give me all that I shall see at last!

Evad. So, leave me now.
Dula. Nay, we must see you laid.
Asp. Madam, good night. May all the marriage-joys
That longing maids imagine in their beds 95
Prove so unto you! May no discontent
Grow 'twixt your love and you! but, if there do,
Inquire of me, and I will guide your moan;
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord 100
No worse than I: but, if you love so well,
Alas, you may displease him! so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me.—
Ladies, farewell. As soon as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about my hearse; 105

71—93 Asp. *Lay . . . laid.*] om. Q1.
82 *lie*] Theo. to Dyce. *lay* Q. F.; "and so perhaps," says Dyce, "the author wrote." 99 *Teach*] *And teach* Q1, 2.

Bring each a mournful story and a tear,
To offer at it when I go to earth;
With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round;
Write on my brow my fortune; let my bier
Be borne by virgins, that shall sing by course 110
The truth of maids and perjuries of men.

Evad. Alas, I pity thee. [*Exit* EVADNE.

Omnes. Madam, good night.

1. *Lady.* Come, we'll let in the bridegroom.

Dula. Where's my lord?

Enter AMINTOR.

1. *Lady.* Here, take this light.

Dula. He'll find her in the dark.

1. *Lady.* Your lady's scarce a-bed yet; you must 115
help her.

Asp. Go, and be happy in your lady's love.
May all the wrongs that you have done to me
Be utterly forgotten in my death!
I'll trouble you no more; yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be denied.— 120
You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep
When I am laid in earth, though you yourself
Can know no pity. Thus I wind myself
Into this willow-garland, and am prouder
That I was once your love, though now refused, 125
Than to have had another true to me.
So with my prayers I leave you, and must try
Some yet unpractised way to grieve and die.
[*Exit* ASPATIA.

Dula. Come, ladies, will you go?

Omnes. Good night, my lord.

Amin. Much happiness unto you all!— 130
[*Exeunt* Ladies.

I did that lady wrong. Methinks, I feel
A grief shoot suddenly through all my veins;
Mine eyes rain: this is strange at such a time.

110 *by course*] i.e. by turns: see I. i. 102.
114 *He'll*] *He will* Theo., *Youle* Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web.
115 *yet*] om. Q1. 127 *my*] om. Q1, 2.
129 Omnes.] 1. Lad. Q1.
132 *A*] *Her* Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web.
133 *rain*] *run* Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web.

It was the King first moved me to't; but he
Has not my will in keeping. Why do I 135
Perplex myself thus? Something whispers me,
Go not to bed. My guilt is not so great
As mine own conscience, too sensible,
Would make me think; I only brake a promise,
And 'twas the King enforced me. Timorous flesh, 140
Why shakest thou so? Away, my idle fears!

Re-enter EVADNE.

Yonder she is, the lustre of whose eye
Can blot away the sad remembrance
Of all these things.—Oh, my Evadne, spare
That tender body; let it not take cold! 145
The vapours of the night shall not fall here.
To bed, my love: Hymen will punish us
For being slack performers of his rites.
Camest thou to call me?
Evad. No.
Amin. Come, come, my love,
And let us lose ourselves to one another. 150
Why art thou up so long?
Evad. I am not well.
Amin. To bed then; let me wind thee in these arms
Till I have banish'd sickness.
Evad. Good my lord,
I cannot sleep.
Amin. Evadne, we will watch;
I mean no sleeping.
Evad. I'll not go to bed. 155
Amin. I prithee, do.
Evad. I will not for the world.
Amin. Why, my dear love?
Evad. Why! I have sworn I will not.
Amin. Sworn!
Evad. Ay.
Amin. How? sworn, Evadne!

135 *do*] *did* Q1. 139 *brake*] *breake* Q1.
140 *enforced*] *that forc'd* Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web.
143 *remembrance*] Here as a quadrisyllable—rememberance; and so Web. printed.
146 *shall*] *will* Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web.
154 *we will*] Theo. to Dyce. *weele* Q. F.

Evad. Yes, sworn, Amintor; and will swear again,
If you will wish to hear me. 160
Amin. To whom have you sworn this?
Evad. If I should name him, the matter were not great.
Amin. Come, this is but the coyness of a bride.
Evad. The coyness of a bride!
Amin. How prettily
That frown becomes thee!
Evad. Do you like it so? 165
Amin. Thou can'st not dress thy face in such a look
But I shall like it.
Evad. What look will like you best?
Amin. Why do you ask?
Evad. That I may show you one less pleasing to you.
Amin. How's that? 170
Evad. That I may show you one less pleasing to you.
Amin. I prithee, put thy jests in milder looks;
It shows as thou wert angry.
Evad. So perhaps
I am indeed.
Amin. Why, who has done thee wrong?
Name me the man, and by thyself I swear, 175
Thy yet-unconquer'd self, I will revenge thee!
Evad. Now I shall try thy truth. If thou dost love me,
Thou weigh'st not any thing compared with me:
Life, honour, joys eternal, all delights
This world can yield, or hopeful people feign, 180
Or in the life to come, are light as air
To a true lover when his lady frowns,
And bids him *do this.* Wilt thou kill this man?
Swear, my Amintor, and I'll kiss the sin
Off from thy lips.

168 *will like*] *likes* Q2 to F., Edd.'78 to Dyce.
175 *I swear*] *sweete love* Q1. 176 *thee*] *it* Q1. 178 *with*] *to* Q1.
180 *This*] *The* Q1. 180, 181 *This world . . . air*] Q1 omits *or hopeful people feign, Or in the life to come.* Theobald prints the lines thus—

"This world can yield, or hopeful People feign
Are in the Life to come, are light as Air"—

Dyce, however, who with Edd.'78 and Web. follows Q2 to F., remarks that "the text requires no such alteration. Evadne mentions *first*, all the delights which are actually to be found in the world, *secondly*, those which exist in the imaginations of hopeful people, *thirdly*, those in a future life."
184, 185 *sin Off from*] *sun of* Q1.

Amin. I wonnot swear, sweet love, 185
Till I do know the cause.
Evad. I would thou wouldst.
Why, it is thou that wrong'st me; I hate thee;
Thou should'st have kill'd thyself.
Amin. If I should know that, I should quickly kill
The man you hated.
Evad. Know it, then, and do't. 190
Amin. Oh, no! what look soe'er thou shalt put on
To try my faith, I shall not think thee false;
I cannot find one blemish in thy face,
Where falsehood should abide. Leave, and to bed.
If you have sworn to any of the virgins 195
That were your old companions to preserve
Your maidenhead a night, it may be done
Without this means.
Evad. A maidenhead, Amintor,
At my years!
Amin. Sure she raves; this cannot be
Her natural temper.—Shall I call thy maids? 200
Either thy healthful sleep hath left thee long,
Or else some fever rages in thy blood.
Evad. Neither, Amintor: think you I am mad,
Because I speak the truth?
Amin. Is this the truth?
Will you not lie with me to-night?
Evad. To-night! 205
You talk as if you thought I would hereafter.
Amin. Hereafter! yes, I do.
Evad. You are deceived.
Put off amazement, and with patience mark
What I shall utter, for the oracle
Knows nothing truer: 'tis not for a night 210
Or two that I forbear thy bed, but ever.

185 *wonnot*] *wilt not* Q4 to Dyce.
186 *do*] om. Q1. 187 *wrong'st*] *wrongest* Q3 to F.
190 *then*] om. Q1. 191 *shalt*] *should'st* Q1. 192 *shall not*] *cannot* Q1.
198, 199 *Without . . . cannot be*] So divided by all editors: as three lines ending *means . . . years . . . cannot be* Q. F.
200 *Her*] *Thy* Q2 to Web. 203 *Amintor*:] *of these, what* Q1.
204 *Is . . . truth*] om. Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web.
206 *you thought*] om. Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web.
211 *thy*] *your* Q1. 211 *ever*] *for ever* Q4 to F., Edd.'78, Web.

Amin. I dream. Awake, Amintor!
Evad. You hear right:
I sooner will find out the beds of snakes,
And with my youthful blood warm their cold flesh,
Letting them curl themselves about my limbs, 215
Than sleep one night with thee. This is not feign'd,
Nor sounds it like the coyness of a bride.
Amin. Is flesh so earthly to endure all this?
Are these the joys of marriage?—Hymen, keep
This story (that will make succeeding youth 220
Neglect thy ceremonies) from all ears;
Let it not rise up, for thy shame and mine
To after-ages: we will scorn thy laws,
If thou no better bless them. Touch the heart
Of her that thou hast sent me, or the world 225
Shall know this: not an altar then will smoke
In praise of thee; we will adopt us sons;
Then virtue shall inherit, and not blood.
If we do lust, we'll take the next we meet,
Serving ourselves as other creatures do; 230
And never take note of the female more,
Nor of her issue. I do rage in vain;
She can but jest.—Oh, pardon me, my love!
So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I must break forth. Satisfy my fear; 235
It is a pain, beyond the hand of death,
To be in doubt: confirm it with an oath,
If this be true.
Evad. Do you invent the form:
Let there be in it all the binding words
Devils and conjurors can put together, 240
And I will take it. I have sworn before,
And here by all things holy do again,
Never to be acquainted with thy bed!
Is your doubt over now?
Amin. I know too much: would I had doubted still! 245
Was ever such a marriage-night as this!

216, 217 *This . . . bride*] Qy. do not these lines belong to Amintor?
217 *coyness*] *kisses* Q1.
218 *earthly*] *earthy* Theo. "A specious correction," says Dyce.
226 *this: . . . then*] *there's not an altar that* Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web.
233 *can but*] *cannot* Q1. 236 *hand*] *paine* Q1, Theo.

You powers above, if you did ever mean
Man should be used thus, you have thought a way
How he may bear himself, and save his honour:
Instruct me in it; for to my dull eyes 250
There is no mean, no moderate course to run;
I must live scorn'd, or be a murderer:
Is there a third? Why is this night so calm?
Why does not Heaven speak in thunder to us,
And drown her voice?
Evad. This rage will do no good. 255
Amin. Evadne, hear me. Thou hast ta'en an oath,
But such a rash one, that to keep it were
Worse than to swear it: call it back to thee;
Such vows as that never ascend the Heaven;
A tear or two will wash it quite away. 260
Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful youth,
If thou be pitiful! for, without boast,
This land was proud of me: what lady was there,
That men call'd fair and virtuous in this isle,
That would have shunn'd my love? It is in thee 265
To make me hold this worth.—Oh, we vain men,
That trust out all our reputation
To rest upon the weak and yielding hand
Of feeble woman! But thou art not stone;
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell 270
The spirit of love; thy heart cannot be hard.
Come, lead me from the bottom of despair
To all the joys thou hast; I know thou wilt;
And make me careful lest the sudden change
O'ercome my spirits.
Evad. When I call back this oath, 275
The pains of hell environ me!
Amin. I sleep, and am too temperate. Come to bed!
Or by those hairs, which, if thou hadst a soul
Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to wear
About their arms——
Evad. Why, so perhaps they are. 280
Amin. I'll drag thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Undo this wicked oath, or on thy flesh

250 *Instruct me in it*] *Instant me with it* Q1. 255 *her*] *their* Q1
259 *that*] *those* Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web. 267 *out*] om. Q1, 2.
278 *hadst*] Theo. to Dyce. *hast* Q. F.

I'll print a thousand wounds to let out life!
Evad. I fear thee not: do what thou darest to me!
Every ill-sounding word or threatening look 285
Thou shewest to me will be reveng'd at full.
Amin. It will not sure, Evadne.
Evad. Do not you hazard that.
Amin. Ha' ye your champions?
Evad. Alas, Amintor, think'st thou I forbear 290
To sleep with thee, because I have put on
A maiden's strictness? Look upon these cheeks,
And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood
Unapt for such a vow. No; in this heart
There dwells as much desire and as much will 295
To put that wished act in practice as ever yet
Was known to woman; and they have been shown
Both. But it was the folly of thy youth
To think this beauty, to what hand soe'er
It shall be call'd, shall stoop to any second. 300
I do enjoy the best, and in that height
Have sworn to stand or die: you guess the man.
Amin. No; let me know the man that wrongs me so,
That I may cut his body into motes,
And scatter it before the northern wind. 305
Evad. You dare not strike him.
Amin. Do not wrong me so:
Yes, if his body were a poisonous plant
That it were death to touch, I have a soul
Will throw me on him.
Evad. Why, 'tis the King.
Amin. The King!
Evad. What will you do now? 310
Amin. It is not the King!
Evad. What did he make this match for, dull Amintor?
Amin. Oh, thou hast named a word, that wipes away

289 *Ha' ye*] *Ha' you* Theo. *Have you* Edd.'78 to Dyce.
296 *wished*] Q1, Web. *wisht* Q2 to F. *wish'd* Edd.'78, Dyce; Dyce, moreover, reading *e'er* for *ever*. Theo. prints this line—
"To put th' wish'd act in practice, as e'er yet."
299 *hand*] Ed. (Bullen conj. who notes—"Evadne is employing the language of falconry. She compares herself to a hawk that will come only to the call of a royal master.") *land* Q1 to Dyce. 310 *'tis*] *it is* Edd.'78, Web.
311 *It is*] *'Tis* Q2 to F., Edd.'78 to Dyce.

All thoughts revengeful! In that sacred word,
"The King," there lies a terror: what frail man 315
Dares lift his hand against it? Let the gods
Speak to him when they please: till when, let us
Suffer and wait.
Evad. Why should you fill yourself so full of heat,
And haste so to my bed? I am no virgin. 320
Amin. What devil put it in thy fancy, then,
To marry me?
Evad. Alas, I must have one
To father children, and to bear the name
Of husband to me, that my sin may be
More honourable!
Amin. What strange thing am I! 325
Evad. A miserable one; one that myself
Am sorry for.
Amin. Why, show it then in this:
If thou hast pity, though thy love be none,
Kill me; and all true lovers, that shall live
In after ages cross'd in their desires, 330
Shall bless thy memory, and call thee good,
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,
To rid a lingering wretch.
Evad. I must have one
To fill thy room again, if thou wert dead;
Else, by this night, I would! I pity thee. 335
Amin. These strange and sudden injuries have fallen
So thick upon me, that I lose all sense
Of what they are. Methinks, I am not wrong'd;
Nor is it aught, if from the censuring world
I can but hide it. Reputation, 340
Thou art a word, no more!—But thou hast shown
An impudence so high, that to the world
I fear thou wilt betray or shame thyself.
Evad. To cover shame, I took thee; never fear
That I would blaze myself.
Amin. Nor let the King 345
Know I conceive he wrongs me; then mine honour

314 *word*] *name* Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web. 321 *put*] *hath put* Q1, 2.
324 *sin*] Qy. *son?* 325 *strange*] *a strange* Q2—6, F. to Web.
326 Evad.] om. Q1. 332 *heart*] *breast* Q1.
333 *rid*] i.e. despatch 335 *would*] *could* Q1.

Will thrust me into action: that my flesh
Could bear with patience. And it is some ease
To me in these extremes, that I knew this
Before I touch'd thee; else, had all the sins 350
Of mankind stood betwixt me and the King,
I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.
I have left one desire: 'tis not his crown
Shall buy me to thy bed, now I resolve
He has dishonour'd thee. Give me thy hand: 355
Be careful of thy credit, and sin close;
'Tis all I wish. Upon thy chamber-floor
I'll rest to-night, that morning visitors
May think we did as married people use:
And, prithee, smile upon me when they come, 360
And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been pleased
With what we did.

Evad. Fear not; I will do this.

Amin. Come, let us practise; and, as wantonly
As ever longing bride and bridegroom met,
Let's laugh and enter here.

Evad. I am content. 365

Amin. Down all the swellings of my troubled heart!
When we walk thus intwined, let all eyes see
If ever lovers better did agree. [*Exeunt.*

347 *that*] *tho'* Edd.'78, Web. Theo. has no note on the passage; Edd.'78 remark—"'The sense plainly requires *tho'*. 'Tho' my nature,' says Amintor, 'could brook the injury, my honour would oblige me to revenge it.'" Web. adopts without remark.

Dyce notes—"If the text be right, [*that*] must refer to [ll. 345, 346]—

'Nor let the King
Know I conceive he wrongs me';—

that concealment would enable me to bear my injury with patience."

349 *knew*] *know* Q1—3.

350—352 *else* . . . *thine*] Cf. III. i. 284—

——"and through a sea of sins
Will wade to my revenge,"—

352] *through'em*] *through, e'ne* Q1.

353 *left*] *lost* Q2 to F., Edd.'78. The words are interchangeable; see l. 59 of this scene. Theo., who recovered *left* from Q1, wrongly understood—I have one desire *left to* or *remaining with* me; which one desire he explained was that Evadne should be careful of her credit and sin close (l. 356). Amintor of course means that he has left, lost or discarded his desire for Evadne.

354 *resolve*] i.e. am convinced.

364 *longing*] *loving* Q2 to Web. 366 Amin.] om. Q1.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the House of CALIANAX.

Enter ASPATIA, ANTIPHILA, *and* OLYMPIAS.

Asp. Away, you are not sad! force it no further.
Good gods, how well you look! Such a full colour
Young bashful brides put on: sure, you are new married!
Ant. Yes, madam, to your grief.
Asp. Alas, poor wenches!
Go learn to love first; learn to lose yourselves; 5
Learn to be flatter'd, and believe and bless
The double tongue that did it; make a faith
Out of the miracles of ancient lovers,
Such as spake truth, and died in't; and, like me,
Believe all faithful, and be miserable. 10
Did you ne'er love yet, wenches? Speak, Olympias:
Thou has an easy temper, fit to stamp.
Olym. Never.
Asp. Nor you, Antiphila?
Ant. Nor I.
Asp. Then, my good girls, be more than women, wise;
At least be more than I was; and be sure 15
You credit any thing the light gives life to,
Before a man. Rather believe the sea
Weeps for the ruin'd merchant, when he roars;
Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails,

1 *sad*] om. Q1. 2 *good gods*] *good, good* Q1.
7—12 *The double . . . stamp*] For these lines Q1 has only—
The double tongue that did it,
Did you ere loue yet wenches, speake Olimpas,
Thou hast a metled temper, fit for stamp.
In Q2 to F. the passage stands thus—
The double tongue that did it,
Make a faith out of the miracles of ancient louers,
Did you nere loue yet wenches? speake Olimpias,
Such as speake truth and di'd in't,
And like me beleeve all faithfull, and be miserable,
Thou hast an easie temper, fit for stampe.
The division and transposition of the lines given in the text was made by Theobald. 9 *spake*] Theo. Edd.'78, Dyce. *speake* Q2 to F., Web.
15—27 *and be sure . . . beast man*] om. Q1.
16 *life*] *light* Q3 to Web.

When the strong cordage cracks; rather, the sun 20
Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,
When all falls blasted. If you needs must love,
(Forced by ill fate,) take to your maiden-bosoms
Two dead-cold aspics, and of them make lovers:
They cannot flatter nor forswear; one kiss 25
Makes a long peace for all. But man,—
Oh, that beast man! Come, let's be sad, my girls:
That down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,
Shows a fine sorrow.—Mark, Antiphila;
Just such another was the nymph Œnone's, 30
When Paris brought home Helen.—Now, a tear;
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage-queen, when from a cold sea-rock,
Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes
To the fair Trojan ships; and, having lost them, 35
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear.—Antiphila,
What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia?
Here she would stand, till some more pitying god
Turn'd her to marble.—'Tis enough, my wench.—
Show me the piece of needlework you wrought. 40

Ant. Of Ariadne, madam?

Asp. Yes, that piece.—
This should be Theseus; h'as a cozening face.—
You meant him for a man?

Ant. He was so, madam.

Asp. Why, then, 'tis well enough.—Never look back;
You have a full wind and a false heart, Theseus.— 45
Does not the story say, his keel was split,
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other
Met with his vessel?

Ant. Not as I remember.

Asp. It should ha' been so. Could the gods know this,
And not, of all their number, raise a storm? 50
But they are all as evil. This false smile

30 *Œnone's*] *Oenes* Q1. *Œnones* Q2—5. *Œnone* Q6 to Dyce. Our text, justified by the earlier eds., implies that Œnone's downcast eye was just such another as that which Olympias had exhibited.

51—54 *But . . . quicksand*] These lines stand thus in Q. F.—

But they are all as ill. This false smile was well exprest,
Just such another caught me, you shall not goe so Antiphila,
In this place worke a quicke sand.

Was well express'd; just such another caught me.—
You shall not go so.—
Antiphila, in this place work a quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling water, 55
And his ship ploughing it; and then a Fear:
Do that Fear bravely, wench.
Ant. 'Twill wrong the story.
Asp. 'Twill make the story, wrong'd by wanton poets,
Live long and be believed. But where's the lady?
Ant. There, madam. 60
Asp. Fie, you have miss'd it here, Antiphila;
You are much mistaken, wench:
These colours are not dull and pale enough
To show a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was. Do it by me, 65
Do it again by me, the lost Aspatia;
And you shall find all true but the wild island.
Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desert; and let all about me 70
Tell that I am forsaken. Do my face

Dyce gives them as in our text; to him is due the change of *ill* to *evil* in first line; the conversion of *you shall not go so* into a hemistich marked as addressed to the pictured Theseus, and the transfer of *Antiphila* to the beginning of the last line. Theo. printed—

But they are all as ill. *Ay*, this false Smile
Was well exprest; just such another caught me;
You should not go *on* so, Antiphila;
In this Place work a Quicksand,—

The "go *on* so" in the third line was Seward's suggestion; adopted also by Edd.'78 and Web.

56, 57 *Fear . . . Fear*] First printed with capital *F* in ed. 1711. It should, however, be noted that at that time it was the custom to print *all* nouns with capital initials; that custom still prevailed in 1750, the date of Theobald's ed.; it had ceased in 1778, but the Editors of the edition of that year maintained the capital initial in this case: Web. and Dyce follow their example.

57 *bravely*] *to the life* Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web.

67 *And . . . island.*] *And you shall find all true.—Put me' on th' wild Island.* Seward conj.

67 *island*] i.e. Naxos; where, as Theobald notes, Theseus ungenerously gave Ariadne the Drop.

68 *Suppose . . . now*] So Q1, except that it has, with all the other Qos. and the Fo., *sea breach;* corrected to *sea-beach* first in ed. 1711. Q2 to F. give the line thus— *I stand upon the sea breach now, and think*
Theo. to Dyce as in text.

71 *Tell that I am forsaken*] Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Dyce. *Be teares of my story* Q1. Theo. read with Q1, but altered *teares* to *teachers*; Web. followed suit.

(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila: strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks 75
Groan with continual surges; and behind me,
Make all a desolation. See, see, wenches,
A miserable life of this poor picture!

Olym. Dear madam!

Asp. I have done. Sit down; and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes, that point there. 80
Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden sadness
Give us new souls.

Enter CALIANAX.

Cal. The King may do this, and he may not do it:
My child is wrong'd, disgraced.—Well, how now, huswives?
What, at your ease! is this a time to sit still? 85
Up, you young lazy whores, up, or I'll swinge you!

Olym. Nay, good my lord—

Cal. You'll lie down shortly. Get you in, and work!
What, are you grown so rusty you want heats?
We shall have some of the court-boys heat you shortly. 90

Ant. My lord, we do no more than we are charged:
It is the lady's pleasure we be thus;
In grief she is forsaken.

Cal. There's a rogue too.

It might, however, be maintained that *teares* [dissyllable] was right: Pennant (see Brand's *Pop. Ant.* ed. Bohn II. 313) remarks on the custom in many parts of North Britain, of "painting on the doors and window-shutters white tadpole-like figures, on a black ground, designed to express the tears of the country for the loss of any person of distinction." Any one who has visited a church-yard in France will have observed the same custom. To a Herald Aspatia's "let all about me Be tears," etc., might suggest a field *gutty de larmes*.

77 *See, see*] *Look, look* Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web.

81 *till you feel a sudden sadness*] Theo. omits *sudden*, "rightly, perhaps," says Dyce. Mr. K. Deighton (*Conjectural Readings, etc.*, 1894,) would rather reject *you feel*. Seward proposed to read *sullen* for *sudden*.

89 *rusty*] *rustie* Q1. *reasty* Q2—4. *resty* Q5 to Dyce.

89 *heats*] *heates* Q1, 2. *heares* Q3—5. *eares* Q6. *ears* Q7 F.

90 *heat you shortly*] *do that office* Q2 to F.

92, 93 *thus; In grief she is forsaken*] Mason. *thus in grief, She is forsaken* Q1—5. . . . *grief; She* . . . Q6 to F. Theo. to Web. follow substantially the punctuation of Q. F. Dyce rejects all punctuation. Except Edd.'78, who follow the division of Q. F., all divide the lines as here.

A young dissembling slave!—Well, get you in.—
I'll have a bout with that boy. 'Tis high time 95
Now to be valiant: I confess my youth
Was never prone that way. What, made an ass!
A court-stale! Well, I will be valiant,
And beat some dozen of these whelps; I will!
And there's another of 'em, a trim cheating soldier; 100
I'll maul that rascal; h'as out-braved me twice:
But now, I thank the gods, I am valiant.—
Go, get you in.—I'll take a course with all.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

99, 100 *And beat . . . soldier*] Divided as in Edd.'78, Web., Dyce. The first l. ends *and there's* in Q. F.; in Theo. also, but he silently dropped out the preceding *I will.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Ante-room to EVADNE'S *Bed-chamber.*

Enter CLEON, STRATO, DIPHILUS.

Cleon. Your sister is not up yet.

Diph. Oh, brides must take their morning's rest; the night is troublesome.

Stra. But not tedious.

Diph. What odds, he has not my sister's maidenhead to-night? 5

Stra. None; it's odds against any bridegroom living, he ne'er gets it while he lives.

Diph. Y'are merry with my sister; you'll please to allow me the same freedom with your mother. 10

Stra. She's at your service.

Diph. Then she's merry enough of herself; she needs no tickling. Knock at the door.

Stra. We shall interrupt them.

Diph. No matter; they have the year before them.— 15 Good morrow, sister! Spare yourself to-day; the night will come again.

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. Who's there? my brother! I am no readier yet. Your sister is but now up.

Diph. You look as you had lost your eyes to-night: 20 I think you ha' not slept.

Amin. I'faith I have not.

Diph. You have done better, then.

Amin. We ventured for a boy: when he is twelve, A' shall command against the foes of Rhodes. 25 Shall we be merry?

7 *None*] *No* Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web.
18 *no readier*] i.e. no more drest. 22 *have*] *did* Q1.
24 *We*] *We haue* Q1. 25 *A'*] *He* F.

Stra. You cannot; you want sleep.
Amin. 'Tis true;—[*Aside.*] but she,
As if she had drunk Lethe, or had made
Even with Heaven, did fetch so still a sleep,
So sweet and sound——
Diph. What's that?
Amin. Your sister frets 30
This morning, and does turn her eyes upon me,
As people on their headsman. She does chafe,
And kiss, and chafe again, and clap my cheeks!
She's in another world.
Diph. Then I had lost: I was about to lay 35
You had not got her maidenhead to-night.
Amin. [*aside.*] Ha! does he not mock me?—Y'ad lost indeed;
I do not use to bungle.
Cle. You do deserve her.
Amin. [*aside.*] I laid my lips to hers, and that wild 40 breath,
That was so rude and rough to me last night,
Was sweet as April. I'll be guilty too,
If these be the effects.—

Enter MELANTIUS.

Mel. Good day, Amintor; for to me the name
Of brother is too distant: we are friends, 45
And that is nearer.
Amin. Dear Melantius!
Let me behold thee.—Is it possible?
Mel. What sudden gaze is this?
Amin. 'Tis wondrous strange!
Mel. Why does thine eye desire so strict a view
Of that it knows so well? There's nothing here 50
That is not thine.
Amin. I wonder much, Melantius,
To see those noble looks, that make me think

30—34 *Your sister . . . world*] As prose, Q. F. Text as arranged by Edd.'78, followed by Web. and Dyce. Theo. ended lines *turn . . . headsman . . . again . . . world*, reading for *She does chafe*, "She does *so* chafe." Q1 has "*the* headsman" in l. 32, and omits "again" in l. 33.
37 *does he not*] *he does not* Q2 to Web. 37 *Y'ad*] *you had* Theo. to Dyce.
38 *use*] om. Q1. 40 *that*] *what* Q3 to F. 40 *breath*] *breach* Q1.
41 *so*] om. F.

How virtuous thou art: and, on the sudden,
'Tis strange to me thou shouldst have worth and honour;
Or not be base, and false, and treacherous, 55
And every ill. But——
Mel. Stay, stay, my friend;
I fear this sound will not become our loves:
No more; embrace me.
Amin. Oh, mistake me not!
I know thee to be full of all those deeds
That we frail men call good; but by the course 60
Of nature thou shouldst be as quickly changed
As are the winds; dissembling as the sea,
That now wears brows as smooth as virgins' be,
Tempting the merchant to invade his face,
And in an hour calls his billows up, 65
And shoots 'em at the sun, destroying all
A' carries on him.—[*Aside.*] Oh, how near am I
To utter my sick thoughts!—
Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by nature?
Amin. I have wed thy sister, who hath virtuous 70
thoughts
Enough for one whole family; and it is strange
That you should feel no want.
Mel. Believe me, this is compliment too cunning
for me.
Diph. What should I be then by the course of
nature,
They having both robb'd me of so much virtue? 75
Stra. Oh, call the bride, my lord Amintor,
That we may see her blush, and turn her eyes down:
It is the prettiest sport.
Amin. Evadne!
Evad. [*within.*] My lord?
Amin. Come forth, my love:
Your brothers do attend to wish you joy. 80

53 *the*] *this* Q1. 56 *But*—] om. Q1.
58 *No more; embrace me*] Edd.'78 and Web.; meaning, of course,—cease this strange discourse and embrace me. There is no point after *No more* in Q.; and in F. only a comma. Theo. and Dyce reject this comma, and argue that the intention of Melantius is to forbid Amintor to embrace or hold friendship with him any more. 67 *A'*] *He* F. to Dyce.
73 *this is compliment*] *this complement* Q4, 5. *this complement's* Q6 to Theo. *this compliment's* Edd.'78 to Dyce.

Evad. [*within.*] I am not ready yet.
Amin. Enough, enough.
Evad. [*within.*] They'll mock me.
Amin. Faith, thou shalt come in.

Enter EVADNE.

Mel. Good morrow, sister. He that understands
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy;
You have enough: take heed you be not proud. 85
Diph. Oh, sister, what have you done?
Evad. I done! why, what have I done?
Stra. My lord Amintor swears you are no maid now.
Evad. Push!
Stra. I'faith, he does. 90
Evad. I knew I should be mock'd.
Diph. With a truth.
Evad. If 'twere to do again, in faith I would not marry.
Amin. [*aside.*] Nor I, by Heaven!— 95
Diph. Sister, Dula swears she heard you cry two rooms off.
Evad. Fie, how you talk!
Diph. Let's see you walk, Evadne. By my troth, y'are spoil'd. 100
Mel. Amintor—
Amin. Ha!
Mel. Thou art sad.
Amin. Who, I? I thank you for that. Shall Diphilus, thou, and I, sing a catch? 105
Mel. How!
Amin. Prithee, let's.
Mel. Nay, that's too much the other way.
Amin. I am so lighten'd with my happiness!—
How dost thou, love? kiss me. 110
Evad. I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.

95 *Nor*] *Not* Q4 to F.
99, 100 Diph. *Let's . . . spoil'd*] Edd.'78 and Web. The name Evadne in this speech (probably abbreviated in MS.) being taken as a prefix, the words which follow—*By my troth y'are spoil'd*—were given to Evadne as a separate speech in all editions down to Theobald's, inclusive. Dyce considered the reading we have adopted in every sense a wanton alteration; his reason being that Evadne "has already chid Diphilus—'Fie, how you talk!' and when he continues to jeer her, she exclaims—'By my troth, you're spoil'd.'"
109 *lighten'd*] *heighned* (sic) Q1. Qy. for *heighten'd*?

Amin. Nothing but what becomes us.—Gentlemen,
Would you had all such wives,—[*Aside.*] and all the world,
That I might be no wonder!—Y'are all sad:
What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks, 115
On water, and ne'er sink, I am so light.
Mel. 'Tis well you are so.
Amin. Well! how can I be other, when she looks thus?
Is there no music there? Let's dance.
Mel. Why, this is strange, Amintor! 120
Amin. I do not know myself; yet I could wish
My joy were less.
Diph. I'll marry too, if it will make one thus.
Evad. Amintor, hark.
Amin. What says my love?—[*Aside.*] I must obey.— 125
Evad. [*aside to Amin.*] You do it scurvily, 'twill be perceived.
Cle. My lord, the King is here.
Amin. Where?
Stra. And his brother.

Enter KING *and* LYSIPPUS.

King. Good morrow, all.— 130
Amintor, joy on joy fall thick upon thee!—
And, madam, you are alter'd since I saw you,
(I must salute you) you are now another's.
How liked you your night's rest?
Evad. Ill, sir. 135
Amin. Indeed she took but little.
Lys. You'll let her take more, and thank her too, shortly.
King. Amintor, wert thou truly honest till thou wert married? 140
Amin. Yes, sir.
King. Tell me, then, how shews the sport unto thee?
Amin. Why, well.
King. What did you do?

118 *I*] *you* Q1. 120 *Amintor*] om. Q1. 123 *too*] om. Q1.
136 *Indeed*] Q1—3. *I. deed* Q4, 5. *I! deed* Q6, 7. *I! 'deed* F. *Ay! 'deed* ed. 1711, Theo. *Ay, 'deed* Edd.'78 to Dyce.
142 *then, how*] *how, then* Q1. 142 *unto*] *to* Q1.

Amin. No more, nor less, than other couples use; 145
You know what 'tis; it has but a coarse name.
King. But, prithee, I should think, by her black eye,
And her red cheek, she would be quick and stirring
In this same business; ha?
Amin. I cannot tell;
I ne'er tried other, sir; but I perceive 150
She is as quick as you delivered.
King. Well, you 'll trust me then, Amintor,
To chuse a wife for you again?
Amin. No, never, sir.
King. Why, like you this so ill?
Amin. So well I like her, 155
For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,
And unto Heaven will pay my grateful tribute
Hourly; and do hope we shall draw out
A long contented life together here,
And die both, full of grey hairs, in one day; 160
For which the thanks is yours. But if the powers
That rule us please to call her first away,
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife
Worthy to take her room.
King [*aside.*] I do not like this.—
All forbear the room, but you, Amintor, 165
And your lady. I have some speech with you,
That may concern your after living well.

Exeunt all but the KING, AMINTOR, *and* EVADNE.

Amin. [*aside.*] A' will not tell me that he lies with her?
If he do, something heavenly stay my heart,
For I shall be apt to thrust this arm of mine 170
To acts unlawful!—
King. You will suffer me
To talk with her, Amintor, and not have
A jealous pang?
Amin. Sir, I dare trust my wife
With whom she dares to talk, and not be jealous.—

166 *with you*] om. Q1, Theo. 168 *A'*] *He* F. to Dyce.
169 *something . . . heart*] om. Q1. 170 *I shall be*] *it is* Q1.
173 *A jealous pang*] *jealous pangs* Q1, Theo.
174 *With whom*] *When* Q1.

King. How do you like Amintor?
Evad. As I did, sir. 175
King. How's that?
Evad. As one that, to fulfil your will and pleasure,
I have given leave to call me wife and love.
King. I see there is no lasting faith in sin;
They that break word with Heaven will break again 180
With all the world, and so dost thou with me.
Evad. How, sir?
King. This subtle woman's ignorance
Will not excuse you: thou hast taken oaths,
So great, methought they did not well become
A woman's mouth, that thou wouldst ne'er enjoy 185
A man but me.
Evad. I never did swear so;
You do me wrong.
King. Day and night have heard it.
Evad. I swore indeed that I would never love
A man of lower place; but, if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bade you trust 190
I would forsake you, and would bend to him
That won your throne: I love with my ambition,
Not with my eyes. But, if I ever yet
Touch'd any other, leprosy light here
Upon my face! which for your royalty 195
I would not stain.
King. Why, thou dissemblest, and it is in me
To punish thee.
Evad. Why, it is in me, then,
Not to love you, which will more afflict
Your body than your punishment can mine. 200
King. But thou hast let Amintor lie with thee.
Evad. I ha' not.
King. Impudence! he says himself so.
Evad. A' lies.
King. A' does not.
Evad. By this light, he does,
Strangely and basely! and I'll prove it so:

177 *your will and pleasure*] *your pleasure* Q1 Theo., Dyce.
184 *methought*] *that methought* Q1, 2.
184 *not well become*] *misbecome* Q1, 2. 193 *my*] *mine* F.
202 *ha' not*] *have not* Edd.'78 to Dyce.
203 *A' . . . A'*] *He . . . He* F. to Dyce.

I did not only shun him for a night, 205
But told him I would never close with him.
King. Speak lower; 'tis false.
Evad. I am no man
To answer with a blow; or, if I were,
You are the King. But urge me not; 'tis most true.
King. Do not I know the uncontrolled thoughts 210
That youth brings with him, when his blood is high
With expectation and desire of that
He long hath waited for? Is not his spirit,
Though he be temperate, of a valiant strain
As this our age hath known? What could he do, 215
If such a sudden speech had met his blood,
But ruin thee for ever, if he had not kill'd thee?
He could not bear it thus; he is as we,
Or any other wrong'd man.
Evad. It is dissembling.
King. Take him! farewell: henceforth I am thy 220
foe;
And what disgraces I can blot thee with look for.
Evad. Stay, sir!—Amintor!—You shall hear.—
Amintor!
Amin. What, my love?
Evad. Amintor, thou hast an ingenious look,
And shouldst be virtuous: it amazeth me 225
That thou canst make such base malicious lies!
Amin. What, my dear wife?
Evad. Dear wife! I do despise thee.
Why, nothing can be baser than to sow
Dissention amongst lovers.
Amin. Lovers! who?
Evad. The King and me—
Amin. Oh, God! 230

205 *only*] om. Q4 to F., Edd.'78, Web. 207 *'tis*] *it is* Theo., Dyce.
207 *I am*] *I* Q4, 5. *I'm* Q6 to F.
217 *But . . . thee!*] So printed by Web. and Dyce on Mason's suggestion. *But ruin thee for ever? if he had not kill'd thee*, Q. F., Theo., Edd.'78.
219 *It is dissembling*] *This is dissembling* Q1; which then, skipping the next three speeches, follows on with l. 224—"Amintor, thou hast," etc.
221 *with*] om. Q4 to F., Edd.'78.
224 *ingenious*] *ingenuous* Ed. 1711, to Web.; but, as Dyce remarks, "that *ingenious* and *ingenuity* were formerly used for *ingenuous* and *ingenuousness* appears from innumerable passages of our early writers."
226 *canst*] *shouldst* Q1.
230 *me*] *I* Q1. 230 *God*] Q1, 2, Web. *heaven* Q3 to Edd.'78, Dyce.

Evad. Who should live long, and love without distaste,
Were it not for such pickthanks as thyself.
Did you lie with me? swear now, and be punish'd
In hell for this!
Amin. The faithless sin I made
To fair Aspatia is not yet revenged; 235
It follows me.—I will not lose a word
To this vild woman; but to you, my king,
The anguish of my soul thrusts out this truth,
Y'are a tyrant! and not so much to wrong
An honest man thus, as to take a pride 240
In talking with him of it.
Evad. Now, sir, see
How loud this fellow lied!
Amin. You that can know to wrong, should know how men
Must right themselves. What punishment is due
From me to him that shall abuse my bed? 245
Is it not death? nor can that satisfy,
Unless I send your lives through all the land,
To shew how nobly I have freed myself.
King. Draw not thy sword; thou knowest I cannot fear
A subject's hand; but thou shalt feel the weight 250
Of this, if thou dost rage.
Amin. The weight of that!
If you have any worth, for heaven's sake, think
I fear not swords; for, as you are mere man,
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,
As you dare think to do it. But there is 255
Divinity about you, that strikes dead

231 *live long*] Qy. *love long*?
232 *pickthanks*] "Barbuteur. A Sicopnant, a *pickthanke*, a privie whisperer, a close detractor, a secret tale-teller." COTGRAVE'S *Dictionary*. Bullen.
237 *vild*] Dyce. *wild* Q. F., Theo. *vile* Edd.'78, Web.
246 *Is it*] Edd.'78 to Dyce. *It is* Q. F., Theo.
247 *lives*] "To send their *Lives* through all the land, means, to send an account through the land of their vicious mode of life, and criminal connection." Edd.'78. *limbs* Theo., Web., Dyce (Sympson conj.); Dyce noting that the *liues* and *lives* of the old eds. was "doubtless a misprint for '*lims.*'" Mason also supported Sympson's conjecture. Q1 omits "send your lives through all the land, To"; making of ll. 247, 248 one line—"Unless I shew how nobly," etc.
255, 256 *But there is Divinity about you*, &c.] "So Shakespeare said, before our poets, in his *Hamlet*·

My rising passions: as you are my king,
I fall before you, and present my sword
To cut mine own flesh, if it be your will.
Alas, I am nothing but a multitude 260
Of walking griefs! Yet, should I murder you,
I might before the world take the excuse
Of madness; for, compare my injuries,
And they will well appear too sad a weight
For reason to endure: but, fall I first 265
Amongst my sorrows, ere my treacherous hand
Touch holy things! But why (I know not what
I have to say), why did you choose out me
To make thus wretched? there were thousands, fools,
Easy to work on, and of state enough, 270
Within the island.

Evad. I would not have a fool;
It were no credit for me.

Amin. Worse and worse!
Thou, that darest talk unto thy husband thus,
Profess thyself a whore, and, more than so,
Resolve to be so still!——It is my fate 275
To bear and bow beneath a thousand griefs,
To keep that little credit with the world.—
But there were wise ones too; you might have ta'en
Another.

King. No; for I believed thee honest,
As thou wert valiant.

Amin. All the happiness 280
Bestow'd upon me turns into disgrace.
Gods, take your honesty again, for I
Am loaden with it!—Good my lord the King,
Be private in it.

'Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.'" Theobald.

266 *hand*] *sword* Q1.

269 *were thousands, fools,*] Ed. *were thousands fooles* Q2—6. *were thousand fools* Q7 to Dyce. *are thousands* Q1.

271 *the island*] *the Land* Q1. 275 *fate*] *fault* Q1.

279 *believed*] Dyce. *believe* Q. to Web. Dyce notes that Theo. endeavoured to rectify the inconsistency of the speech by printing *art* instead of *wert* in the next line. Sidney Walker (*Crit. Exam. etc.* II. 61) gives many instances of errors consequent on the confusion of the final *d* and final *e*.

King. Thou mayst live, Amintor,
Free as thy king, if thou wilt wink at this, 285
And be a means that we may meet in secret.
Amin. A bawd! Hold, hold, my breast! A bitter curse
Seize me, if I forget not all respects
That are religious, on another word
Sounded like that; and through a sea of sins 290
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call
Pains here and after life upon my soul!
King. Well, I am resolute you lay not with her;
And so I leave you. [*Exit* KING.
Evad. You must needs be prating;
And see what follows!
Amin. Prithee, vex me not: 295
Leave me; I am afraid some sudden start
Will pull a murther on me.
Evad. I am gone;
I love my life well. [*Exit* EVADNE.
Amin. I hate mine as much.
This 'tis to break a troth! I should be glad,
If all this tide of grief would make me mad. [*Exit.* 300

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter MELANTIUS.

Mel. I'll know the cause of all Amintor's griefs,
Or friendship shall be idle.

Enter CALIANAX.

Cal. Oh, Melantius,
My daughter will die!

290 *Sounded*] *Seconded* Q1. 292 *Pains*] *Plagues* Q1.
293 *I . . . her*] Theo. understanding *resolute* in the sense of *determined*, read—"I am resolute you *lie* not with her," *i.e.* I am determined you *shall not* lie with her. Edd.'78 follow Theo.; but, as Mason pointed out, *resolute* has here the sense of *convinced*, and the text of course means—I am convinced you *did not* lie with her. It may be noted that by a very common error of the press Q1 omits *not* in this line.
294 *I*] om. Q4 to F. *needs*] om. Q4 to F.

Mel. Trust me, I am sorry:
Would thou hadst ta'en her room!
Cal. Thou art a slave,
A cut-throat slave, a bloody treacherous slave! 5
Mel. Take heed, old man; thou wilt be heard to rave,
And lose thine offices.
Cal. I am valiant grown
At all these years, and thou art but a slave!
Mel. Leave!
Some company will come, and I respect 10
Thy years, not thee, so much, that I could wish
To laugh at thee alone.
Cal. I'll spoil your mirth:
I mean to fight with thee. There lie, my cloak.
This was my father's sword, and he durst fight.
Are you prepared?
Mel. Why wilt thou dote thyself 15
Out of thy life? Hence, get thee to bed;
Have careful looking-to, and eat warm things,
And trouble not me: my head is full of thoughts
More weighty than thy life or death can be.
Cal. You have a name in war, where you stand safe 20
Amongst a multitude; but I will try
What you dare do unto a weak old man
In single fight. You'll give ground, I fear.
Come draw.
Mel. I will not draw, unless thou pull'st thy death 25
Upon thee with a stroke. There's no one blow
That thou canst give hath strength enough to kill me.
Tempt me not so far, then: the power of earth
Shall not redeem thee.—
Cal. [*aside.*] I must let him alone;
He's stout and able; and, to say the truth, 30
However I may set a face and talk,
I am not valiant. When I was a youth,
I kept my credit with a testy trick

4 *room*] *part* Q1.
5 *treacherous slave*] In place of these words Q1 has a dash.
7 *offices*] *office* Q1. 9 *Leave*] om. Q1.
16 *to bed*] *to thy bed*, Theo. 20 *where*] *when* Q4 to F.
23 *You'll give ground*] *you'l ground* Q4 to F. *You will give ground* Edd. '78 to Dyce. 27 *hath*] *hast* Q1.

I had 'mongst cowards, but durst never fight.—
Mel. I will not promise to preserve your life, 35
If you do stay.—
Cal. [*aside.*] I would give half my land
That I durst fight with that proud man a little:
If I had men to hold him, I would beat him
Till he ask'd me mercy.—
Mel. Sir, will you be gone?—
Cal. [*aside.*] I dare not stay; but I will go home, 40
and beat
My servants all over for this. [*Exit* CALIANAX.
Mel. This old fellow haunts me.
But the distracted carriage of mine Amintor
Takes deeply on me. I will find the cause:
I fear his conscience cries, he wrong'd Aspatia. 45

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. [*aside.*] Men's eyes are not so subtle to perceive
My inward misery: I bear my grief
Hid from the world. How art thou wretched then?
For aught I know, all husbands are like me;
And every one I talk with of his wife 50
Is but a well dissembler of his woes,
As I am. Would I knew it! for the rareness
Afflicts me now.—
Mel. Amintor, we have not enjoy'd our friendship of late; for we were wont to change our souls in talk. 55
Amin. Melantius, I can tell thee a good jest of Strato and a lady the last day.
Mel. How was't?
Amin. Why, such an odd one!
Mel. I have long'd to speak with you; not of an idle 60 jest, that's forced, but of matter you are bound to utter to me.

34 *I had 'mongst*] Q2 to F. and Edd.'78 end l. 33 with *I had*, and commence l. 34 with *Amongst*.
38 *him*] om. Q4 to F. 39 *ask'd*] *askt* Q1, *aske* Q2 to F.
40, 41 *I dare . . . for this*] As prose Q. F. Here divided as by Edd.'78 to Dyce; but Edd.'78 and Web. contract *I will* to *I'll:* Theo. with Q1 omits *go home, and* and ends first line *servants*.
46 *Men's*] *Mans* Q1. 46 *so*] om. Q1.
54—62 *Amintor . . . utter to me.*] As prose Q. to Edd.'78. The attempts of Web. and Dyce to reduce to verse are not happy.
55 *change*] Theo. to Dyce. *charge* Q. F.

Amin. What is that, my friend?
Mel. I have observed your words fall from your tongue
Wildly; and all your carriage
Like one that strove to show his merry mood,
When he were ill-disposed: you were not wont
To put such scorn into your speech, or wear
Upon your face ridiculous jollity.
Some sadness sits here, which your cunning would
Cover o'er with smiles, and 'twill not be. What is it?
Amin. A sadness here! what cause
Can fate provide for me to make me so?
Am I not loved through all this isle? The King
Rains greatness on me. Have I not received
A lady to my bed, that in her eye
Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheeks
Inevitable colour, in her heart
A prison for all virtue? Are not you,
Which is above all joys, my constant friend?
What sadness can I have? No; I am light,
And feel the courses of my blood more warm
And stirring than they were. Faith, marry too;
And you will feel so unexpress'd a joy
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed
Appear another.
Mel. You may shape, Amintor,
Causes to cozen the whole world withal,

64, 65 *I have . . . carriage*] So Q. F. Theo. added, after *carriage*, "has appear'd"; Edd.'78 to Dyce end first line *words*.
66 *strove*] *striues* Q1. 68 *or*] —*yow* Q1. 70 *cunning*] *tongue* Q1.
72 *A sadness here!*] *A sadness here, Melantius!* Dyce conj.
78 *Inevitable*] *Immutable* Q1, Edd.'78. *Inimitable* Theo.
"*Inevitable* means not only unavoidable, but irresistible; in which last sense the word is used here. So Dryden, in his tale of Palamon and Arcite, [I. 231] says—

> 'But even that glimmering served him to descry
> The *inevitable* charms of Emily.'

The word *inevitable* in Latin had the same import, as we find from the following passage in the first Annal of Tacitus: 'Sed Marcellum insimulabat [Crispinus] sinistros de Tiberio sermones habuisse: *inevitabile crimen*, cum ex moribus principis fœdissima quæque deligeret accusator, objectaretque reo.' It is evident in this passage that *inevitabile crimen* does not mean an accusation that could not have been prevented, but one from which, when preferred, it was impossible to escape." MASON.
84 *unexpress'd*] = not to be express'd, unutterable.

And yourself too; but 'tis not like a friend
To hide your soul from me. 'Tis not your nature
To be thus idle: I have seen you stand 90
As you were blasted 'midst of all your mirth;
Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning joy
So coldly!—World, what do I here? a friend
Is nothing. Heaven, I would ha' told that man
My secret sins! I'll search an unknown land, 95
And there plant friendship; all is wither'd here.
Come with a compliment! I would have fought,
Or told my friend a' lied, ere sooth'd him so.
Out of my bosom!

Amin. But there is nothing.

Mel. Worse and worse! farewell: 100
From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.

Amin. Melantius, stay: you shall know what that is.

Mel. See, how you play'd with friendship! be advised
How you give cause unto yourself to say
You ha' lost a friend.

Amin. Forgive what I ha' done; 105
For I am so o'ergone with injuries
Unheard of, that I lose consideration
Of what I ought to do,—oh!—oh!

Mel. Do not weep. What is't?
May I once but know the man 110
Hath turn'd my friend thus!

Amin. I had spoke at first,
But that——

Mel. But what?

Amin. I held it most unfit
For you to know. Faith, do not know it yet.

Mel. Thou see'st my love, that will keep company
With thee in tears; hide nothing, then, from me; 115
For when I know the cause of thy distemper,

91, 92 *your mirth; Call*] Qy. *our mirth; Call'd*? 94 *ha'*] *have* Edd.'78 to Dyce. 95 *search*] i.e. search for, seek.

96, 97 *here. Come*] *here, Come* Q. F. Qy. *here, Comes*?

98 *a'*] *he* F. to Dyce. 102 *that*] *it* Theo. to Web.

103 *See, how you play'd*] There is no comma after *See* in Q. F. I believe we should read—"See how you *play*," i.e. Beware how you play. Q1 for *play'd* has *plead*. 105 *ha' lost*] *have lost* Edd.'78 to Dyce. 105 *ha' done*] *have done* Q3 to Dyce. 106 *injuries*] *miseries* Q1.

109 *What is't*] Editors from Theo. to Dyce expand to *What is it* and transpose to the beginning of next line.

With mine old armour I'll adorn myself,
My resolution, and cut through thy foes,
Unto thy quiet, till I place thy heart
As peaceable as spotless innocence. 120
What is it?
Amin. Why, 'tis this——it is too big
To get out—let my tears make way awhile.
Mel. Punish me strangely, Heaven, if he scape
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this!
Amin. Your sister—— 125
Mel. Well said.
Amin. You'll wish't unknown, when you have heard it.
Mel. No.
Amin. Is much to blame,
And to the King has given her honour up,
And lives in whoredom with him.
Mel. How is this? 130
Thou art run mad with injury indeed;
Thou couldst not utter this else. Speak again;
For I forgive it freely; tell thy griefs.
Amin. She's wanton; I am loath to say, a whore,
Though it be true. 135
Mel. Speak yet again, before mine anger grow
Up beyond throwing down: what are thy griefs?
Amin. By all our friendship, these.
Mel. What, am I tame?
After mine actions, shall the name of friend
Blot all our family, and stick the brand 140
Of whore upon my sister, unrevenged?
My shaking flesh, be thou a witness for me,
With what unwillingness I go to scourge
This railer, whom my folly hath call'd friend!—
I will not take thee basely: thy sword 145
Hangs near thy hand; draw it, that I may whip
Thy rashness to repentance; draw thy sword!

117 *old*] *owne* Q3 to F. 118 *thy*] *my* Web.
123 *scape*] *escape* Q6 to Edd.'78, Dyce.
125—128 *Your sister . . . blame*] Here as in Q. F. All the editors, from Theo. to Dyce, divide into two lines, ending the first *unknown*, and reading "You *will* wish't unknown."
130 *How is this*] Theo. to Dyce. *How's this* Q1—3. *How, this* Q4 to F.
138 *tame*] *tane* Q1. 140 *stick*] *strike* Q2 to F.

Amin. Not on thee, did thine anger swell as high
As the wild surges. Thou shouldst do me ease
Here and eternally, if thy noble hand 150
Would cut me from my sorrows.
Mel. This is base
And fearful. They that use to utter lies
Provide not blows but words to qualify
The men they wrong'd. Thou hast a guilty cause.
Amin. Thou pleasest me; for so much more like this 155
Will raise my anger up above my griefs,
(Which is a passion easier to be borne,)
And I shall then be happy.
Mel. Take, then, more
To raise thine anger: 'tis mere cowardice
Makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee dead, 160
However. But if thou art so much press'd
With guilt and fear as not to dare to fight,
I'll make thy memory loath'd, and fix a scandal
Upon thy name for ever.
Amin. Then I draw,
As justly as our magistrates their swords 165
To cut offenders off. I knew before
'Twould grate your ears; but it was base in you
To urge a weighty secret from your friend,
And then rage at it. I shall be at ease,
If I be kill'd; and, if you fall by me, 170
I shall not long outlive you.
Mel. Stay awhile.—
The name of friend is more than family,
Or all the world besides: I was a fool.
Thou searching human nature, that didst wake
To do me wrong, thou art inquisitive, 175
And thrusts me upon questions that will take
My sleep away! Would I had died, ere known
This sad dishonour!—Pardon me, my friend.
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart;
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand 180
To thine. Behold the power thou hast in me!

148, 149 *swell as high As the wild surges*] *go as high As troubled waters* Q1, 2. 157 *borne*] *knowne* Q1.
158 *happy*] *blessed* Q1. 163 *scandal*] *farewell* Q1.
174 *wake*] *make* Q1.

I do believe my sister is a whore,
A leprous one. Put up thy sword, young man.
Amin. How should I bear it, then, she being so?
I fear, my friend, that you will lose me shortly; 185
And I shall do a foul act on myself
Through these disgraces.
Mel. Better half the land
Were buried quick together. No, Amintor;
Thou shalt have ease. Oh, this adulterous king,
That drew her to't; where got he the spirit 190
To wrong me so?
Amin. What is it, then, to me,
If it be wrong to you?
Mel. Why, not so much:
The credit of our house is thrown away.
But from his iron den I'll waken Death,
And hurl him on this king: my honesty 195
Shall steel my sword; and on its horrid point
I'll wear my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittering
For him to look on.
Amin. I have quite undone my fame. 200
Mel. Dry up thy watery eyes,
And cast a manly look upon my face;
For nothing is so wild as I thy friend
Till I have freed thee: still this swelling breast.
I go thus from thee, and will never cease 205
My vengeance till I find thy heart at peace.
Amin. It must not be so. Stay. Mine eyes would tell
How loath I am to this; but, love and tears,
Leave me awhile! for I have hazarded
All that this world calls happy.—Thou hast wrought 210
A secret from me, under name of friend,
Which art could ne'er have found, nor torture wrung
From out my bosom. Give it me again;
For I will find it, wheresoe'er it lies,

186 *act on*] *action* F. 188 *quick*] i.e. alive. Dyce.
189 *ease. Oh,*] *ease of* Q1. 190 *to't*] *to it* Theo. to Dyce.
196 *its*] *my* Q1, 2. 199—201 *For . . eyes*] Theo. makes two lines, ending first *undone*, and adding *awhile* after *eyes*. 206 *thy*] *my* Q2 to F.
210 *that*] om. Q6 to F. 213 *my*] *this* Q1.

Hid in the mortal'st part: invent a way 215
To give it back.
Mel. Why would you have it back?
I will to death pursue him with revenge.
Amin. Therefore I call it back from thee; for I know
Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this,
And shame me to posterity. Take to thy weapon. 220
Mel. Hear thy friend, that bears more years than thou.
Amin. I will not hear: but draw, or I——
Mel. Amintor!
Amin. Draw, then; for I am full as resolute
As fame and honour can enforce me be:
I cannot linger. Draw!
Mel. I do. But is not 225
My share of credit equal with thine,
If I do stir?
Amin. No; for it will be call'd
Honour in thee to spill thy sister's blood,
If she her birth abuse, and on the King
A brave revenge; but on me, that have walk'd 230
With patience in it, it will fix the name
Of fearful cuckold. Oh, that word! Be quick.
Mel. Then, join with me.
Amin. I dare not do a sin, or else I would.
Be speedy. 235
Mel. Then, dare not fight with me; for that's a sin.—
His grief distracts him.—Call thy thoughts again,
And to thyself pronounce the name of friend,
And see what that will work. I will not fight.
Amin. You must.
Mel. I will be kill'd first. Though my passions 240
Offer'd the like to you, 'tis not this earth
Shall buy my reason to it. Think awhile,
For you are (I must weep when I speak that)
Almost besides yourself.
Amin. Oh, my soft temper!
So many sweet words from thy sister's mouth, 245

218 *for I know*] Qy. om. *for*?
220 *And shame me to posterity*] om. Q1.
221 *Hear thy*] *Hear thou thy* Theo. 224 *be*] om. Q1.
226 *with thine*] *then with thine* Theo. *with thine own* Dyce conj.
243 *that*] *it* Q1.

I am afraid would make me take her to
Embrace, and pardon her. I am mad indeed,
And know not what I do. Yet have a care
Of me in what thou dost.
Mel. Why, thinks my friend
I will forget his honour? or, to save 250
The bravery of our house, will lose his fame,
And fear to touch the throne of majesty?
Amin. A curse will follow that; but rather live
And suffer with me.
Mel. I will do what worth
Shall bid me, and no more.
Amin. Faith, I am sick, 255
And desperately, I hope; yet, leaning thus,
I feel a kind of ease.
Mel. Come, take again
Your mirth about you.
Amin. I shall never do't.
Mel. I warrant you; look up; we'll walk together;
Put thine arm here; all shall be well again. 260
Amin. Thy love (oh, wretched!), ay, thy love, Melantius;
Why, I have nothing else.
Mel. Be merry, then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MELANTIUS *again.*

Mel. This worthy young man may do violence
Upon himself; but I have cherish'd him
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me, 265
To counterfeit again. Sword, hold thine edge;
My heart will never fail me.— [*Enter* DIPHILUS.
Diphilus!
Thou com'st as sent.

246, 247 *her to Embrace*] Dyce. *her To embrace* Q. F. Edd.'78, Web. *her to me To embrace* Theo. 248 *Yet*] *but* Q1.
251 *our*] *your* Q1. 255 *and no more*] om. Q1.
262 Enter Melantius again.] Re-enter Melantius. Web. Dyce. Perhaps a new scene should here be marked, to suggest some short interval during which Melantius has consoled Amintor. I have, however, considered it undesirable to disturb the scene-divisions, first introduced by Web. and Dyce, without absolute necessity.
265 *To my best power*] *As well as I could* Q1, 2.
268 *as sent*] as = as if; meaning—As if I had sent for thee. Theo. As if Heaven had sent you. Edd.'78. As if you were sent on purpose. Mason.

Diph. Yonder has bin such laughing.
Mel. Betwixt whom?
Diph. Why, our sister and the King;
I thought their spleens would break; they laugh'd us all
Out of the room.
Mel. They must weep, Diphilus.
Diph. Must they?
Mel. They must.
Thou art my brother; and, if I did believe
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst.
Diph. You should not; I would first
Mangle myself and find it.
Mel. That was spoke
According to our strain. Come, join thy hands,
And swear a firmness to what project I
Shall lay before thee.
Diph. You do wrong us both;
People hereafter shall not say, there pass'd
A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives
And deaths together.
Mel. It is as nobly said as I would wish.
Anon I'll tell you wonders: we are wrong'd.
Diph. But I will tell you now, we'll right ourselves.
Mel. Stay not: prepare the armour in my house;
And what friends you can draw unto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too.
Haste, Diphilus, the time requires it, haste!—
[*Exit* DIPHILUS.
I hope my cause is just; I know my blood
Tells me it is; and I will credit it.
To take revenge, and lose myself withal,
Were idle; and to scape impossible,
Without I had the fort, which (misery!)
Remaining in the hands of my old enemy
Calianax——but I must have it. See,

268 *bin*] *beene* Q4 to Dyce.
277 *join thy hands*] *join thy hands to mine* Q2 to F., Edd.'78 to Dyce. Theo. followed Q1, "perhaps rightly," says Dyce.

Enter CALIANAX.

Where he comes shaking by me!—Good my lord,
Forget your spleen to me; I never wrong'd you,
But would have peace with every man.
Cal. 'Tis well;
If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet. 300
Mel. Y'are touchy without all cause.
Cal. Do, mock me.
Mel. By mine honour, I speak truth.
Cal. Honour! where is't?
Mel. See, what starts you make
Into your idle hatred to my love
And freedom to you. 305
I come with resolution to obtain
A suit of you.
Cal. A suit of me!
'Tis very like it should be granted, sir.
Mel. Nay, go not hence:
'Tis this; you have the keeping of the fort, 310
And I would wish you, by the love you ought
To bear unto me, to deliver it
Into my hands.
Cal. I am in hope thou art mad to talk to me thus.
Mel. But there is a reason to move you to it: 315
I would kill the King, that wrong'd you and your daughter.
Cal. Out, traitor!
Mel. Nay, but stay: I cannot scape,
The deed once done, without I have this fort.
Cal. And should I help thee?
Now thy treacherous mind betrays itself. 320
Mel. Come, delay me not;
Give me a sudden answer, or already
Thy last is spoke! refuse not offer'd love,
When it comes clad in secrets.
Cal. [*aside.*] If I say
I will not, he will kill me; I do see't 325
Writ in his looks; and should I say I will,

304 *idle*] om. Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web. 304 *love*] *good love* Theo.
304, 305 *to my love And freedom to you*] om. Q1.
306 *I come*] *I am come* Q1. 323 *Thy*] *The* Q1. 323 *not*] *my* Q1.

He'll run and tell the King.—I do not shun
Your friendship, dear Melantius; but this cause
Is weighty: give me but an hour to think.
Mel. Take it.—[*Aside.*] I know this goes unto the King;
But I am arm'd.— [*Exit* MELANTIUS.
Cal. Methinks I feel myself
But twenty now again. This fighting fool
Wants policy: I shall revenge my girl,
And make her red again. I pray my legs
Will last that pace that I will carry them:
I shall want breath before I find the King. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Apartment of EVADNE.

Enter EVADNE *and* Ladies: *to them* MELANTIUS.

Mel. Save you!
Evad. Save you, sweet brother!
Mel. In my blunt eye, methinks, you look Evadne.
Evad. Come, you would make me blush.
Mel. I would, Evadne;
I shall displease my ends else.
Evad. You shall, if you commend me; I am bashful. 5
Come, sir, how do I look?
Mel. I would not have your women hear me
Break into commendation of you; 'tis not seemly.
Evad. Go wait me in the gallery.— [*Exeunt* Ladies.
Now speak.
Mel. I'll lock your doors first.
Evad. Why? 10
Mel. I will not have your gilded things, that dance
In visitation with their Milan skins,
Choke up my business.
Evad. You are strangely disposed, sir.
Mel. Good madam, not to make you merry. 15
Evad. No; if you praise me, 'twill make me sad.
Mel. Such a sad commendation I have for you.

Enter . . .] Enter Melantius, Evadne and a Lady. Q. F. (Ladies, Web.). Evadne and Ladies discovered. Enter Melantius. Dyce.

2 *you look Evadne.*] i.e. you look or seem to be Evadne. Dyce remarks that the modern editors [Theo. to Web.], strangely misunderstanding the line, exhibit it thus—

"In my blunt eye, methinks, you look, Evadne—"

5 *commend*] Theo. to Dyce. *command*] Q. F.

10 *your doors*] *the door* Q2 to Dyce.

12 *Milan skins*] Again in Valentinian II. ii. mention is made of courtiers, who with their "gilded doublets and *Milan skins*," seemed noble visitants, but were mere court-crabs. Nares (*Glossary*) supposes Milan skins to be fine gloves manufactured at Milan. 16 *'twill*] *it will* Theo. to Dyce.

17 *commendation*] *commendations* Q1—5.

Evad. Brother, the court has made you witty,
And learn to riddle.
Mel. I praise the court for't: has it learnt you nothing? 20
Evad. Me!
Mel. Ay, Evadne; thou art young and handsome,
A lady of a sweet complexion,
And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot
Choose but inflame a kingdom. 25
Evad. Gentle brother!
Mel. 'Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish woman,
To make me gentle.
Evad. How is this?
Mel. 'Tis base;
And I could blush, at these years, thorough all
My honour'd scars, to come to such a parley. 30
Evad. I understand ye not.
Mel. You dare not, fool!
They that commit thy faults fly the remembrance.
Evad. My faults, sir! I would have you know, I care not
If they were written here, here in my forehead.
Mel. Thy body is too little for the story; 35
The lusts of which would fill another woman,
Though she had twins within her.
Evad. This is saucy:
Look you intrude no more; there lies your way.
Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee,
Till I find truth out.
Evad. What truth is that you look for? 40
Mel. Thy long-lost honour. Would the gods had set me
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand
One of their loudest bolts! Come, tell me quickly,
Do it without enforcement, and take heed
You swell me not above my temper.
Evad. How, sir! 45

18 *has*] *hath* Q6 to Dyce. 20 *has it*] *has* Q1.
27 *repentance*] *remembrance* Q3 to F. 31 *ye*] *you* Q2 to Dyce.
36 *fill*] i. e. as a sheet of paper is *fill'd* or covered with writing: Theo., strangely misunderstanding the passage, read in the next line—
"*As* though sh'ad Twins within her."
38 *there lies*] *theres* Q1. 42 *Rather . . . stand*] om. F.

Where got you this report?
Mel. Where there was people,
In every place.
Evad. They and the seconds of it are base people:
Believe them not, they lied.
Mel. Do not play with mine anger, do not, wretch! 50
I come to know that desperate fool that drew thee
From thy fair life: be wise, and lay him open.
Evad. Unhand me, and learn manners! such another
Forgetfulness forfeits your life.
Mel. Quench me this mighty humour, and then tell me 55
Whose whore you are; for you are one, I know it.
Let all mine honours perish but I'll find him,
Though he lie lock'd up in thy blood! Be sudden;
There is no facing it; and be not flatter'd;
The burnt air, when the Dog reigns, is not fouler 60
Than thy contagious name, till thy repentance
(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sickness.
Evad. Begone! you are my brother; that's your safety.
Mel. I'll be a wolf first: 'tis, to be thy brother,
An infamy below the sin of coward. 65
I am as far from being part of thee
As thou art from thy virtue: seek a kindred
'Mongst sensual beasts, and make a goat thy brother;
A goat is cooler. Will you tell me yet?
Evad. If you stay here and rail thus, I shall tell you 70
I'll ha' you whipp'd. Get you to your command,
And there preach to your sentinels, and tell them
What a brave man you are: I shall laugh at you.
Mel. Y'are grown a glorious whore! Where be your fighters?
What mortal fool durst raise thee to this daring, 75
And I alive! By my just sword, h'ad safer
Bestrid a billow when the angry North

46 *was*] *were* Ed. 1711 to Web. 49 *they lied*] *theile lie* Q1.
58 *Be sudden*] *come tell me* Q1.
59 *facing*] Theo., in illustration of the word *facers*, IV. ii. 126, quotes the following passage from the *Lover's Progress*, III. vi.—

"Leave *facing*, 'twill not serve you:
This impudence becomes thee worse than lying."

68 *brother*] *father* Q1. 76 *h'ad*] *he had* Web., Dyce.
77 *Bestrid*] Theo., Edd.'78, Dyce. *Bestride* Q. F., Web.

Ploughs up the sea, or made Heaven's fire his foe!
Work me no higher. Will you discover yet?
Evad. The fellow's mad. Sleep, and speak sense. 80
Mel. Force my swoln heart no further: I would save thee.
Your great maintainers are not here, they dare not:
Would they were all, and armed! I would speak loud;
Here's one should thunder to 'em. Will you tell me?—
Thou hast no hope to scape: he that dares most, 85
And damns away his soul to do thee service,
Will sooner snatch meat from a hungry lion
Than come to rescue thee; thou hast death about thee;—
He has undone thine honour, poison'd thy virtue,
And, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker. 90
Evad. Let me consider.
Mel. Do, whose child thou wert,
Whose honour thou hast murder'd, whose grave open'd
And so pull'd on the gods, that in their justice
They must restore him flesh again and life,
And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandal. 95
Evad. The gods are not of my mind: they had better
Let 'em lie sweet still in the earth; they'll stink here.
Mel. Do you raise mirth out of my easiness?
Forsake me, then, all weaknesses of nature,
That make men women! Speak, you whore, speak truth, 100
Or, by the dear soul of thy sleeping father,

78 *foe*] *food* Q2 to Web.
85—90 *Thou . . . canker*] om. Q1.
87 *snatch*] *fetch* Q3 to Edd.'78.
88 *thou hast*] *thou'st* Theo., Edd.'78.
89 *He has*] Ed. 1711, Theo., Dyce. *has* Q. *h'as* F. *Who has* Edd.'78, Web. It is to be noted that the whole of this speech, ll. 81—90, in Q. F., is printed as prose; in verse first in ed. 1711.
90 *canker*] "i.e. a wild rose, or dog-rose." Dyce.—"But surely a garden-rose diseased and blighted does not become a wild dog-rose. Its true meaning is explained [V. ii. 63-66] as a wormy disease.

'Once I was fair,
Once I was lovely; not a blowing rose
More chastely sweet, till thou, thou *foul canker*,
(Stir not) didst poison me.'" Mitford.

95 *this*] *his* Q6 to Theo.

This sword shall be thy lover! tell, or I'll kill thee;
And, when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserve it.
Evad. You will not murder me?
Mel. No; 'tis a justice, and a noble one, 105
To put the light out of such base offenders.
Evad. Help!
Mel. By thy foul self, no human help shall help thee,
If thou criest! When I have kill'd thee, as I
Have vow'd to do if thou confess not, naked, 110
As thou hast left thine honour, will I leave thee;
That on thy branded flesh the world may read
Thy black shame and my justice. Wilt thou bend yet?
Evad. Yes.
Mel. Up, and begin your story.
Evad. Oh, I
Am miserable!
Mel. 'Tis true, thou art. Speak truth still. 115
Evad. I have offended: noble sir, forgive me!
Mel. With what secure slave?
Evad. Do not ask me, sir;
Mine own remembrance is a misery
Too mighty for me.
Mel. Do not fall back again; my sword's unsheathed
yet. 120
Evad. What shall I do?
Mel. Be true, and make your fault less.
Evad. I dare not tell.
Mel. Tell, or I'll be this day a-killing thee.
Evad. Will you forgive me, then?
Mel. Stay; I must ask mine honour first. 125
I have too much foolish nature in me: speak.
Evad. Is there none else here?
Mel. None but a fearful conscience; that's too many.
Who is't?
Evad. Oh, hear me gently! It was the King.
Mel. No more. My worthy father's and my services 130
Are liberally rewarded! King, I thank thee!
For all my dangers and my wounds thou hast paid me
In my own metal: these are soldiers' thanks!—
How long have you lived thus, Evadne?

127 *none else*] *no more* Q1. 129 *Oh . . . It was*] om. Q1.
130 *No more*] om. Q1.

Evad. Too long.
Mel. Too late you find it. Can you be sorry? 135
Evad. Would I were half as blameless!
Mel. Evadne, thou wilt to thy trade again.
Evad. First to my grave.
Mel. Would gods thou hadst been so blest!
Dost thou not hate this King now? prithee hate him:
Couldst thou not curse him? I command thee, curse him; 140
Curse till the gods hear, and deliver him
To thy just wishes. Yet I fear, Evadne,
You had rather play your game out.
Evad. No; I feel
Too many sad confusions here, to let in
Any loose flame hereafter. 145
Mel. Dost thou not feel, amongst all those, one brave anger,
That breaks out nobly and directs thine arm
To kill this base king?
Evad. All the gods forbid it!
Mel. No, all the gods require it; they are
Dishonour'd in him. 150
Evad. 'Tis too fearful.
Mel. Y'are valiant in his bed, and bold enough
To be a stale whore, and have your madam's name
Discourse for grooms and pages; and hereafter,
When his cool majesty hath laid you by, 155
To be at pension with some needy sir

134, 135 Evad. *Too long . . . sorry*] These two speeches are given thus in Q1:—

"*Evad.* Too long, too late I finde it.
Mel. Can you be very sorry?"

Dyce restores *very* to the text; though in other respects he follows, silently, Q2, as here. As to the propriety of his restoration of *very* in this place, see Sidney Walker's article XXXIX., "*very* interpolated," *Crit. Exam. etc.* I. 268.

137 *Evadne . . . again.*] *Woman, thou wilt not to thy trade again.* Q1.

138 *thou hadst*] *th'hadst* Q3 to Edd.'78.

140 *Couldst thou not curse him?*] *Has sunke thy faire soule,* Q1. This reading of Q1 might be given in the text in a line by itself, between ll. 139 and 140.

155 *cool*] Qy. *cool'd*? *coole* in early eds., and this may be an instance of "Final *d* and final *e* confounded"; the subject of a long article in Sidney Walker's *Crit. Exam. etc.* II. 61. Cf. III. i. 279 ("believed"), of this play.

For meat and coarser clothes: thus far you know
No fear. Come, you shall kill him.
Evad. Good sir!
Mel. An 'twere to kiss him dead, thou'dst smother him:
Be wise, and kill him. Canst thou live, and know 160
What noble minds shall make thee, see thyself
Found out with every finger, made the shame
Of all successions, and in this great ruin
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?
Thou shalt not live thus. Kneel, and swear to help me, 165
When I shall call thee to it; or, by all
Holy in Heaven and earth, thou shalt not live
To breathe a full hour longer; not a thought!
Come, 'tis a righteous oath. Give me thy hands,
And, both to Heaven held up, swear, by that wealth 170
This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,
To let his foul soul out.
Evad. Here I swear it;
And, all you spirits of abused ladies,
Help me in this performance!
Mel. Enough. This must be known to none 175
But you and I, Evadne; not to your lord,
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow
Dares step as far into a worthy action
As the most daring, ay, as far as justice.
Ask me not why. Farewell. [*Exit* MEL. 180
Evad. Would I could say so to my black disgrace!
Oh, where have I been all this time? how friended,
That I should lose myself thus desperately,
And none for pity shew me how I wander'd?
There is not in the compass of the light 185
A more unhappy creature: sure, I am monstrous;
For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefs,
Would dare a woman. Oh, my loaded soul,
Be not so cruel to me; choke not up
The way to my repentance!

157 *know*] *had* Q1.
159 *thou'dst*] *thou'd* Q6 to F. *thou shouldst* Web.
169 *hands*] Edd.'78 to Dyce. *hand* Q. to Theo.
188 *Would dare a woman*] "i.e. Would scare, would fright her out of her wits to commit." Theobald.

Enter AMINTOR.

Oh, my lord! 190

Amin. How now?

Evad. My much-abused lord! [*Kneels.*

Amin. This cannot be!

Evad. I do not kneel to live; I dare not hope it;
The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me,
Though I appear with all my faults.

Amin. Stand up.
This is a new way to beget more sorrows: 195
Heaven knows I have too many. Do not mock me:
Though I am tame, and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap,
Like a hand-wolf, into my natural wildness,
And do an outrage: prithee, do not mock me. 200

Evad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects
All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,
Though at the highest set; even with my life:
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice
For what I have committed.

Amin. Sure, I dazzle: 205
There cannot be a faith in that foul woman,
That knows no god more mighty than her mischiefs.
Thou dost still worse, still number on thy faults,
To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe
There's any seed of virtue in that woman 210
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin
Known, and so known as thine is? Oh, Evadne,
Would there were any safety in thy sex,
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,
And credit thy repentance! but I must not: 215
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world
And all things that are in it, that I fear

195 *a*] *no* Q2 to F. 195 *sorrows*] *sorrow* Q2 to Web.
199 *hand-wolf*] "Means a tamed wolf." Web.
203 *at the highest set*] "i.e. at the highest stake." Web.
204 *that's no sacrifice*] Q6 to Dyce. *that; no sacrifice* Q1, 2. *thats; no sacrifice* Q3, 4. *thats no sacrifice* Q5. Qy. read the whole line thus—"*That's* slight contrition, *that;* no sacrifice."
213 *any safety in thy sex*] "i.e. any security, any trust, or belief, to be reposed in them." Theo.

I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only remembering that I grieve.
Evad. My lord, 220
Give me your griefs: you are an innocent,
A soul as white as Heaven; let not my sins
Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here
To shadow by dissembling with my tears,
(As all say women can,) or to make less 225
What my hot will hath done, which Heaven and you
Knows to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from man's remembrance; no, I do not;
I do appear the same, the same Evadne,
Drest in the shames I lived in, the same monster. 230
But these are names of honour to what I am;
I do present myself the foulest creature,
Most poisonous, dangerous, and despised of men,
Lerna e'er bred or Nilus. I am hell,
Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into me, 235
The beams of your forgiveness; I am soul-sick,
And wither with the fear of one condemn'd,
Till I have got your pardon.
Amin. Rise, Evadne.
Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee
Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee: 240
Make thyself worthy of it; and take heed,
Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.
Mock not the powers above, that can and dare
Give thee a great example of their justice
To all ensuing ages, if thou play'st 245
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.
Evad. I have done nothing good to win belief,
My life hath been so faithless. All the creatures,
Made for Heaven's honours, have their ends, and good ones,
All but the cozening crocodiles, false women: 250
They reign here like those plagues, those killing sores,
Men pray against; and when they die, like tales
Ill told and unbelieved, they pass away,

227 *knows*] *know* Theo. to Dyce.
245 *ages*] Dyce (Web. conj.), *eies* or *eyes* Q. to Web.
247 *win*] *get* Q1.
249 *honours*] *honour* Mason conj. At which Dyce exclaims—"No, no."

And go to dust forgotten. But, my lord,
Those short days I shall number to my rest 255
(As many must not see me) shall, though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will,
Since I can do no good, because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is near it:
I will redeem one minute of my age, 260
Or, like another Niobe, I'll weep,
Till I am water.

Amin. I am now dissolved;
My frozen soul melts. May each sin thou hast,
Find a new mercy! Rise; I am at peace.
Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good, 265
Before that devil-king tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadst made a star. Give me thy hand:
From this time I will know thee; and, as far
As honour gives me leave, be thy Amintor.
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly, 270
And pray the gods to give thee happy days:
My charity shall go along with thee,
Though my embraces must be far from thee.
I should ha' kill'd thee, but this sweet repentance
Locks up my vengeance; for which thus I kiss thee— 275
The last kiss we must take: and would to heaven
The holy priest that gave our hands together
Had given us equal virtues! Go, Evadne;
The gods thus part our bodies. Have a care
My honour falls no farther: I am well, then. 280

Evad. All the dear joys here, and above hereafter,
Crown thy fair soul! Thus I take leave, my lord;
And never shall you see the foul Evadne,
Till she have tried all honour'd means, that may
Set her in rest and wash her stains away. 285

[*Exeunt.*

262 *now*] om. Q1. 274 *ha'*] *have* Edd.'78 to Dyce.
284 *she have*] *sh'ave* Q4 to F.

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Palace.

Hautboys play within.

Banquet. Enter KING *and* CALIANAX.

King. I cannot tell how I should credit this
From you, that are his enemy.
Cal. I am sure
He said it to me; and I'll justify it
What way he dares oppose—but with my sword.
King. But did he break, without all circumstance, 5
To you, his foe, that he would have the fort,
To kill me, and then scape?
Cal. If he deny it,
I'll make him blush.
King. It sounds incredibly.
Cal. Ay, so does every thing I say of late.
King. Not so, Calianax.
Cal. Yes, I should sit 10
Mute whilst a rogue with strong arms cuts your throat.
King. Well, I will try him: and, if this be true,
I'll pawn my life I'll find it; if 't be false,
And that you clothe your hate in such a lie,
You shall hereafter dote in your own house, 15
Not in the court.
Cal. Why, if it be a lie,
Mine ears are false, for I'll be sworn I heard it.
Old men are good for nothing: you were best
Put me to death for hearing, and free him
For meaning it. You would a trusted me 20
Once, but the time is alter'd.
King. And will still,
Where I may do with justice to the world:
You have no witness.
Cal. Yes, myself.
King. No more,
I mean, there were that heard it.

7 *scape*] *escape* Q5 to Theo. 17 *I'll be sworn*] *I besworne* Q1.
20 *a*] *ha'* F., Theo. *have* Edd.'78 to Dyce.

Cal. How? no more!
Would you have more? why, am not I enough 25
To hang a thousand rogues?
King. But so you may
Hang honest men too, if you please.
Cal. I may!
'Tis like I will do so: there are a hundred
Will swear it for a need too, if I say it——
King. Such witnesses we need not.
Cal. And 'tis hard 30
If my word cannot hang a boisterous knave.
King. Enough.—Where's Strato?

Enter STRATO.

Stra. Sir?
King. Why, where's all the company? Call Amintor in;
Evadne. Where's my brother, and Melantius? 35
Bid him come too; and Diphilus. Call all
That are without there.— [*Exit* STRATO.
If he should desire
The combat of you, 'tis not in the power
Of all our laws to hinder it, unless
We mean to quit 'em.
Cal. Why, if you do think 40
'Tis fit an old man and a councillor
To fight for what he says, then you may grant it.

Enter AMINTOR, EVADNE, MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, LYSIPPUS, CLEON, STRATO, *and* DIAGORAS.

King. Come, sirs!—Amintor, thou art yet a bridegroom,
And I will use thee so; thou shalt sit down.—
Evadne, sit;—and you, Amintor, too; 45
This banquet is for you, sir.—Who has brought
A merry tale about him, to raise laughter
Amongst our wine? Why, Strato, where art thou?
Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably,
When I desire 'em not. 50
Stra. 'Tis my ill luck, sir, so to spend them, then.

42 *To*] *Do* Theo. to Web.

King. Reach me a bowl of wine.—Melantius, thou
Art sad.
Mel. I should be, sir, the merriest here,
But I ha' ne'er a story of mine own
Worth telling at this time.
King. Give me the wine.— 55
Melantius, I am now considering
How easy 'twere for any man we trust
To poison one of us in such a bowl.
Mel. I think it were not hard, sir, for a knave.
Cal. [*aside.*] Such as you are. 60
King. I'faith, 'twere easy. It becomes us well
To get plain-dealing men about ourselves;
Such as you all are here.—Amintor, to thee;
And to thy fair Evadne! [*Drinks.*
Mel. [*apart to Cal.*] Have you thought
Of this, Calianax?
Cal. Yes, marry, have I. 65
Mel. And what's your resolution?
Cal. Ye shall have it,—
[*Aside.*] Soundly, I warrant you.
King. Reach to Amintor, Strato.
Amin. Here, my love;
[*Drinks, and then hands the cup to* EVADNE.
This wine will do thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes upon thy cheeks; and, till thou dost 70
A fault, 'twere pity.
King. Yet I wonder much
At the strange desperation of these men,
That dare attempt such acts here in our state:
He could not scape that did it.
Mel. Were he known, unpossible. 75
King. It would be known, Melantius.
Mel. It ought to be. If he got then away,
He must wear all our lives upon his sword:
He need not fly the island; he must leave
No one alive.
King. No; I should think no man 80
Could kill me, and scape clear, but that old man.

53 Mel.] Amint. Q2 to F. 54 *ha'*] *have* Edd.'78 to Dyce.
66 *Ye*] *You* Edd.'78 to Dyce. 67 *I warrant you*] om. Q5 to Theo.
68 Drinks . . .] Dyce. 72 *At*] Theo. to Dyce. *Of* Q. F.
74 *scape*] *escape* Q6 to F. 75 *unpossible*] *impossible* Theo. to Web.

Cal. But I! heaven bless me! I! should I, my liege?
King. I do not think thou wouldst; but yet thou mightst,
For thou hast in thy hands the means to scape,
By keeping of the fort.—He has, Melantius, 85
And he has kept it well.
Mel. From cobwebs, sir,
'Tis clean swept: I can find no other art
In keeping of it now; 'twas ne'er besieged
Since he commanded.
Cal. I shall be sure
Of your good word: but I have kept it safe 90
From such as you.
Mel. Keep your ill temper in:
I speak no malice; had my brother kept it,
I should ha' said as much.
King. You are not merry,
Brother, drink wine. Sit you all still.—Calianax,
[*Apart to him.*
I cannot trust this: I have thrown out words, 95
That would have fetch'd warm blood upon the cheeks
Of guilty men, and he is never moved;
He knows no such thing.
Cal. Impudence may scape,
When feeble virtue is accused.
King. A' must,
If he were guilty, feel an alteration 100
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him:
You see he does not.
Cal. Let him hang himself:
What care I what he does? this he did say.
King. Melantius, you can easily conceive
What I have meant; for men that are in fault 105
Can subtly apprehend when others aim
At what they do amiss: but I forgive
Freely before this man,—Heaven do so too!
I will not touch thee, so much as with shame
Of telling it. Let it be so no more. 110

89 *commanded*] *commanded it* Theo. to Web.
95 *this*] Dyce. *thus* Q. to Web. Dyce, in support of his emendation, refers to ll. 1 and 103 of this scene—"I cannot tell how I should credit *this*," and "*this* he did say." 99 *A'*] *He* F. to Dyce.
104 *can*] *cannot* Q5 to F.

Cal. Why, this is very fine!
Mel. I cannot tell
What 'tis you mean; but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into an ignorant fault.
But let me know it: happily 'tis nought
But misconstruction; and, where I am clear, 115
I will not take forgiveness of the gods,
Much less of you.
King. Nay, if you stand so stiff,
I shall call back my mercy.
Mel. I want smoothness
To thank a man for pardoning of a crime
I never knew. 120
King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but to shew you
My ears are every where; you meant to kill me,
And get the fort to scape.
Mel. Pardon me, sir;
My bluntness will be pardon'd. You preserve
A race of idle people here about you, 125
Facers and talkers, to defame the worth
Of those that do things worthy. The man that utter'd this
Had perish'd without food, be't who it will,
But for this arm, that fenced him from his foe:
And if I thought you gave a faith to this, 130
The plainness of my nature would speak more.
Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't)
To kill him that spake this.
Cal. [*aside*] Ay, that will be
The end of all: then I am fairly paid
For all my care and service.—
Mel. That old man, 135
Who calls me enemy, and of whom I
(Though I will never match my hate so low)
Have no good thought, would yet, I think, excuse me,
And swear he thought me wrong'd in this.
Cal. Who, I?

113 *an*] Theo. to Dyce. om. Q. F.
126 *Facers*] *Eaters* Q2 to F. "'*Facers* and *facing* are words used by our authors to express *shameless people* and *effrontery*.' Edd. 1778,—as Theobald had already shown by his citations." Dyce. See IV. i. 59.
126 *worth*] *world* Q1.

Thou shameless fellow! didst thou not speak to me 140
Of it thyself?
Mel. Oh, then, it came from him!
Cal. From me! who should it come from but from me?
Mel. Nay, I believe your malice is enough:
But I ha' lost my anger.—Sir, I hope
You are well satisfied.
King. Lysippus, cheer 145
Amintor and his lady: there's no sound
Comes from you; I will come and do't myself.
Amin. [*aside.*] You have done already, sir, for me, I thank you.
King. Melantius, I do credit this from him,
How slight soe'er you make't.
Mel. 'Tis strange you should. 150
Cal. 'Tis strange he should believe an old man's word,
That never lied in's life!
Mel. I talk not to thee.—
Shall the wild words of this distemper'd man,
Frantic with age and sorrow, make a breach
Betwixt your majesty and me? 'Twas wrong 155
To hearken to him; but to credit him,
As much at least as I have power to bear.
But pardon me—whilst I speak only truth,
I may commend myself—I have bestow'd
My careless blood with you, and should be loath 160
To think an action that would make me lose
That and my thanks too. When I was a boy,
I thrust myself into my country's cause,
And did a deed that pluck'd five years from time,
And styled me man then. And for you, my king, 165
Your subjects all have fed by virtue of
My arm: this sword of mine hath plough'd the ground,
And reapt the fruit in peace;

144 *ha'*] *have* Edd.'78 to Dyce. 152 *in's*] *in his* Q4 to Theo.
167, 168 *this sword . . . peace*] om. Q1.
168 *And reapt the fruit in peace*] *And they have reapt the fruit of it in peace* Theo. (Seward conj.). Sew. asks—"Where is the merit of reaping the fruits of his own valour? He would say just the contrary." Edd.'78 think the alteration judicious, but do not adopt it. Mason maintains the original reading and confirms it by the following quotation from *The Captain*, II. i.—

And you yourself have lived at home in ease.
So terrible I grew, that without swords 170
My name hath fetch'd you conquest: and my heart
And limbs are still the same; my will as great
To do you service. Let me not be paid
With such a strange distrust.
King. Melantius,
I held it great injustice to believe 175
Thine enemy, and did not; if I did,
I do not; let that satisfy.—What, struck
With sadness all? More wine!
Cal. A few fine words
Have overthrown my truth. Ah, th'art a villain!
Mel. Why, thou wert better let me have the fort: 180
[*Apart to him.*
Dotard, I will disgrace thee thus for ever;
There shall no credit lie upon thy words:
Think better, and deliver it.
Cal. My liege,
He's at me now again to do it.—Speak;
Deny it, if thou canst.—Examine him 185
Whilst he is hot, for, if he cool again,
He will forswear it.
King. This is lunacy,
I hope, Melantius.
Mel. He hath lost himself
Much, since his daughter miss'd the happiness
My sister gain'd; and, though he call me foe, 190
I pity him.
Cal. Pity! a pox upon you!
Mel. Mark his disorder'd words: and at the masque
Diagoras knows he raged and rail'd at me,
And call'd a lady whore, so innocent
She understood him not. But it becomes 195

——— those silks they wear,
The war weaves for 'em; and the bread they eat,
We sow and reap again, to feed their hunger:
I tell them boldly, they are masters of
Nothing but what we fight for.

172 *as*] *is* Q6 to F. 176 *not*] om. Q1.
186 *he is hot, for, if he*] *he hot, for he* Q5. *he's hot, for he'l* Q6, F.
192, 193] In Q1, 2 both these lines have the prefix "Mel."; in Q3 to F. l. 192 has the prefix "King.", and l. 193 "Mel."

Both you and me too to forgive distraction:
Pardon him, as I do.
Cal. I'll not speak for thee,
For all thy cunning.—If you will be safe,
Chop off his head; for there was never known
So impudent a rascal.
King. Some, that love him, 200
Get him to bed. Why, pity should not let
Age make itself contemptible; we must be
All old. Have him away.
Mel. Calianax,
The King believes you: come, you shall go home,
And rest; you ha' done well.—[*Apart to him.*] You'll give it up, 205
When I have used you thus a month, I hope.—
Cal. Now, now, 'tis plain, sir; he does move me still:
He says, he knows I'll give him up the fort,
When he has used me thus a month. I am mad,
Am I not, still?
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha! 210
Cal. I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus.
Why should you trust a sturdy fellow there,
That has no virtue in him, (all's in his sword)
Before me? Do but take his weapons from him,
And he's an ass; and I am a very fool, 215
Both with 'em and without 'em, as you use me.
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!
King. 'Tis well, Calianax: but if you use
This once again, I shall entreat some other
To see your offices be well discharged.— 220
Be merry, gentlemen.—It grows somewhat late.—
Amintor, thou wouldst be a-bed again.
Amin. Yes, sir.
King. And you, Evadne.—Let me take
Thee in my arms, Melantius, and believe
Thou art, as thou deservest to be, my friend 225
Still and for ever.—Good Calianax,
Sleep soundly; it will bring thee to thyself.
[*Exeunt all except* MELANTIUS *and* CALIANAX.

205 *ha'*] *have* Edd.'78 to Dyce. 212 *should*] *would* Q4 to F.
213 *all's*] *alas* Q4, 5. 215 *I am*] *I'm* Theo. to Web.
216 *'em . . . 'em*] Dyce. *him . . . him* Q. to Web.
218 *'Tis*] *Too* Q1. 224 *and believe*] om. Q1.
227 Exeunt . . .] Exeunt omnes. Manent Mel. and Cal. Q. F.

Cal. Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now, I hope;
I could not be thus else.—How darest thou stay
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast used me? 230
Mel. You cannot blast me with your tongue, and that's
The strongest part you have about you.
Cal. I
Do look for some great punishment for this;
For I begin to forget all my hate,
And take't unkindly that mine enemy 235
Should use me so extraordinarily scurvily.
Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take
Unkindnesses: I never meant you hurt.
Cal. Thou'lt anger me again. Thou wretched rogue,
Meant me no hurt! disgrace me with the King! 240
Lose all my offices! This is no hurt,
Is it? I prithee, what dost thou call hurt?
Mel. To poison men, because they love me not;
To call the credit of men's wives in question;
To murder children betwixt me and land; 245
This I call hurt.
Cal. All this thou think'st is sport;
For mine is worse: but use thy will with me;
For betwixt grief and anger I could cry.
Mel. Be wise, then, and be safe; thou may'st revenge.
Cal. Ay, o' the King: I would revenge of thee. 250
Mel. That you must plot yourself.
Cal. I am a fine plotter.
Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with the King
In this perplexity, till peevishness
And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy grave:
But if thou wilt deliver up the fort, 255
I'll take thy trembling body in my arms,
And bear thee over dangers; thou shalt hold
Thy wonted state.
Cal. If I should tell the King,
Canst thou deny 't again?

232, 233 *I Do look*] *Dost not thou look* Q1.
234 *For I begin*] *I feele Myself begin* Q1.
236 *extraordinarily*] *extremely* Q1, Theo. 237 *melt*] *meet* Q1.
238 *Unkindnesses*] *Unkindnesse* Q1. 246 *I call*] *is all* Q3 to Web.
250 *of*] *o'* Theo. to Web. 251 *I am*] *I'm* Theo. to Web.
254 *thy*] *his* Q1.

Mel. Try, and believe.
Cal. Nay, then, thou canst bring any thing about. 260
Melantius, thou shalt have the fort.
Mel. Why, well.
Here let our hate be buried; and this hand
Shall right us both. Give me thy aged breast
To compass.
Cal. Nay, I do not love thee yet;
I cannot well endure to look on thee; 265
And if I thought it were a courtesy,
Thou shouldst not have it. But I am disgraced;
My offices are to be ta'en away;
And, if I did but hold this fort a day,
I do believe the King would take it from me, 270
And give it thee, things are so strangely carried.
Ne'er thank me for't; but yet the King shall know
There was some such thing in't I told him of,
And that I was an honest man.
Mel. He'll buy
That knowledge very dearly.— [*Re-enter* DIPHILUS.
Diphilus, 275
What news with thee?
Diph. This were a night indeed
To do it in: the King hath sent for her.
Mel. She shall perform it, then.—Go, Diphilus,
And take from this good man, my worthy friend,
The fort; he'll give it thee.
Diph. Ha' you got that? 280
Cal. Art thou of the same breed? canst thou deny
This to the King too?
Diph. With a confidence
As great as his.
Cal. Faith, like enough.
Mel. Away, and use him kindly.
Cal. Touch not me;
I hate the whole strain. If thou follow me 285

261 *Melantius*] om. Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web.
280 *Ha'*] *Have* Edd.'78 to Dyce.
284, 285 Mel. *Away, and use him kindly*, &c.] "Theobald, to perfect the measure, printed—

Mel. Away,
And use him kindly. *Cal.* Touch not me; I hate
The whole strain *of you*. If thou follow me, &c." Dyce.

A great way off, I'll give thee up the fort;
And hang yourselves.
Mel. Begone.
Diph. He's finely wrought.
[*Exeunt* CALIANAX *and* DIPHILUS.
Mel. This is a night, spite of astronomers,
To do the deed in. I will wash the stain
That rests upon our house off with his blood. 290

Re-enter AMINTOR.

Amin. Melantius, now assist me; if thou be'st
That which thou say'st, assist me. I have lost
All my distempers, and have found a rage
So pleasing! Help me.
Mel. [*aside.*] Who can see him thus,
And not swear vengeance?—What's the matter, 295
friend?
Amin. Out with thy sword; and, hand in hand with me,
Rush to the chamber of this hated king,
And sink him with the weight of all his sins
To hell for ever.
Mel. 'Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safety. Let your reason 300
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.
Amin. If thou refusest me in these extremes,
Thou art no friend. He sent for her to me;
By heaven, to me, myself! and, I must tell ye,
I love her as a stranger: there is worth 305
In that vild woman, worthy things, Melantius;
And she repents. I'll do't myself alone,
Though I be slain. Farewell.
Mel. [*aside.*] He'll overthrow
My whole design with madness.—Amintor,
Think what thou dost: I dare as much as valour; 310
But 'tis the King, the King, the King, Amintor,
With whom thou fightest!—[*Aside.*] I know he's honest,
And this will work with him.—

288 *spite*] *in spite.* Q5 to F.
288 *astronomers*] i.e. astrologers. Dyce.—"When *astrologer* and *astronomer* began to be differentiated, the relation between them was, at first, the converse of the present usage." *N.E.Dict.* 304 *ye*] *you* Edd.'78 to Dyce.
306 *vild*] *vile* Q3 to Web. 312 *he's*] *he is* Theo. to Dyce.

Amin. I cannot tell
What thou hast said; but thou hast charm'd my sword
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here 315
Defenceless.
Mel. I will take it up for thee.
Amin. What a wild beast is uncollected man!
The thing that we call honour bears us all
Headlong unto sin, and yet itself is nothing.
Mel. Alas, how variable are thy thoughts! 320
Amin. Just like my fortunes. I was run to that
I purposed to have chid thee for. Some plot,
I did distrust, thou hadst against the King,
By that old fellow's carriage. But take heed;
There's not the least limb growing to a king, 325
But carries thunder in it.
Mel. I have none
Against him.
Amin. Why, come, then; and still remember
We may not think revenge.
Mel. I will remember. [*Exeunt.*

319 *unto*] *to* Theo. to Web. (Seward conj.).
319 *nothing*] *not one* Theo. (Seward conj.). Seward afterwards withdrew this conjecture. 325 *There's*] *There is* Q6 to F.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter EVADNE *and a* Gentleman of the Bed-chamber.

Evad. Sir, is the King a-bed?
Gent. Madam, an hour ago.
Evad. Give me the key, then; and let none be near;
'Tis the King's pleasure.
Gent. I understand you, madam; would 'twere mine!
I must not wish good rest unto your ladyship.
Evad. You talk, you talk.
Gent. 'Tis all I dare do, madam; but the King
Will wake, and then, methinks—
Evad. Saving your imagination, pray, good night, sir.
Gent. A good night be it, then, and a long one, madam.
I am gone. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The bed-chamber. The King discovered in bed asleep.

Enter EVADNE.

Evad. The night grows horrible; and all about me
Like my black purpose. Oh, the conscience

Enter . . .] Dyce. Enter Evadne and a Gentleman. Q. to Web.
9 *methinks*] om. Q2 to Web.
12 *Exeunt* . . .] Dyce. Exit. Q1, 2, Edd.'78. Q3 to Theo. mark no exit.—Web., who first divided this scene from that which follows, has "Exeunt."
SCENE II.—I print here the last lines of the preceding scene and the first of this as they appear, substantially, in Q. F.—

Of a lost virtue, whither wilt thou pull me?
To what things dismal as the depth of hell
Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare 5
From this hour be disloyal, if her heart be flesh,
If she have blood, and can fear. 'Tis a daring
Above that desperate fool's that left his peace,
And went to sea to fight: 'tis so many sins,
An age cannot repent 'em; and so great, 10
The gods want mercy for. Yet I must through 'em:
I have begun a slaughter on my honour,
And I must end it there.—A' sleeps. Oh God,
Why give you peace to this untemperate beast,
That hath so long transgress'd you? I must kill him, 15
And I will do it bravely: the mere joy
Tells me, I merit in it. Yet I must not
Thus tamely do it, as he sleeps—that were
To rock him to another world; my vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him 20
The number of his wrongs and punishments:
I'll shape his sins like Furies, till I waken
His evil angel, his sick conscience,

"*Gent.* A good night be it then, and a long one Madame,
I am gone. *Exit.*
Evad. The night growes horrible, and all about me
Like my black purpose, O the conscience *King abed.*"

They show better than any explanation could do the business of the old stage. The now two scenes were but one, and Evadne was never off the stage from the beginning of the first to her exit at l. 100 of the second. In the background would be a bed with closed curtains; at l. 13, "And I must end it there," Evadne would draw the curtains and would then proceed.—"He sleeps," etc.

Theo. who marked the beginning of the *Act* as—"An Ante-chamber to the King's Bed-chamber," omits the stage direction, "King abed," but, at line 13, inserts "A Door is open'd and the King discover'd a-bed."

3 *virtue*] *virgin* Q2 to Dyce. Dyce, the only editor who notices this variation at all, merely remarks—"I may just notice that 4to. 1619 has 'virtue.'" As the conscience (consciousness) of a lost virtue seems to be at least as good a reading as that of the later editions I have restored it to the text. 5 *woman*] *man* Q6 to F.

6, 7 *From . . . daring*] First line ends *heart* in Q. F.

7 *daring*] *madnesse* Q1.

8 *fool's*] *fooles* Q2—3. *foole* Q4, 5. *fool* Q6 to F. *mans* Q1. Who this "desperate fool" was preceding editors do not inform us; nor am I able to supply the reader with any account of him.

10 *repent*] *prevent* Q2 to F.

13 *A'*] *a* Q. *he* F. *He* Theo. to Dyce. 13 *Oh God*] *Good Heavens* Q2 to Dyce.

15 *hath*] *has* Q1. 16 *do it*] Theo. to Dyce. *do't* Q. F.

22 *shape*] *shake* Q3 to Web.

And then I'll strike him dead. King, by your leave;
[*Ties his arms to the bed.*
I dare not trust your strength; your grace and I 25
Must grapple upon even terms no more.
So, if he rail me not from my resolution,
I shall be strong enough.—
My lord the King!—My lord!—A' sleeps,
As if he meant to wake no more.—My lord!— 30
Is he not dead already?—Sir! my lord!
King. Who's that?
Evad. Oh, you sleep soundly, sir.
King. My dear Evadne,
I have been dreaming of thee: come to bed.
Evad. I am come at length, sir; but how welcome?
King. What pretty new device is this, Evadne? 35
What, do you tie me to you? By my love,
This is a quaint one. Come, my dear, and kiss me;
I'll be thy Mars; to bed, my queen of love:
Let us be caught together, that the gods may see
And envy our embraces.
Evad. Stay, sir, stay; 40
You are too hot, and I have brought you physic
To temper your high veins.
King. Prithee, to bed, then; let me take it warm;
There thou shalt know the state of my body better.
Evad. I know you have a surfeited foul body; 45
And you must bleed.
King. Bleed!
Evad. Ay, you shall bleed. Lie still; and, if the devil,
Your lust, will give you leave, repent. This steel

27 *resolution*] Qy. *resolve*?

28 *I shall be strong enough*] Q2 to F. as a separate line; Q1 has—*As I believe I shall not, I shall fit him.* All the editors adopt the reading of the later editions; but following the lead of Theobald—though Dyce confessed himself not quite satisfied with it—they end this and the remaining lines of the speech *king . . . wake . . . already . . . lord.* Theo., moreover, omits *Sir* in last line; the others restore it. I have given the lines as arranged in the old editions.

29 *A'*] *a* Q. *he* F., Theo., *He* Edd.'78 to Dyce.

36 *love*] "Altered by Theobald to 'life'—probably because the former word occurs in the next line but one." Dyce.

44 *thou shalt*] *you shalt* Q4. *you shall* Q5 to Theo.

Comes to redeem the honour that you stole,
King, my fair name; which nothing but thy death 50
Can answer to the world.
King. How's this, Evadne?
Evad. I am not she; nor bear I in this breast
So much cold spirit to be call'd a woman:
I am a tiger; I am any thing
That knows not pity. Stir not: if thou dost, 55
I'll take thee unprepared, thy fears upon thee,
That make thy sins look double, and so send thee
(By my revenge, I will!) to look those torments
Prepared for such black souls.
King. Thou dost not mean this; 'tis impossible; 60
Thou art too sweet and gentle.
Evad. No, I am not:
I am as foul as thou art, and can number
As many such hells here. I was once fair,
Once I was lovely; not a blowing rose
More chastely sweet, till thou, thou, thou, foul canker, 65
(Stir not) didst poison me. I was a world of virtue,
Till you cursed court and you (Hell bless you for't!)
With your temptations on temptations
Made me give up mine honour; for which, King,
I am come to kill thee.
King. No!
Evad. I am.
King. Thou art not! 70
I prithee speak not these things: thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.
Evad. Peace, and hear me.
Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy
To those above us; by whose lights I vow,
Those blessed fires that shot to see our sin, 75
If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood,
I would kill that too; which, being past my steel,
My tongue shall reach. Thou art a shameless villain;
A thing out of the overcharge of nature,
Sent, like a thick cloud, to disperse a plague 80
Upon weak catching women; such a tyrant,

58 *to look*] "Occurs continually in old plays for *look for*; and yet Theobald says it is no English expression, and reads *seek*." Weber.
78 *reach*] *teach* Q5 to F. 79 *overcharge*] *overchange* Q6 to F.

That for his lust would sell away his subjects,
Ay, all his Heaven hereafter!
King. Hear, Evadne,
Thou soul of sweetness, hear! I am thy king.
Evad. Thou art my shame! Lie still; there's none about you,
Within your cries; all promises of safety
Are but deluding dreams. Thus, thus, thou foul man,
Thus I begin my vengeance! [*Stabs him.*
King. Hold, Evadne!
I do command thee hold!
Evad. I do not mean, sir,
To part so fairly with you; we must change
More of these love-tricks yet.
King. What bloody villain
Provoked thee to this murder?
Evad. Thou, thou monster!
King. Oh!
Evad. Thou kept'st me brave at court, and whored me, King;
Then married me to a young noble gentleman,
And whored me still.
King. Evadne, pity me!
Evad. Hell take me, then! This for my lord Amintor!
This for my noble brother! and this stroke
For the most wrong'd of women! [*Kills him.*
King. Oh! I die.
Evad. Die all our faults together! I forgive thee. [*Exit.*

Enter two of the Bed-chamber.

1. Come, now she's gone, let's enter; the King expects it, and will be angry.

2. 'Tis a fine wench: we'll have a snap at her one of these nights, as she goes from him.

1. Content. How quickly he had done with her! I see kings can do no more that way than other mortal people.

83 *his*] *is* Q4.
94 *King*] misplaced in Q6, 7, and omitted altogether in F.
99 Kills him] Dies. Dyce, at end of line.

2. How fast he is! I cannot hear him breathe.
1. Either the tapers give a feeble light,
Or he looks very pale.
2. And so he does: 110
Pray Heaven he be well! let's look.—Alas!
He's stiff, wounded, and dead! Treason, treason!
1. Run forth and call.
2. Treason, treason! [*Exit.*
1. This will be laid on us: who can believe 115
A woman could do this?

Enter CLEON *and* LYSIPPUS.

Cle. How now! where's the traitor?
1. Fled, fled away; but there her woful act
Lies still.
Cle. Her act! a woman!
Lys. Where's the body?
1. There. 120
Lys. Farewell, thou worthy man! There were two bonds
That tied our loves, a brother and a king,
The least of which might fetch a flood of tears;
But such the misery of greatness is,
They have no time to mourn; then, pardon me! 125

Enter STRATO.

Sirs, which way went she?
Stra. Never follow her;
For she, alas! was but the instrument.
News is now brought in, that Melantius
Has got the fort, and stands upon the wall,
And with a loud voice calls those few that pass 130
At this dead time of night, delivering
The innocence of this act.
Lys. Gentlemen, I am your king.
Stra. We do acknowledge it.
Lys. I would I were not! Follow, all; for this 135
Must have a sudden stop. [*Exeunt.*

132 *innocence*] *innocent* Q6 to F.

SCENE III.

Before the Citadel.

Enter MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, *and* CALIANAX, *on the walls.*

Mel. If the dull people can believe I am arm'd,
(Be constant, Diphilus,) now we have time
Either to bring our banish'd honours home,
Or create new ones in our ends.
Diph. I fear not;
My spirit lies not that way.—Courage, Calianax! 5
Cal. Would I had any! you should quickly know it.
Mel. Speak to the people; thou art eloquent.
Cal. 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows:
You were born to be my end; the devil take you!
Now must I hang for company. 'Tis strange, 10
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

Enter LYSIPPUS, CLEON, STRATO, DIAGORAS, *and Guard.*

Lys. See where he stands, as boldly confident
As if he had his full command about him!
Stra. He looks as if he had the better cause, sir;
Under your gracious pardon, let me speak it. 15
Though he be mighty-spirited, and forward
To all great things, to all things of that danger
Worse men shake at the telling of, yet certainly
I do believe him noble, and this action
Rather pull'd on than sought: his mind was ever 20
As worthy as his hand.
Lys. 'Tis my fear too.
Heaven forgive all!—Summon him, lord Cleon.
Cle. Ho, from the walls there!
Mel. Worthy Cleon, welcome:
We could a wish'd you here, lord; you are honest.
Cal. [*aside.*] Well, thou art as flattering a knave, 25
though I dare not tell thee so—
Lys. Melantius!
Mel. Sir?
Lys. I am sorry that we meet thus; our old love

24 *a*] *have* Q6 to Dyce. 26 *thee*] *you* F., Theo.

Never required such distance. Pray to Heaven, 30
You have not left yourself, and sought this safety
More out of fear than honour! You have lost
A noble master; which your faith, Melantius,
Some think might have preserved: yet you know best.
Cal. [*aside.*] When time was, I was mad: some that dares fight, 35
I hope will pay this rascal.
Mel. Royal young man, those tears look lovely on thee:
Had they been shed for a deserving one,
They had been lasting monuments. Thy brother,
Whilst he was good, I call'd him King, and served him 40
With that strong faith, that most unwearied valour,
Pull'd people from the farthest sun to seek him,
And beg his friendship: I was then his soldier.
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust, 45
(That never-cured dishonour of my sister,
Base stain of whore, and, which is worse,
The joy to make it still so,) like myself,
Thus I have flung him off with my allegiance;
And stand here mine own justice, to revenge 50
What I have suffer'd in him, and this old man
Wronged almost to lunacy.
Cal. Who, I?
You would draw me in. I have had no wrong;
I do disclaim ye all.
Mel. The short is this.
'Tis no ambition to lift up myself 55
Urgeth me thus; I do desire again
To be a subject, so I may be free:
If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild
This goodly town. Be speedy, and be wise,
In a reply.

30 *to*] om. Q2 to Web.
34 *Some think*] *I'm sure* Q1. 34 *yet you know best*] om. Q1.
35, 36 Cal. *when . . . rascal*] om. Q1. 37 *those*] *whose* Q3 to Web.
40 *Whilst*] *While* Ed. 1711 to Web. 43 *beg*] *buy* Q2, 3. *by* Q4 to F.
47—49 *Base . . . allegiance*] Theo., preserving the arrangement, as here, of the old eds., read in first line "stain of whore *in her*," and in the last, with Q6 to F., "have I" for "I have." Dyce rearranges the lines, ending them *joy . . . thus I . . . allegiance.* 53 *You would*] *You'd* F., Theo.
57 *free*] *freed* Q5 to Theo.

Stra. Be sudden, sir, to tie 60
All up again. What's done is past recall,
And past you to revenge; and there are thousands
That wait for such a troubled hour as this.
Throw him the blank.
Lys. Melantius, write in that thy choice:
My seal is at it. 65
Mel. It was our honours drew us to this act,
Not gain; and we will only work our pardons.
Cal. Put my name in too.
Diph. You disclaim'd us all, but now, Calianax.
Cal. That's all one; 70
I'll not be hang'd hereafter by a trick:
I'll have it in.
Mel. You shall, you shall.—
Come to the back gate, and we'll call you King,
And give you up the fort.
Lys. Away, away! 75
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE IV.

Ante-room to AMINTOR'S *Apartments.*

Enter ASPATIA *in man's apparel.*

Asp. This is my fatal hour. Heaven may forgive
My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid
Griefs on me that will never let me rest,
And put a woman's heart into my breast.
It is more honour for you that I die; 5
For she that can endure the misery
That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live and laugh at all that you can do.

Enter Servant.

God save you, sir!
Ser. And you sir! What's your business?

61 *up*] om. Q6 to F. 66 *honours*] *honour* Q6 to F.
67 *pardons*] *pardon* Q5 to Theo. 69 *all*] om. Q5 to Theo.
70 *That's*] *That is* Edd.'78 to Dyce. 74 *you*] *the* Q1.
Enter . . . apparel.] Dyce adds—"and with artificial scars on her face"; this, of course, as an explanation of the "blemishes" Aspatia refers to in l. 40.

Asp. With you, sir, now; to do me the fair office 10
To help me to your lord.
Ser. What, would you serve him?
Asp. I'll do him any service; but, to haste,
For my affairs are earnest, I desire
To speak with him.
Ser. Sir, because you are in such haste, I would be loath 15
Delay you longer: you can not.
Asp. It shall become you, though, to tell your lord.
Ser. Sir, he will speak with nobody;
But in particular, I have in charge,
About no weighty matters.
Asp. This is most strange. 20
Art thou gold-proof? there's for thee; help me to him.
[*Gives money.*
Ser. Pray be not angry, sir: I'll do my best. [*Exit.*
Asp. How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me!
There is a vild dishonest trick in man,
More than in woman. All the men I meet 25
Appear thus to me, are harsh and rude,
And have a subtilty in every thing,
Which love could never know; but we fond women
Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts,
And think all shall go so. It is unjust 30
That men and women should be match'd together.

Enter AMINTOR *and his* Man.

Amin. Where is he?
Ser. There, my lord.
Amin. What would you, sir?
Asp. Please it your lordship to command your man
Out of the room, I shall deliver things
Worthy your hearing.
Amin. Leave us. [*Exit* Servant.

10 *fair*] om. Q6 to F. 15 *because*] *cause* Theo.
15 *you are*] *you're* Theo. to Web. 15 *loath*] *loath to* Q1.
16 *you longer*] *you any longer* Q5 to Web.
19, 20 *But . . . matters*] om. Q2 to F. 24 *vild*] *vile* Q4 to Web.
25 *woman*] Q7, Dyce. *women* Q1 to 6, F. to Web.
26 *are harsh*] *are all harsh* Theo. to Web.; but as Dyce remarks, "appear" is frequently used as a trisyllable. 29 *and the*] *and* Q6 to F.
35—36 *Worthy . . . will, sir*] I have divided these lines in the manner

Asp. [*aside.*] Oh, that that shape 35
Should bury falsehood in it!—
Amin. Now your will, sir.
Asp. When you know me, my lord, you needs must guess
My business; and I am not hard to know;
For, till the chance of war mark'd this smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me 40
My sister's picture, and her mine. In short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd Aspatia.
Amin. The wrong'd Aspatia! Would thou wert so too
Unto the wrong'd Amintor! Let me kiss
[*Kisses her hand.*
That hand of thine, in honour that I bear 45
Unto the wrong'd Aspatia. Here I stand
That did it. Would he could not! Gentle youth,
Leave me; for there is something in thy looks
That calls my sins in a most hideous form
Into my mind; and I have grief enough 50
Without thy help.

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adopted by all the editors; but it may be remarked that Aspatia's *aside* is given as one line in Q. F.; perhaps the metrical arrangement should be—

Worthy your hearing.
Amin. Leave us. [*Exit* Servant.
Asp. [*aside.*] Oh, that that shape should bury falsehood in it!—
Amin. Now your will, sir.—

making Aspatia's *aside* a line within a line.

39 *chance*] *change* Q6 to F. 39 *mark'd*] *marke* Q4, 5.

46, 47 ——*Here I stand*
That did it. Would he could not!—] Heath (*MS. Notes* cited by Dyce) proposed to read "Here *he stands*," etc.

The exclamation—"Would he could not!"—says Weber is "very obscure," and he suggests, but without any confidence, that the words "may possibly refer to the request Amintor is just going to make to the disguised Aspatia to leave him, as being unwilling to be absent from one whose presence brought such pleasing recollections to his mind, and yet seeing the danger of their remaining together."

Dyce calls this explanation "most absurd": "the text," says he, "may be corrupted; yet in a preceding part of the play [III. ii. 47-49] we find a passage somewhat similar—

'*I* bear *my* grief
Hid from the world. How *art thou* wretched then?
For aught *I* know, all husbands are like *me*.'"

Perhaps we might read—

——————"Here I stand
That did it. Would *I* could not!"—

49 *hideous*] *odious* Q1.

Asp. I would I could with credit!
Since I was twelve years old, I had not seen
My sister till this hour I now arrived:
She sent for me to see her marriage;
A woful one! but they that are above 55
Have ends in every thing. She used few words,
But yet enough to make me understand
The baseness of the injuries you did her.
That little training I have had is war:
I may behave myself rudely in peace; 60
I would not, though. I shall not need to tell you,
I am but young, and would be loath to lose
Honour, that is not easily gain'd again.
Fairly I mean to deal: the age is strict
For single combats; and we shall be stopp'd, 65
If it be publish'd. If you like your sword,
Use it; if mine appear a better to you,
Change; for the ground is this, and this the time,
To end our difference.
Amin. Charitable youth,
If thou be'st such, think not I will maintain 70
So strange a wrong: and, for thy sister's sake,
Know, that I could not think that desperate thing
I durst not do; yet, to enjoy this world,
I would not see her; for, beholding thee,
I am I know not what. If I have aught 75
That may content thee, take it, and begone,
For death is not so terrible as thou;
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.
Asp. Thus, she swore,
Thou wouldst behave thyself, and give me words
That would fetch tears into mine eyes; and so 80
Thou dost indeed. But yet she bade me watch,
Lest I were cozen'd, and be sure to fight
Ere I return'd.
Amin. That must not be with me.
For her I'll die directly; but against her
Will never hazard it.
Asp. You must be urged: 85
I do not deal uncivilly with those

58 *injuries*] *injurie* Q6 to Theo., Dyce. 62 *and*] *and you* F.

That dare to fight; but such a one as you
Must be used thus. [*She strikes him.*
Amin. I prithee, youth, take heed.
Thy sister is a thing to me so much
Above mine honour, that I can endure 90
All this—Good gods! a blow I can endure;
But stay not, lest thou draw a timeless death
Upon thyself.
Asp. Thou art some prating fellow;
One that has studied out a trick to talk,
And move soft-hearted people; to be kick'd, 95
[*She kicks him.*
Thus to be kick'd.—[*Aside.*] Why should he be so slow
In giving me my death?—
Amin. A man can bear
No more, and keep his flesh. Forgive me, then?
I would endure yet, if I could. Now shew
The spirit thou pretendest, and understand 100
Thou hast no hour to live.
[*They fight,* ASPATIA *is wounded.*
What dost thou mean?
Thou canst not fight: the blows thou mak'st at me
Are quite besides; and those I offer at thee,
Thou spread'st thine arms, and tak'st upon thy breast,
Alas, defenceless!
Asp. I have got enough, 105
And my desire. There is no place so fit
For me to die as here. [*Falls.*

Enter EVADNE, *her hands bloody, with a knife.*

Evad. Amintor, I am loaden with events,
That fly to make thee happy; I have joys,
That in a moment can call back thy wrongs, 110
And settle thee in thy free state again.
It is Evadne still that follows thee,
But not her mischiefs.

92 *timeless*] *timely* Q6 to F.—See I. ii. 62. 94 *has*] *hath* F. to Dyce.
101 *hour*] *honour* Q5 to F. 101 . . . Aspatia is wounded.] Web., Dyce.
101—105 *What* . . . *defenceless*] As four lines ending *fight* . . . *besides* . . . *arms* . . . *defenceless* Q. F.
106 *There is*] *there's* Q5 to F. 107 Falls.] Dyce.
Enter . . .] Q1 has only—Enter Evadne.

Amin. Thou canst not fool me to believe again;
But thou hast looks and things so full of news, 115
That I am stay'd.
Evad. Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze;
Let thine eyes loose, and speak. Am I not fair?
Looks not Evadne beauteous with these rites now?
Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes 120
When our hands met before the holy man?
I was too foul within to look fair then:
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.
Amin. There is presage of some important thing
About thee, which, it seems, thy tongue hath lost: 125
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife.
Evad. In this consists thy happiness and mine:
Joy to Amintor! for the King is dead.
Amin. Those have most power to hurt us, that we love;
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms. 130
Why, thou hast raised up mischief to his height,
And found one to outname thy other faults;
Thou hast no intermission of thy sins,
But all thy life is a continued ill:
Black is thy colour now, disease thy nature. 135
Joy to Amintor! Thou hast touch'd a life,
The very name of which had power to chain
Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.
Evad. 'Tis done; and, since I could not find a way
To meet thy love so clear as through his life, 140
I cannot now repent it.
Amin. Couldst thou procure the gods to speak to me,
To bid me love this woman and forgive,
I think I should fall out with them. Behold,
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my breast, 145
Sent by his violent fate to fetch his death
From my slow hand! And, to augment my woe,
You now are present, stain'd with a king's blood

116 *stay'd*] *stald* Q1. 131 *his*] *this* Q6 to Theo.
132 *one*] *out one* Q6 to Theo., Web.
134 *continued*] *continual* Q5 to F.
143 *this woman*] Qy. *thee, woman,*?
147—149 *And . . . shed*] om. Q1.
148 *present, stain'd*] Edd.'78 to Dyce. No comma Q. to Theo. Qy. should the words be hyphened—*present-stain'd* = fresh-stained?

Violently shed. This keeps night here,
And throws an unknown wilderness about me. 150
Asp. Oh, oh, oh!
Amin. No more; pursue me not.
Evad. Forgive me, then,
And take me to thy bed: we may not part.
Amin. Forbear, be wise, and let my rage go this way.
Evad. 'Tis you that I would stay, not it.
Amin. Take heed; 155
It will return with me.
Evad. If it must be,
I shall not fear to meet it: take me home.
Amin. Thou monster of all cruelty, forbear!
Evad. For Heaven's sake, look more calm: thine eyes are sharper
Than thou canst make thy sword.
Amin. Away, away! 160
Thy knees are more to me than violence;
I am worse than sick to see knees follow me
For that I must not grant. For Heaven's sake, stand.
Evad. Receive me, then.
Amin. I dare not stay thy language:
In midst of all my anger and my grief, 165
Thou dost awake something that troubles me,
And says, I loved thee once. I dare not stay;
There is no end of woman's reasoning. [*Leaves her.*
Evad. Amintor, thou shalt love me now again:

149 *Violently*] *Most violently*, Theo. Qy. arrange ll. 149—151 thus—
—— *This keeps night here, and throws*
An unknown wilderness about me.
Asp. *Oh, oh, oh!*
printing Aspatia's groan—O—h!

150 *wilderness*] "This is a word here appropriated by the poets to signify *wildness*, from the verb *bewilder*. Milton seems to have been pleased with the liberty of using it in this sense, as he has copied it in his *Paradise Lost*, B. ix. v. 245—
'These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from *wilderness* with ease.'" Theobald,—"who," says Dyce, "appears to have forgot that Shakespeare had used the word in that sense, *Meas. for Meas.*, act iii. sc. 1."

158 *of all cruelty*] Theo. *of cruelty* Q. F., Edd.'78 to Dyce.
159 *sharper*] *crueller* Q1. 163 *Heaven's*] *Gods* Q1.
168 *woman's*] *womens* Q7 to Theo. 169 *now*] *once* Q5 to Theo.

Go; I am calm. Farewell, and peace for ever! 170
Evadne, whom thou hatest, will die for thee.
[*Kills herself.*

Amin. I have a little human nature yet,
That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.
[*Returns.*

Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late.
Oh, I am lost! the heavy sleep makes haste. [*She dies.* 175

Asp. Oh, oh, oh!

Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel
A stark affrighted motion in my blood;
My soul grows weary of her house, and I
All over am a trouble to myself. 180
There is some hidden power in these dead things,
That calls my flesh unto 'em; I am cold:
Be resolute, and bear 'em company.
There's something yet, which I am loath to leave:
There's man enough in me to meet the fears 185
That death can bring; and yet would it were done!
I can find nothing in the whole discourse
Of death, I durst not meet the boldest way;
Yet still, betwixt the reason and the act,
The wrong I to Aspatia did stands up; 190
I have not such another fault to answer:
Though she may justly arm herself with scorn
And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled,
When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow:
I will not leave this act unsatisfied, 195
If all that's left in me can answer it.

Asp. Was it a dream? there stands Amintor still;
Or I dream still.

Amin. How dost thou? speak; receive my love and help.
Thy blood climbs up to his old place again; 200
There's hope of thy recovery.

Asp. Did you not name Aspatia?

Amin. I did.

Asp. And talk'd of tears and sorrow unto her?

171 Kills . . .] Stabs . . . Web., Dyce.
174 *it*] om. Q6 to F.
182 *my flesh unto*] *my selfe vnto* Q1. *my flesh into* Q2 to 4, 6 to F.
191 *another*] om. Q6 to F. 192 *herself*] om. Q6 to F.

Amin. 'Tis true; and, till these happy signs in thee
Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going. 205
Asp. Thou art there already, and these wounds are hers:
Those threats I brought with me sought not revenge,
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand:
I am Aspatia yet.
Amin. Dare my soul ever look abroad again? 210
Asp. I shall sure live, Amintor; I am well;
A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.
Amin. The world wants lives to expiate thy loss;
Come, let me bear thee to some place of help.
Asp. Amintor, thou must stay; I must rest here; 215
My strength begins to disobey my will.
How dost thou, my best soul? I would fain live
Now, if I could: wouldst thou have loved me, then?
Amin. Alas,
All that I am's not worth a hair from thee! 220
Asp. Give me thine hand; mine hands grope up and down,
And cannot find thee; I am wondrous sick:
Have I thy hand, Amintor?
Amin. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.
Asp. I do believe thee better than my sense. 225
Oh, I must go! farewell! [*Dies.*
Amin. She sounds.—Aspatia!—Help! for Heaven's sake, water,
Such as may chain life ever to this frame!—
Aspatia, speak!—What, no help yet? I fool;
I'll chafe her temples. Yet there's nothing stirs: 230
Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls,

205 *'twas*] *it was* Q1, 2. 206 *Thou art*] *Th'art* Q3 to Edd.'78.
211 *sure*] *surely* Q3, 4, Edd.'78, Web. om. Q5 to F.
213 *lives to expiate*] Theo. (Seward conj., approved by Mason). *lines to excuse* Q. F. *lives to excuse* Edd.'78 to Dyce. Before the receipt of Seward's conj. Theo. had proposed to read—*limits to excuse.*
221 *thine*] *thy* Q4 to Dyce. 221 *mine hands grope*] *my hands grope* Edd.'78, Web. *mine eyes grow* Q1.
227 *sounds*] *swounds* F., Dyce. *swoons* Ed. 1711 to Web. Dyce notes a rhyming passage in *The Faithful Shepherdess*, III. i. 13, 14—
"I take thy body from the ground
In this deep and deadly *swound.*"
228 *ever*] *for ever* Q6 to F. 229 *help yet?*] *help? yet* Q. to Theo.
231 *her*] *her that* Q6 to F.

And let her answer me!—Aspatia, speak!—
I have heard, if there be any life, but bow
The body thus, and it will shew itself.
Oh, she is gone! I will not leave her yet. 235
Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,
I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me,
You heavenly powers, and lend forth some few years
The blessed soul to this fair seat again!
No comfort comes; the gods deny me too. 240
I'll bow the body once again.—Aspatia!—
The soul is fled for ever; and I wrong
Myself, so long to lose her company.
Must I talk now? Here's to be with thee, love!
[*Kills himself.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. This is a great grace to my lord, to have the 245
new king come to him: I must tell him he is entering.
—Oh, God!—Help, help!

Enter LYSIPPUS, MELANTIUS, CALIANAX, CLEON, DIPHILUS, STRATO.

Lys. Where's Amintor?
Serv. O, there, there!
Lys. How strange is this! 250
Cal. What should we do here?
Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand
Stiff here for ever! Eyes, call up your tears!
This is Amintor: heart, he was my friend; 255
Melt! now it flows.—Amintor, give a word
To call me to thee.
Amin. Oh!
Mel. Melantius calls his friend Amintor. Oh,
Thy arms are kinder to me than thy tongue! 260
Speak, speak!
Amin. What?

233 *any*] om. Q4 to F.
238 *forth*] *for* Q3 to Dyce. 244 Kills . . .] Stabs . . . Web., Dyce.
247 *God*] *Heaven* Q3 to Edd.'78, Dyce.
249 Serv.] Edd.'78 to Dyce. Strat. Q. to Theo.

Mel. That little word was worth all the sounds
That ever I shall hear again.
Diph. Oh, brother,
Here lies your sister slain! you lose yourself 265
In sorrow there.
Mel. Why, Diphilus, it is
A thing to laugh at, in respect of this:
Here was my sister, father, brother, son;
All that I had.—Speak once again; what youth
Lies slain there by thee?
Amin. 'Tis Aspatia. 270
My last is said. Let me give up my soul
Into thy bosom. [*Dies.*
Cal. What's that? what's that? Aspatia!
Mel. I never did
Repent the greatness of my heart till now; 275
It will not burst at need.
Cal. My daughter dead here too! And you have all fine new tricks to grieve; but I ne'er knew any but direct crying.
Mel. I am a prattler: but no more.
[*Offers to kill himself.*
Diph. Hold, brother! 280
Lys. Stop him.
Diph. Fie, how unmanly was this offer in you!
Does this become our strain?
Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am grown very kind, and am friends with you all now. You have 285 given me that among you will kill me quickly; but I'll go home, and live as long as I can. [*Exit.*
Mel. His spirit is but poor that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.

263 *worth*] *more worth.* Theo. 265 *your*] Qy. *our?*
271 *My last is said*] *My senses fade* Q3 to F. "This [the reading of later eds.] I take to be a Sophistication of the Players, who are fond of throwing in their Poetical Flowers where there is no Occasion for them . . . it seems to me, in *Amintor's* Death, that our Poets had a desire of imitating that of *Hamlet* in SHAKESPEARE.—'The rest is Silence.'" Theobald.
275 *my*] om. Q1.
279 Offers to kill himself] Theo. to Web. . . . stab . . . Dyce. om. Q. F.
285 *all now*] om. Q2 to Web. "Qy. Were not this and the preceding speech of Calianax originally verse?" Dyce.
287 Exit.] Q1, Dyce. om. The rest.

Is not my hands a weapon good enough 290
To stop my breath? or, if you tie down those,
I vow, Amintor, I will never eat,
Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that
That may preserve life! This I swear to keep.
Lys. Look to him, though, and bear those bodies in. 295
May this a fair example be to me,
To rule with temper; for on lustful kings
Unlook'd-for sudden deaths from Heaven are sent;
But cursed is he that is their instrument.

FINIS

290 *hands*] So Q1 to 5 ("and no doubt rightly; see the next line." Dyce.). *hand* Q6 to Web. 290 *good*] *sharp* Q1 to 3, Edd.'78, Web.

PHILASTER

OR

LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING.

EDITED BY P. A. DANIEL.

Stationers' Registers. 10 Jany. 1620. "Thomas Walkley Entred for his copie vnder the handes of Master Tauernor and Master Jaggard warden A Play called Philaster . . . . . vjd."
[Arber III. 662.]

(Q1) *Phylaster. Or, Loue lyes a Bleeding. Acted at the Globe by his Maiesties Seruants. Written by Francis Baymont and John Fletcher Gent. Printed at London for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child, in Brittaines Bursse.* 1620. 4to. On the title-page a wood-cut representing "Phielaster" entering a wood, leaving on the ground, wounded, "The Princes" and "A Cuntrie Gentellman": see Act iv. sc. 3.

(Q2) *Philaster. Or, Loue lies a Bleeding. As it hath beene diuerse times Acted, at the Globe, and Blacke-Friers, by his Maiesties Seruants. Written by Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher. Gent. The second Impression, corrected and amended. London, Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to be solde at his shoppe, at the signe of the Eagle and Childe, in Brittaines Bursse.* 1622. 4to.

Stationers' Registers. 1 March 1628. Walkley assigns his right in *Philaster* to Richard Hawkins. [Arber IV. 194.]

(Q3) *Philaster, or, Loue lies a Bleeding. Acted at the Globe and Blackfriers, By his Maiesties Seruants. The Authors being Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, Gentlemen. The Third Impression. London, Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins, and are to be sold at his Shop in Chancery-lane, adioyning Sarcants Inne gate.* 1628. 4to.

(Q4 '34) *Philaster*, etc. etc., as Q3. *The fourth Impression. London, Printed by W. J. for Richard Hawkins, and are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-lane adjoyning to Sarjeants Inne gate.* 1634. 4to.

Stationers' Registers. 29 May 1638. Vrsula, widow of Richard Hawkins, makes over *Philaster* to Messrs. Mead and Meredith. On the 25 Jany 1639, Mead and Meredith transfer their right in *Philaster* to William Leake. [Arber IV. 420, 452.]

(Q4 '39) *Philaster*, etc. etc., as Q3. *The fourth Impression. London, Printed by E. Griffin for William Leake, and are to be sold at his shop in Chancerie Lane neere the Rowles.* 1639. 4to.

(Q5 *a*) *Philaster*, etc. etc., as Q3. *The fifth Impression. London: Printed for William Leake, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Crown in Fleet street, between the two Temple Gates.* 1652. 4to. The title-page has, for ornament, a couple of rows of small fleurs-de-lis; I have noted it as Q5 *a* to distinguish it from

(Q5 *b*) *Philaster*, etc. etc., an edition distinct from the last mentioned, but also called *The fifth Impression*, and bearing the like imprint and date: the only noticeable variation in the title-page being that for ornament it has a coronet or crown. It has at back of title a list of books printed for or to be sold by Leake.

(Q6) *Philaster*, etc. etc. *The sixth Impression.* Title and imprint essentially the same as the last mentioned except that it is without date, and for ornament has an imperial crown in lieu of the coronet. It also has on back of title a list of Leake's books. It is conjecturally dated in *Brit. Mus. Catalogue* 1660.

Philaster is in the folio of 1679; evidently printed from Q6.

NOTE.—In the foot-notes to this edition "Q4" represents both editions so called, where neither is specially mentioned; so also with the two quartos 5.

PHYLASTER.

OR,

Loue lyes a Bleeding.

Acted at the Globe by his Maiesties Seruants.

Written by { *Francis Baymont* and *Iohn Fletcher.* } Gent.

Printed at *London* for *Thomas walkley*, and are to be sold at his shop at the *Eyle and Child* in Brittaines Burse. 1620.

PHILASTER

OR

LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING

DATE.—John Davies of Hereford in his *Scourge of Folly*, printed without date, but entered in the Stationers' Registers, 8th October 1610, has the following Epigram addressed—

> "*To the well deseruing* Mr. John Fletcher.
> Epig. 206.
>
> *Loue lies ableeding*, if it should not proue
> Her vttmost art to shew why it doth loue.
> Thou being the *Subiect* (now) It raignes vpon;
> Raign'st in *Arte, Iudgement, and Inuention:*
> *For this* I *loue thee; and can doe no lesse*
> *For thine as faire, as faithfull* Sheepheardesse."

If the first words of this not very intelligible composition are intended as a mention of *Philaster* by its second title the play must have been produced before 8 Oct. 1610; but love lies bleeding quite as much in *The Faithful Shepherdess* (which seems to have inspired this epigram) as in *Philaster*, and the allusion to the latter is therefore not as certain as seems to be supposed; it is however generally accepted, and, if rightly, it is the first mention we have of *Philaster*, and gives one limit as to its date.

In *Cymbeline*, V. ii. 2—6, in a speech by Iachimo, is the following passage—

> ——————"I have belied a lady,
> The princess of this country, and the air on't
> Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl
> A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
> In my profession?"—

On this Steevens notes—"The thought seems to have been imitated in Philaster [IV. iii. 104, 105]:

> 'The gods take part against me; could this boor
> Have held me thus else?'"

There are so many echoes of Shakespeare in this play that I incline to believe this may be one of them, and if so *Philaster* must be of later date than *Cymbeline*. Malone's date for *Cymbeline* (*Var.* 1821, II. 451—3) 1609, or something very near it, seems to be universally accepted, and I know no reason why it should be rejected; if therefore Davies's Epigram does refer to *Philaster* and the date of *Cymbeline* is correctly fixed as 1609, I am necessarily forced to place the date of the production of *Philaster* somewhere on the confines of 1609—1610.

Malone, whose final decision as to *Philaster* is that it "was represented in 1608 or 1609," is not clear as to this Iachimo speech, and he misrepresents Steevens: he says—"Mr. Steevens has observed that there is a passage in . . . Philaster which bears a strong resemblance to a speech of Iachimo," etc., but it was *imitation* not merely *resemblance* that Steevens suggested, and Malone leaves us in a state of uncertainty as to his belief in imitation on either side, and with a suspicion that the imitation might be on the part of Shakespeare. Dryden's remark in his *Essay of Dramatick Poesie* as to *Philaster* being our author's first successful play, and D'Avenant's Prologue to the *Woman-Hater*—both cited by Malone—do not afford us any help in fixing a precise date for our play.

Dyce, who in his preliminary remarks on the play treats Malone's conjecture as to its date as doubtful, in his *Account of the Lives*, etc., of our authors (I. xxix.), accepts his earlier date, 1608, as "most probably the true one." He does not give any reason; and is silent as to the *Cymbeline* "imitation."

Fleay, who believes in imitation of *Cymbeline* (*Life of Sh.*, p. 246), gives no more precise date for *Philaster*—and that of course with reference to Davies's Epigram—than that it was acted before 8 Oct. 1610 (*Chron. Eng. Dram.* I. 189).

THE TEXT.—On the first edition of this play Dyce has the following note:—"This impression has not been used by any of the editors. Both at the commencement and at the end of the play, the text is so utterly and absurdly different from that of the authors, as to leave no doubt that those portions must have been supplied 'for the nonce' by some hireling writer; and throughout all the other scenes very gross mistakes occur. Yet, notwithstanding its imperfections, this edition is of considerable value, and has enabled me in several places to restore the true readings." Of course Dyce's restorations have been duly noted; but they by no means satisfy the curiosity the above note excites: a curiosity greatly increased by Mr. Fleay, who tells us (*Chron. Eng. Dram.* I. 189) that he suspects these absurd alterations to have been made on the occasion of performances at court in 1612—13, that is, at a time when both our authors were living. I have therefore deemed it desirable to reprint as an appendix to these preliminary remarks the full text of the first and concluding portions of the play as given in this first edition, and have collated it throughout with the later editions so far as the actual text is concerned; such matters as the printing of verse as prose, prose as verse, wrong distribution of speeches, etc. etc., have only occasionally been noted.

Walkley, the publisher of this first quarto, in an address to the reader prefixed to his second edition, disclaims for himself and his printer all blame for the corruption of the first, and really claims for himself the credit of having reformed the second; he must be understood, however, merely to mean that he had been supplied with a better text. By whom it is impossible to say; but it is to be remembered that Fletcher was then still living. Undoubtedly this Q2, 1622, is our chief authority for the text, and I have preferred it on all possible occasions. Q3, published in 1628, three years after Fletcher's death, differs but slightly from Q2; but in 1634, in the first "fourth impression" (Q4 '34), the text seems to have been considerably over-hauled, especially as regards what was considered profanity, and this revision has been largely admitted by my predecessors; I have, as a matter of course, gone back whenever possible to Q2: there can be no pretence to suppose that this revision was made on the authority of any directions left by the authors.

The later quarto editions and the Folio are of little or no value as regards the recension of the text: as usual at this time with collected editions the latest and most corrupt, Q6 (really the eighth edition), supplied copy for the Folio.

THE ARGUMENT.—The king of Calabria and usurping king of Sicily has one fair daughter Arethusa, and has invited to his court Prince Pharamond of Spain to be her consort, hoping by this alliance to secure to her the inheritance of both crowns; for there is a rightful heir to the throne of Sicily in the person of Philaster, who stands in the way of his ambition, and him the king dares not by open violence suppress on account of the love the people bear him. Pharamond, however, is not to the taste of the Princess, she loves Philaster, her love is returned, and he, to secure the means of communication with her, places in her service a page named Bellario, who is devotedly attached to him. During the interval that must elapse before their marriage Pharamond, a licentious prince,

failing in an attempt to induce the Princess to anticipate its joys, engages in an intrigue with Megra, a lady of the Court. Arethusa, gaining a knowledge of this intrigue, informs the king her father who takes measures to expose the lovers; in revenge Megra accuses the Princess of incontinence with her page Bellario. The king orders Arethusa to dismiss Bellario. Dion, Cleremont and Thrasiline, Sicilian lords and secret supporters of Philaster, believing that his love to Arethusa is a hindrance to his pursuit of his claim to the crown, and that Megra's accusation is true, seek to wean him from his love by assuring him that of their own knowledge it is true. Philaster's jealousy thus aroused he discards Bellario and bids farewell to the Princess. Things being in this position the king commands a great hunt in the forest, at which everybody is to be present. In the course of the hunt the Princess loses her way, loses her horse and wanders alone in the forest. Bellario, who is also wandering alone, finds her in a fainting condition; he goes to her assistance, and while thus engaged Philaster appears on the scene. His jealousy is confirmed by this sight, he drives Bellario away, offers his sword to the Princess and begs her to put an end to his wretched life; she objecting he proposes to kill her: she assents and he does actually wound her, when a country-fellow makes his appearance and beats him off. He disables the country-fellow, but is himself wounded, and hearing the approach of people who are seeking the Princess, he retreats further into the wood. Here he again finds Bellario, asleep on a bank, and to divert the attention of his pursuers who are tracking him by his blood he inflicts some slight wounds on the sleeping page in order that he may appear to have been the assailant of the Princess. His strength, however, now fails him and he can go no further. Bellario thus aroused urges him to conceal himself, and helps him into a bush, and, the king with Arethusa and the pursuers now appearing, gives himself up as the culprit. This generosity overpowers Philaster, who creeps out of his concealment and avows his own guilt. As both insist on being guilty both are apprehended; but Arethusa, with a view to saving Philaster's life, obtains as a boon from the king, the custody of the prisoners. We next find Arethusa, Philaster, and Bellario in the prison, all healed of their wounds, all reconciled and ready to obey the summons to appear before the king. The Court assembled, Arethusa brings in her prisoners and avows a secret marriage with Philaster while in her custody. The enraged king condemns all three to death; but news is brought that the citizens are in revolt and have seized Pharamond whose death they threaten if any harm befalls Philaster; whereupon the king orders all back to prison while he endeavours to quell the mutiny. In this he fails, and, as a last resource, sends for Philaster, pardons him and begs him to use his influence with the rebels and rescue Pharamond. All this Philaster effects, and returning to Court is received by the king as his son-in-law with all affection. All might now be supposed to end happily, but Megra, provoked by a reference to her intrigue with Pharamond, repeats her accusation against Arethusa. On this the king orders Bellario to be stripped and tortured: Bellario is thus compelled to reveal the fact that he is not Bellario but Euphrasia, daughter to Dion, supposed by her father to be on a pilgrimage; she having conceived, unknown to him, a hopeless passion for Philaster has thus disguised herself, content to admire and serve him in this humble position. Megra's accusation thus effectually confuted she is banished the Court, and Pharamond sent back to Spain. All would wish Bellario or Euphrasia to seek out a husband worthy of her, the king himself offering her an ample dowry; but she has made a vow never to marry, all her ambition being "to serve the Princess, To see the virtues of her lord and her." To this the Princess who "cannot be jealous" consents, and the king ends the play by restoring to Philaster his inheritance.

THE SOURCE.—The plot of this play is probably the contrivance of the

authors themselves; at any rate no source from whence they may have derived it is known. Weber—repeated by Dyce—has indeed observed that Euphrasia disguised as a page and acting as a go-between to Philaster and Arethusa may have been suggested by a tale in the *Diana* of Montemayor—*Felismena and Don Felix;* but in other respects the positions of the damsels towards their beloved is so very different that no comparison can be fairly instituted: for the rest of the story Weber admits that it bears no resemblance to the plot of *Philaster*. Felismena—I know not why, but Weber and Dyce call her *Fellisarda*—like the Julia of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is in pursuit of a lost love, Euphrasia has never been beloved and doesn't even desire that her love should be known; in fact it is devotion not love which is the motive of her action. For Felismena's story see Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, ed. Hazlitt, Pt. 1, vol. I, p. 271.

HISTORY.—A few notes in addition to the Titles of the Quartos and the entries on the Stationers' Registers (p. 116) will suffice under this heading.

From the *Accounts of the Revels*, etc., we have already seen (p. 3 of this Vol.) that *Philaster* was one of "fourteen" plays acted before the Court in 1612—13.

Again in the list of "Playes acted before the Kinge and Queene this present yeare of the Lord 1636" *Philaster* occurs as having been performed on the 21 of February at St. James'. (Cunningham's Introduction to *Revels Accounts*, p. xxv.)

During the time of the suppression of the theatres a "droll" entitled *The Club Men*, made up of the 4th Scene of Act V., was performed at the Red Bull and elsewhere. See *Biog. Dram.* 1812, vol. I, p. 154 under "COX, Robert," and vol. III, p. 144 under "THE WITS; or Sport upon Sport."

Dyce in his preliminary remarks to the play quotes in full a ballad of twelve seven-line stanzas called *Love in Languishment*, founded on *Philaster*, and printed in *A Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie*, etc., by Thos. Jordan, 1664. "It was," he says, "doubtless written several years anterior to that date, and while theatrical entertainments were prohibited." The plot is somewhat altered in this ballad. It is chiefly interesting as affording proof of the popularity of the play.

In his Diary, 18 Nov. 1661, Mr. Pepys notes that he took his wife "to the Theatre to see *Philaster*, which I never saw before, but I found it far short of my expectations."

Perhaps it was at a somewhat later date that this play "was one of those that were represented at the old Theatre in Lincolns-Inn-Fields, when the Women acted alone." Langbaine records this, but does not give the date. In Mr. Pepys's Diary we learn that in October 1664 the women were then acting alone.

On the 30 May 1668 Mr. Pepys went "to the King's playhouse, and there saw *Philaster;* where it is pretty to see how I could remember almost all along, ever since I was a boy, Arethusa, the part which I was to have acted at Sir Robert Cooke's; and it was very pleasant to me, but more to think what a ridiculous thing it would have been for me to have acted a beautiful woman."

In 1695 *Philaster*, "Revis'd and the Two last Acts new Written," by Elkanah Settle, was produced at the Theatre Royal. I have, following Dyce, recorded a few readings of this version in my foot-notes.

Another alteration of *Philaster*, called *The Restauration*, etc., was printed in 1714 and forms part of the first volume of the Works of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham: if by him it must have been written before the 16th of April 1688, the date of his death; but, as Dyce remarks—"In all probability it was not written by the Duke, and appears never to have been brought upon the stage." This version is also occasionally referred to in my notes.

In 1763, *Philaster*, after having been suffered to lie many years dormant, was, with some alterations by the elder Coleman (the chief editor of the 1778 ed. of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works and the writer of its Preface), acted with great applause at Drury Lane.

Weber, 1812, writes: "Mr. Coleman's alteration has been now and then performed on the London stage, but being caviare to the multitude, it seems to have been latterly laid aside."

APPENDIX.

Pp. 1 to 3 and 60 to 66 of Q1. *literatim* and line for line.

PHYLASTER.

Actus I. Scæn. I.

Enter at seuerall doores LORD LYON, TRASILINE, *followes him*, CLERIMON *meetes them.*

TRASILINE.

Well ore tane my Lord.
LYON. Noble friend welcome, and see who encounters vs, honourable good *Clerimon.*
CLE. My good Lord Lyon, most happily met worthy *Trasiline*,
Come gallants, what's the newes,
the season affoords vs variety,
the nouilsts of our time runnes on heapes,
to glut their itching eares with airie sounds,
trotting to'th burse ; and in the Temple walke
with greater zeale to hear a nouall lye,
then pyous Anthum tho chanted by Cherubins.
TRANS. True Sir :
and holds set counsels, to vent their braine sicke opinions
with presagements what all states shall designe.
CLE. Thats as their intelligence serues.
LYON. And that shall serue as long as inuention lastes,
there dreams they relate, as spoke from Oracles,
or if the gods should hold a synod, and make them their secritaries,
they will diuine and prophecie too : but come and speake your

B thoughts

thoughts of the intended marriage with the Spanish Prince,
He is come you see, and brauely entertainde.
TRAS. Hee is so, but not married yet.
CLE. But like to be, and shall haue in dowry with the Princesse this kingdome of *Cycele.*
LEON. Soft and faire, there is more will forbid the baines, then say amen to the marriage : though the King vsurped the kingdome, during the non-age of the Prince Phylaster, he must not thinke to bereaue him of it quite ; hee is now come to yeares to claime the Crowne.
TRA. And lose his head i' the asking.
LEON. A diadem worn by a headlesse King wold be wonderous,
Phylaster is too weake in power.
CLE. He hath many friends.
LEON. And few helpers.
TRA. The people loue him.
LEON. I grant it, that the king knowes too well,
And makes the Contract to make his faction strong :
What's a giddy-headed multitude,
That's not Disciplinde nor trainde vp in Armes,
To be trusted vnto ? No, he that will
Bandy for a Monarchie, must prouide
Braue marshall troopes with resolution armde,
To stand the shock of bloudy doubtfull warre,
Not danted though disastrous Fate doth frowne,
And spit all spightfull fury in their face :
Defying horror in her vgliest forme,
And growes more valiant, the more danger threats ;
Or let leane famine her affliction send,
Whose pining plagues a second hel doth bring,
Thei'le hold their courage in her height of spleene,
Till valour win plenty to supply them,
What think ye, would yer feast-hunting Citizens
Indure this ?
TRA. No sir, a faire march a mile out of town that their wiues may bring them their dinners, is the hottest seruice that they are trainde vp to.

CLE. I

CLE. I could wish their experience answered their loues,
Then should the much too much wrongd *Phylaster*,
Possesse his right in spight of Don and the diuell.
TRA. My heart is with your wishes.
LEON. And so is mine,
And so should all that loues their true borne Prince,
Then let vs ioyne our Forces with our mindes,
In whats our power to right this wronged Lord,
And watch aduantage as best may fit the time
To stir the murmuring people vp,
Who is already possest with his wrongs,
And easily would in rebellion rise,
Which full well the king doth both know and feare,
But first our seruice wee'le proffer to the Prince,
And set our proiects as he accepts of vs ;
But husht, the King is comming.

sound musicke within.

Enter the King, PHARAMONT, *the Princesse, the Lady* GALLATEA, *the Lady* MEGRA, *a Gentlewoman, with Lords attending, the King takes his seate.*

KING. Faire Prince,
Since heauens great guider furthers our intents,
And brought you with safety here to arriue
Within our Kingdome and Court of Cycele,
We bid you most welcome, Princely *Pharamont*,
And that our Kingly bounty shall confirme,
Even whilst the Heauens hold so propitious aspect
Wee'le crowne your wisht desires (with our owne)
Lend me your hand sweet Prince, hereby enioy
A full fruition of your best contents,
The interest I hold I doe possesse you with,
Onely a fathers care, and prayers retaine,
That heauen may heape on blessings, take her Prince,
A sweeter Mistrisse then the offered Language of any dame,

 were

[With this last line of p. 3, (line 103, Sc. i. of our text,) Q1 comes into more or less close agreement with the later edds.]

[Now follow pp. 60 to 66, Act V, Sc. iv, to end of Play. The first twenty-eight lines of this Sc. IV. resemble pretty closely those of the later edds.; they are however here reprinted in order that the reader may have the scene complete as it is printed in Q1.]

Enter an old Captaine, with a crew of Citizens, leading PHARAMONT *prisoner.*

CAP. Come my braue Mermedons, fal on, let your caps swarm, & your nimble tongues forget your gibrish, of what you lack, and set your mouthes ope' children, till your pallats fall frighted halfe a fathom past the cure of bay-salt & grosse pepper; and then crie *Phylaster*, braue *Phylaster*. Let *Phylaster* be deep in request, my ding-a-dings, my paire of deare Indentures: King of clubs, thē your cut-water chamlets, and your painting: let not your hasty silkes. deerly belouers of Custards & Cheescakes, or your branch cloth of bodkins, or your tyffenies, your robbin-hood scarlet and Iohns, tie your affections in durance to your shops, my dainty duckers, vp with your three pil'd spirits, that right valourous, and let your accute colours make the King to feele the measure of your mightinesse; *Phylaster*, cry, myrose nobles, cry.

OMNES. *Phylaster, Phylaster.*

CAP. How doe you like this, my Lord prisoner?
These are mad boyes I can tell you,
These be things that will not strike top-sayle to a Foyst,
And let a Man of warre, an Argosea,
Stoope to carry coales.

PHAR. Why you damn'd slaues, doe you know who I am?

CAP. Yes, my pretie Prince of puppits, we do know, and give you gentle warning, you talke no more such bugs words, lest that sod-

den

den Crowne should be scracht with a musket ; deare Prince pippin, I'le haue you codled, let him loose my spirits, and make a ring with your bils my hearts : Now let me see what this braue man dares doe : note sir, haue at you with this washing blow, here I lie, doe you huffe sweet Prince ? I could hock your grace, and hang you crosse leg'd, like a Hare at a Poulters stall ; and do thus.

PHAR. Gentlemen, honest Gentlemen - - - -

1 SOVL. A speakes treason Captaine, shal's knock him downe ?

CAP. Hold, I say.

2 SOVL. Good Captaine let me haue one mal at's mazard, I feele my stomache strangely prouoked to bee at his Spanish pot-nowle, shal's kill him ?

OMNES. I, kill him, kill him.

CAP. Againe I say hold

3 SOVL. O how ranke he lookes, sweete Captaine let's geld him, and send his dowsets for a dish to the Burdello.

4 *Sovl.* No, let's rather sell them to some woman Chymist, that extractions, shee might draw an excellent prouocative oyle from vseth [1] them, that might be very vsefull.

CAP. You see, my scuruy Don, how precious you are in esteem amongst vs, had you not beene better kept at home, I thinke you had : must you needes come amongst vs, to haue your saffron hide taw'd as we intend it : My Don, *Phylaster* must suffer death to satisfie your melancholly spleene, he must my Don, he must ; but we your Physitians, hold it fit that you bleede for it : Come my robusticks, my braue regiment of rattle makers, let's cal a common cornuted counsell, and like graue Senators, beare vp our brancht crests, in sitting vpon the seuerall tortures we shall put him to, and with as little sense as may be, put your wils in execution.

SOME CRIES. Burne him, burne him.

OTHERS. Hang him, hang him. *Enter* PHYLASTER.

CAP. No, rather let's carbinade his cods-head, and cut him to collops : shall I begin ?

PHI. Stay your furies my louing Countrimen.

OMNES. *Phylaster* is come, *Phylaster*, *Phylaster*.

CAP. My porcupines of spite, make roome I say, that I may salute my braue Prince : and is Prince Phylater at liberty ?

[1] *vseth* (= useth to make) is evidently out of its place ; it should come before *extractions* in the preceding line.

PHI. I am, most louing countrimen.
CAP. Then giue me thy Princely goll, which thus I kisse, to whom I crouch and bow; But see my royall sparke, this head-strong swarme that follow me humming like a master Bee, haue I led forth their Hiues, and being on wing, and in our heady flight, haue seazed him shall suffer for thy wrongs.
OMNES. I, I, let's kill him, kill him.
PHI. But heare me, Countrimen.
CAP. Heare the Prince, I say, heare *Phylaster.*
OMNES. I, I, heare the Prince, heare the Prince.
PHI. My comming is to giue you thankes, my deere Countrimen, whose powerfull sway curb'd the prossecuting fury of my foes.
OMNES. We will curb vm, we will curb vm.
PHI. I finde you will,
But if my intrest in your loues be such,
As the world takes notice of, Let me craue
You would deliuer *Pharamont* to my hand,
And from me accept this *Giues vm his purse.*
Testimonie of my loue.
Which is but a pittance of those ample thankes,
Which shall redowne with showred courtesies.
CAP. Take him to thee braue Prince, and we thy bounty thankefully accept, and will drinke thy health, thy perpetuall health my Prince, whilst memory lasts amongst vs, we are thy Mermidons, my *Achillis:* we are those will follow thee, and in thy seruice will scowre our rusty murins and our bill-bow-blades, most noble *Phylaster,* we will: Come my rowtists let's retyer till occasion calls vs to attend the noble *Phylaster.*
OMNES. *Phylaster, Phylaster, Phylaster.*
Exit CAPTAINE, *and Citizens.*
PHAR. Worthy sir, I owe you a life,
For but your selfe theres nought could haue preuail'd.
PHI. Tis the least seruice that I owe the King,
Who was carefull to preserue ye. *Exit.*
Enter LEON, TRASILINE, *and* CLERIMON.
TRA. I euer thought the boy was honest.
LEON. Well,

LEON. Well, tis a braue boy Gentlemen.
CLE. Yet you'ld not beleeue this.
LEON. A plague on my forwardnesse, what a villaine was I, to wrong vm so ; a mischiefe on my muddy braines, was I mad?
TRA. A little frantick in your rash attempt, but that was your loue to *Phylaster*, sir.
LEON. A pox on such loue, have you any hope my countinance will ere serue me to looke on them?
CLE. O very well Sir.
LEON. Very ill Sir ; vds death, I could beate out my braines, or hang myself in reuenge.
CLE. There would be little gotten by it, ene keepe as ye are.
LEON. An excellent boy, Gentlemen beleeve it, harke the King is comming, *Cornets sounds.*

Enter the King, Princesse, GALLATEA, MEGRA, BELLARIO, *a Gentlewoman, and other attendants.*

K. No newes of his returne,
Will not this rable multitude be appeas'd?
I feare their outrage, lest it should extend
With dangering of Pharamonts life.

Enter PHILASTER *with* PHARAMONT.

LEON. See Sir, Phylaster is return'd.
PHI. Royall Sir,
Receiue into your bosome your desired peace,
Those discontented mutineares be appeasde,
And this fortaigne Prince in safety.
K. How happie am I in the Phylaster?
Whose excellent vertues begets a world of loue,
I am indebted to the for a Kingdome,
I here surrender up all Soueraignetie,
Raigne peacefully with thy espoused Bride, *Deliuers his Crowne*
Ashume my Son to take what is thy due. *to him.*
PHA. How Sir, yer son, what am I then, your Daughter you gaue to me.

KIN. But heauen hath made asignement vnto him,
And brought your contract to a nullity :
Sir, your entertainment hath beene most faire,
Had not your hell-bred lust dride vp the spring,
From whence flow'd forth those fauours that you found :
I am glad to see you safe, let this suffice,
Your selfe hath crost your selfe.
LEON. They are married sir.
PHAR. How married? I hope your highnesse will not vse me so,
I came not to be disgraced, and returne alone.
KING. I cannot helpe it sir.
LEON. To returne alone, you neede not sir,
Here is one will beare you company,
You know this Ladies proofe, if you
Fail'd not in the say-taging.
ME. I hold your scoffes in vildest base contempt,
Or is there said or done, ought I repent,
But can retort euen to your grinning teeths,
Your worst of spights, the Princesse lofty steps
May not be tract, yet may they tread awry,
That boy there - - - -
BEL. If to me ye speake Lady,
I must tell you, you haue lost your selfe
In your too much forwardnesse, and hath forgot
Both modesty and truth, with what impudence
You haue throwne most damnable aspertions
On that noble Princesse and my selfe : witnesse the world ;
Behold me sir. *Kneeles to* LEON, *and discouers her haire.*
LEON. I should know this face ; my daughter.
BEL. The same sir.
PRIN. How, our sometime Page, *Bellario*, turn'd woman?
BEL. Madame, the cause induc't me to transforme my selfe,
Proceeded from a respectiue modest
Affection I bare to my my Lord,
The Prince *Phylaster*, to do him seruice,
As farre from any laciuious thought,
As that Lady is farre from goodnesse,

And

And if my true intents may be beleeued,
And from your Highnesse Madame, parden finde,
You haue the truth.
PRIN. I doe beleeue thee, *Bellario* I shall call thee still.
PHI. The faithfullest seruant that euer gave attendance.
LEON. Now Lady lust, what say you to' th boy now ;
Doe you hange the head, do ye, shame would steale
Into your face, if ye had grace to entertaine it,
Do ye slinke away ?

Exit MEGRA *hiding her face*

KING. Giue present order she be banisht the Court,
And straightly confinde till our further
Pleasure is knowne.
PHAR. Heres such an age of transformation, that I doe not know how to trust to my selfe, I'le get me gone to : Sir, the disparagement you haue done, must be cald in question. I haue power to right my selfe, and will.

Exit PHARAMONT.

KING. We feare ye not sir.
PHI. Let a strong conuoy guard him through the kingdome,
With him, let's part with all our cares and feare,
And Crowne with ioy our happy loues successe.
KING. Which to make more full, Lady *Gallatea*,
Let honour'd *Clerimont* acceptance finde
In your chast thoughts.
PHI. Tis my sute too.
PRIN. Such royall spokes-men must not be deni'd.
GAL. Nor shall not, Madame.
KING. Then thus I ioyne your hands.
GAL. Our hearts were knit before. *They kisse.*
PHI. But tis you Lady, must make all compleat,
And giues a full perod to content,
Let your loues cordiall againe reuiue,

K The

The drooping spirits of noble *Trasiline.*
What says Lord *Leon* to it?
LEON. Marry my Lord I say, I know she once lou'd him.
At least she made shew she did,
But since tis my Lord *Phylasters* desire,
I'le make surrender of all the right
A father has in her; here take her sir,
With all my heart, and heauen giue you ioy.
KING. Then let vs in these nuptuall feastes to hold,
Heauen hath decreed, and Fate stands vncontrold.

FINIS.

The following list appears on the back of Title-page of Q1.

"The Actors Names.

King of Cecely
Arathvsa, the Princesse.
Phylaster.
Pharamont, a Spanish Prince,
Leon, a Lord.
Gleremon } Two Noble Gentlemen.
Trasilin }
Bellario a Page, Leons daughter
Callatea, a Lady of Honor.
Megra, another Lady.
A Waiting Gentlewoman.
Two Woodmen.
A Country Gallant.
An old Captaine.
And Souldiers.
A Messenger."

NOTE.—ARETHUSA, in stage-directions and prefix always *Prin.* or *Princesse.*—LEON, sometimes *Lyon*, is the Dion of the later eds.—*Gleremon*, so only in this list; *Clerimon*, *Clerimond* or *Clerimont* throughout the play.—BELLARIO, till the end of the play always *Boy* in stage-directions and prefix to speeches.—CALLATEA, *Gallatea* throughout the play.—A COUNTRY GALLANT = *A Country Fellow* of later eds.—SOULDIERS = *Five citizens* of later eds

TO THE READER.[1]

COURTEOUS READER,—Philaster and Arethusa his love have lain so long a-bleeding, by reason of some dangerous and gaping wounds which they received in the first impression, that it is wondered how they could go abroad so long, or travel so far, as they have done. Although they were hurt neither by me nor the printer, yet I knowing and finding by experience how many well-wishers they have abroad, have adventured to bind up their wounds, and to enable them to visit, upon better terms, such friends of theirs as were pleased to take knowledge of them so maimed and deformed as they at the first were; and if they were then gracious in your sight, assuredly they will now find double favour, being reformed, and set forth suitable to their birth and breeding, by your serviceable friend,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

[1] Prefixed to Q2, 1622, only.

THE STATIONER[1] TO THE UNDERSTANDING GENTRY.

THIS play, so affectionately taken and approved by the seeing auditors or hearing spectators (of which sort I take or conceive you to be the greatest part), hath received (as appears by the copious vent of two editions) no less acceptance with improvement of you likewise the readers, albeit the first impression swarmed with errors, proving itself like pure gold, which, the more it hath been tried and refined, the better is esteemed. The best poems of this kind in the first presentation resemble that all-tempting mineral newly digged up, the actors being only the labouring miners, but you the skilful triers and refiners: now, considering how current this hath passed under the infallible stamp of your judicious censure and applause, and (like a gainful office in this age) eagerly sought for, not only by those that have heard and seen it, but by others that have merely heard thereof; here you behold me acting the merchant-adventurer's part, yet as well for their satisfaction as mine own benefit; and if my hopes (which, I hope, shall never lie like this Love a-bleeding) do fairly arrive at their intended haven, I shall then be ready to lade a new bottom, and set forth again, to gain the good will both of you and them. To whom respectively I convey this hearty greeting: Adieu.

[1] Richard Hawkins. Prefixed to his first edition, Q3, 1628, and continued, with some unimportant variations, in all the subsequent quarto editions.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING of Calabria and usurping KING of Sicily.

PHILASTER, rightful heir to the crown of Sicily.

PHARAMOND, prince of Spain.

DION, a lord.

CLEREMONT, } noble gentlemen his
THRASILINE, } associates.

An old Captain.

Citizens.

A country-fellow.

Two Woodmen.

The KING's Guard and Train.

ARETHUSA, the KING's daughter.

EUPHRASIA, daughter of DION, but disguised like a page and called BELLARIO.

MEGRA, a lascivious lady.

GALATEA, a wise modest lady attending the princess.

An old wanton Lady or Crone.

Another Lady attending the princess.

SCENE, *Messina and its neighbourhood.*

PHILASTER:

OR

LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Presence-Chamber in the Palace.

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Cle. Here's nor lords nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the King to attend here: besides, it was boldly published, that no officer should forbid any gentlemen that desired to attend and hear. 5

Cle. Can you guess the cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir and be our sovereign.

Thra. Many, that will seem to know much, say she looks not on him like a maid in love. 10

Dion. Faith, sir, the multitude, that seldom know any thing but their own opinions, speak that they

OR LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING] This second title is not given in this place in Q1 and 2.

ACT I. SC. I.] The Quartos and Folio mark only the Acts and the first scene of each act; Theobald, except that he marked the first scene of Act I. as "an Antichamber in the Palace," made no advance on the old editions; the Editors of 1778 mark the Acts only; Weber first divided the Acts into scenes, and marked their locality; Dyce made some slight alterations as to Weber's localities; we print throughout as in Dyce, unless otherwise stated.

1 *nor lords*] *not lords* Q5 to F. 4 *boldly*] *loudly* Theo. (Seward conj.).
5 *desired*] *desire* Q4 to F., Edd.'78, Web. 11 *Faith*] *O* Q 4 to Dyce.

would have; but the prince, before his own approach, received so many confident messages from the state, that I think she's resolved to be ruled. 15

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is without controversy so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of 20 them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who, Philaster?

Dion. Yes; whose father, we all know, was by our 25 late king of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in state-policy will not let me know why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, 30 the King should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to inquire after state-news. But the King, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, 35 with offering but to imprison Philaster; at which the city was in arms, not to be charmed down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleased and without a guard; at which they threw their hats and their arms from 40 them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance: which wise men say is the cause the King labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation to awe his own with.

20 *right*] *rightful* Web.

39, 40 *pleased . . . threw*] *released . . . threw* Dyce conj. *without a guard; and pleased at which they threw* Mitford conj.

44 Enter Galatea, a Lady, and Megra] Q. F. have *Enter Galatea, Megra and a Lady;* and in the Dialogue, ll. 64—87, which precedes the entrance of the King, they assign to "La." the speeches now given to "Meg.," and to "Meg." those now given to "La."

The transposition in order of entry is necessary in order to bring it into agreement with Dion's description of the characters of the "first," "second," and "last" of these three ladies; and that of the "last" is clearly Megra's. For the same reason the transposition of the prefixes to the speeches has been effected. Theo. first made these changes at the suggestion of Seward. Dyce adopts the change, and points out that Seward was not the first to discover the

Enter GALATEA, *a* Lady, *and* MEGRA.

Thra. See, the ladies! What's the first? 45

Dion. A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess.

Cle. The second?

Dion. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill-favouredly dance her measure; simper 50 when she is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

Cle. The last?

Dion. Faith, I think she is one whom the state keeps for the agents of our confederate princes; she'll cog 55 and lie with a whole army, before the league shall break. Her name is common through the kingdom, and the trophies of her dishonour advanced beyond

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error of the old editions; Settle, altering *Philaster* in 1695, omitted the character of the anonymous lady, and *assigned what he retained of her speeches to Megra;* and the author of *The Restauration*, another alteration of the play, made the description given by Dion, ll. 54—62, "Faith, I think she is one," etc., apply to Alga, *who answers to the Megra of the original play.*

In the list of "The Actors names" prefixed to Q1 the only women, besides Arethusa and Bellario, are "Callatea, a Lady of Honor," "Megra, another Lady," and "A Waiting Gentlewoman." Q2 has no list of *Dramatis Personæ.*

In the list given in Q3, 1628, and following eds. (and, as Dyce remarks, long after Beaumont's death, and three years after Fletcher's) we find:

Galatea, a wise modest Lady attending the Princess.
Megra, a lascivious Lady.
An old wanton Lady or crone.
Another Lady attending the Princess.

The last of these is certainly the Lady who, near the end of this scene, l. 335, enters to invite Philaster to visit the Princess, and we again find her in attendance in the following scene. It seems quite improbable that she can be the Lady who enters here with Galatea and Megra. Who then is this anonymous Lady? I take her to be the "Old wanton Lady or crone," the "second" whom Dion describes (l. 49). His description is not inconsistent with what we see of her, and, *pace* Dyce, we may even suppose her to be the "reverend mother" whom Pharamond refers to in Act II. sc. ii. l. 3. Theobald strikes her out of the List altogether, and Dyce supplies her place and that of "Another Lady," etc., with "Two other Ladies." I have retained her on the list of *Dramatis Personæ*, and on the understanding that she is the anonymous lady of this entrance, I have adopted the changes made by Theobald.

The Editors of 1778 follow the old eds., both as regards the order of entry and the distribution of speeches, believing this anonymous Lady to be the old crone of the List: so also does Weber, and, in addition, in the entry he makes the Lady an "*old* Lady."

54 *Faith*] *Marry* Q4 to Dyce.

55 *cog*] i. e. cheat, falsify, cajole. Dyce.

Hercules' Pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of men's bodies; and, indeed, has destroyed the worth of her own body by making experiment upon it for the good of the commonwealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

Meg. Peace, if you love me: you shall see these gentlemen stand their ground and not court us.

Gal. What if they should?

La. What if they should!

Meg. Nay, let her alone.—What if they should! why, if they should, I say they were never abroad: what foreigner would do so? it writes them directly untravelled.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

La. What if they be?

Meg. Good madam, let her go on.—What if they be! why, if they be, I will justify, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg, nor say "excuse me."

Gal. Ha, ha, ha!

Meg. Do you laugh, madam?

Dion. Your desires upon you, ladies!

Meg. Then you must sit beside us.

Dion. I shall sit near you then, lady.

Meg. Near me, perhaps: but there's a lady endures no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

La. Methinks he's not so strange; he would quickly be acquainted.

Thra. Peace, the King!

Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, *and* Train.

King. To give a stronger testimony of love
Than sickly promises (which commonly
In princes find both birth and burial
In one breath) we have drawn you, worthy sir,
To make your fair endearments to our daughter,
And worthy services known to our subjects,
Now loved and wonder'd at; next, our intent
To plant you deeply our immediate heir

76 *leg*] i. e. bow. Dyce. 89 *stronger*] *stranger* Q4 to F.
93 *our daughter*] *your daughter* Q5 to F.

Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady,
(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,
And I believe,) though her few years and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes, 100
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge
Only of what herself is to herself,
Make her feel moderate health; and when she sleeps,
In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams:
Think not, dear sir, these undivided parts, 105
That must mould up a virgin, are put on
To show her so, as borrow'd ornaments,
To speak her perfect love to you, or add
An artificial shadow to her nature—
No, sir; I boldly dare proclaim her yet no woman. 110
But woo her still, and think her modesty
A sweeter mistress than the offer'd language
Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye
Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.
Last, noble son (for so I now must call you), 115
What I have done thus public, is not only
To add a comfort in particular
To you or me, but all; and to confirm
The nobles and the gentry of these kingdoms
By oath to your succession, which shall be 120
Within this month at most.

Thra. This will be hardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Dion. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done,
Whilst so brave a gentleman's wrong'd and flung off. 125

Thra. I fear.

Cle. Who does not?

Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear too:

101 *discourse and knowledge*] I venture to suggest that here and elsewhere where *discourse* is coupled with a word expressive of a faculty of the mind—as *thought*, *reason*, *judgment*, etc.—it is to be considered as merely expletive; chameleon-like taking the colour of the word to which it is attached. The reader is invited to consider Gifford's note on "discourse and reason" in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, Act II. sc. i., and the notes of the several editors (Boswell's especially, *Var.* 1821, 205) on "discourse of reason" in *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. ii. l. 150. 108 *speak*] *talk of* Q2.

112 *A sweeter mistress*, etc.] With this line Q1 comes into agreement, more or less close, with the subsequent editions.

114 *servants*] i. e. lovers (the title which ladies formerly bestowed on their professed and authorised admirers). Dyce.

116 *only*] om. Q1. 119 *these kingdoms*] *our kingdom* Q1.

Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.
Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take leave 130
To thank your royal father; and thus far
To be my own free trumpet. Understand,
Great King, and these your subjects, mine that must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,
And so deserving I dare speak myself,) 135
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and virtues, you would wed your kingdoms;
You in me have your wishes. Oh! this country!
By more than all the gods, I hold it happy; 140
Happy in their dear memories that have been
Kings great and good; happy in yours that is;
And from you (as a chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age) do I
Opine myself most happy. Gentlemen, 145
Believe me in a word, a prince's word,
There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
Equal to be commanded and obey'd,
But through the travails of my life I'll find it, 150
And tie it to this country. By all the gods!
My reign shall be so easy to the subject,
That every man shall be his prince himself
And his own law—yet I his prince and law.
And, dearest lady, to your dearest self 155
(Dear in the choice of him whose name and lustre
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet princess,
You shall enjoy a man of men to be
Your servant; you shall make him yours, for whom 160
Great queens must die.
Thra. Miraculous!
Cle. This speech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but a large inventory of his own commendations.
Dion. I wonder what's his price; for certainly 165

139 *You*] *and* Q1. 140 *the gods*] *my hopes* Q4 to Dyce.
140 *happy*] om. Q5 to F. 144 *eating*] *rotting* Q1.
145 *Opine myself*] F., Web., Dyce. *Open myself* Q., Edd. '78. *Opine it in myself* Theo. (Seward conj. *i. e.* Opine it, the country, in myself most happy). *Hope in myself* Mason conj. 150 *find it*] *find it out* Q1.
151 *By all the gods*] *And I vow* Q4 to Dyce. 152 *so*] *as* Q1.
165—174 *I wonder . . . judgment*] As prose Q. F.; verse first in ed. 1711.

He'll sell himself, he has so praised his shape.
But here comes one more worthy those large speeches,
Than the large speaker of them. [*Enter* PHILASTER.
Let me be swallow'd quick, if I can find,
In all the anatomy of yon man's virtues, 170
One sinew sound enough to promise for him,
He shall be constable. By this sun,
He'll ne'er make king, unless it be of trifles,
In my poor judgment.
Phi. Right noble sir, as low as my obedience, 175
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favour.
King. Rise; you have it, sir.
Dion. Mark but the King, how pale he looks, he fears!
Oh, this same whorson conscience, how it jades us!
King. Speak your intents, sir.
Phi. Shall I speak 'em freely? 180
Be still my royal sovereign.
King. As a subject,
We give you freedom.
Dion. Now it heats.
Phi. Then thus I turn
My language to you, prince; you, foreign man! 185
Ne'er stare nor put on wonder, for you must
Endure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess),
By my dead father (oh, I had a father,
Whose memory I bow to!) was not left 190
To your inheritance, and I up and living—

166 *sell*] *tell* Q6, F.
166 *himself* . . . *praised*] *him* . . . *bepraised* Q1.
167 *speeches*] *praises* Q1. 169 *quick*] i. e. alive. Dyce.
172—174 *He shall* . . . *judgment*] Ed. Three lines ending *constable* . . . *king* . . . *judgment*, ed. 1711, Theo., Edd. '78. Two lines, first ending *king* Web., Dyce. 173 *of trifles*] *for trifles*. Q4 to F., Edd. '78 to Dyce.
177 *your*] *for* Q1.
178 *looks, he fears*] *looks with fear* Q4 to F., Edd. '78 to Dyce.
179 *Oh* . . . *how*] *and* . . . *ah how* Q1. 180 *intents*] *intent* Q2.
180 *'em*] ed. 1711. As this is the first time that this contraction, which is very frequent in the play, occurs, it may perhaps be worth while to note that in the quarto eds. it is nearly always given in the form of *vm*; in the Folio generally *'em*. Q1, in this place, has *on*. 188 *fair*] *sweet* Q1.
189, 190 *By* . . . *left*] Theobald, with the concurrence of his colleagues, Seward and Sympson, first gave these lines as in text; in Q. and F. the order is reversed.

Having myself about me and my sword,
The souls of all my name and memories,
These arms and some few friends beside the gods—
To part so calmly with it, and sit still 195
And say, "I might have been." I tell thee, Pharamond,
When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes, as I: for, hear me, Pharamond!
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths, 200
Before that day of shame shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels; prince, it shall;
By the just gods, it shall!

Pha. He's mad; beyond cure, mad.

Dion. Here's a fellow has some fire in's veins: 205
The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-drawer.

Phi. Sir prince of popinjays, I'll make it well appear
To you I am not mad.

King. You displease us:
You are too bold.

Phi. No, sir, I am too tame,
Too much a turtle, a thing born without passion, 210
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud sails over
And makes nothing.

King. I do not fancy this.
Call our physicians: sure, he's somewhat tainted.

Thra. I do not think 'twill prove so.

Dion. H'as given him a general purge already, 215
For all the right he has; and now he means
To let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen:
By Heaven, I'll run his hazard,
Although I run my name out of the kingdom!

Cle. Peace, we are all one soul. 220

198 *as I*] om. Q4 to Dyce. 204 *By the just gods*] *By Nemesis* Q4 to Dyce.
205 *Here's*] *Here is* Theo. to Dyce.
206 *looks like a tooth-drawer*] "A proverbial expression. Ray gives 'He looks like a Tooth-drawer, *i. e.*, very thin and meagre.' *Proverbs*, p. 65, ed. 1768." Dyce.
207 *Sir . . . popinjays, I'll*] *I . . . popines I will* Q1.
208 *displease*] *do displease* Theo.
212, 213 *fancy this. . . . sure*] *fancy this choller Sure* Q1
215—219 *Ha's . . . kingdom*] As verse first by Web.
218 *By Heaven*] *By these hilts* Q4 to Dyce. In this and preceding line Q1 has—*Be constant gentle heavens I'll run*, etc. 220 *all*] om. Q4 '30 to F.

Pha. What you have seen in me to stir offence,
I cannot find, unless it be this lady,
Offer'd into mine arms with the succession;
Which I must keep, (though it hath pleased your fury
To mutiny within you,) without disputing 225
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are: the King will leave it me.
And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.
Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him
That made the world his, and couldst see no sun 230
Shine upon anything but thine; were Pharamond
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,
And ring'd amongst the choicest of his friends
(Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied commendations), 235
And from this presence, spite of all these bugs,
You should hear further from me.
King. Sir, you wrong the prince;
I gave you not this freedom to brave our best friends:
You deserve our frown. Go to; be better temper'd.
Phi. It must be, sir, when I am nobler used. 240
Gal. Ladies,
This would have been a pattern of succession,
Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge. 245
Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge;
But the other is the man set in my eye:
Oh, 'tis a prince of wax!

227 *it me*] *it to me* Q1.
230 *That made the world his*] i. e. Alexander the Great. Theo.
231 *anything*] *any thine* Q5*b*. *any* Q6, F.
233 *amongst*] *among* Q6 to Dyce.
236 *this presence*] *his presence* Q1. *this present* Q5 to F.
236 *bugs*] i. e. terrors (goblins). Settle, in his alteration of the play, substituted "boasts," conceiving that "bugs" was here equivalent to "bugs-words." Dyce. Q1 has *bragges*. 238, 239 *to brave . . . frown*] om. Q1.
240 *nobler*] *noblier* Q1.
241 Gal. *Ladies, etc.*] This speech is given to Leon (=Dion) in Q1.
242 *a pattern of succession*] Sympson proposed *submission* for *succession*; but Theo. considered that the text might mean "a pattern to succeeding kings": later editors accept Theo.'s explanation. 244 *He is*] *this is* Q1.
246 *your*] om. Q1. 247 *the other is*] *i'm sure tothers* Q1
247 *my*] *mine* Q6, F., Theo., Dyce.
248 *a prince of wax*] i. e. perfect, as if modelled in wax. Every one has been made familiar with this phrase in the notes of the commentators on "a

Gal. A dog it is.
King. Philaster, tell me
The injuries you aim at in your riddles. 250
Phi. If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh'd at.
Dare you be still my king, and right me not? 255
King. Give me your wrongs in private.
Phi. Take them,
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.
[*They whisper.*
Cle. He dares not stand the shock.
Dion. I cannot blame him; there's danger in't. Every man in this age has not a soul of crystal, for all men to 260 read their actions through: men's hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon stranger well, and you shall see a fever through

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man of wax" in *Romeo and Juliet*, I. iii. 76; but in connection with it, in Galatea's following speech—"A dog it is."—Dyce observes that there is some allusion he does not understand, and he refers to Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, II. ii., where Turfe threatening to clap Hilts in the stocks, Hilts retorts—"You'll clap *a dog of wax* as soon, old Blurt!": on which expression, he adds, Gifford has no note.

In *Sir John Oldcastle*, II. ii. 29, we meet with the phrase again: Murley, the brewer of Dunstable, being appointed a colonel in the rebel army, exclaims:—"Will cavaliering captains, gentlemen, come at my calling, go at my bidding? dainty my dear, they'll do a *dog of wax*, a horse of cheese, a prick and a pudding. No, no; ye must appoint some lord or knight at least, to that place." Beyond a reference to the passage quoted above from the *Tale of a Tub*, Malone offers no explanation of the phrase. (Appendix, Vol. II. p. 728, Malone's *Supplement*, etc., 1780.) The intention of Galatea's speech is obvious enough: instead of being a *prince of wax* Pharamond is but a *dog of wax*, an insignificant thing. Cf. with the passages quoted above from the *Tale of a Tub* and *Oldcastle* the following from *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage*, I. ii.—Young Scarborough is endeavouring to excuse himself from taking the wife his Guardian proposes to him—

"*Scarborough.* O but, my lord—
Lord. But me a *dog of wax!* come kiss and agree," etc.,

equivalent to *But me no buts*, *Don't make idle excuses*, or some such phrase.

253 *nought but*] *nothing* Q1—3.
255 *not*] om. Q1, 2. 256, 257 *Take . . . Atlas*] *om.* Q1.
257 They whisper] Phy: whisper the king. Q1. They walk apart. Web. They talk apart. Dyce. 260 *not*] om. Q1.
260 *for all men*] om. Q1. 261 *through*:] *though* Q1.
261 *hearts and*] om. Q1. 262 *Do*] om. Q1. 263 *yon*] *the* Q1.
263 *through*] *throw* Q1.

all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true truant: if
he give not back his crown again upon the report of an 265
elder-gun, I have no augury.

King. Go to;
Be more yourself, as you respect our favour;
You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know,
That y'are, and shall be, at our pleasure, what fashion we 270
Will put upon you. Smooth your brow, or by the gods—

Phi. I am dead, sir; y'are my fate. It was not I
Said, I was wrong'd: I carry all about me
My weak stars lead me to, all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence speak, (that is 275
But man of flesh, and may be mortal,) tell me,
I do not most entirely love this prince,
And honour his full virtues!

King. Sure, he's possess'd.

Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit. It's here, O King,
A dangerous spirit! now he tells me, King, 280

264 *bravery*] *braveries* Q1.

264 *true truant*] Q1. *true tenant* Q2 to F., Dyce. *true recreant* Theo. to Web. *true tyrant* Mitford conj. cited by Dyce.

Dyce first noted the reading of Q1, his predecessors do not appear to have been acquainted with that edition; tho' Seward conjecturally suggested *truant* as the true reading. In adopting the reading of the later eds. Dyce observes: —"I am not satisfied that 'tenant' is the right reading; but I am far from thinking with Theobald that it 'is as arrant nonsense as ever the press was guilty of': see what immediately follows: 'if he [shaking like a true tenant,—like one who has only temporary possession] *give not back* his crown,' etc."

I am no more satisfied with "true truant" than Dyce is with "true tenant"; but it seems to me the least objectionable reading of any authority: the context might suggest to a bold emendator—"like *one in* a true *tertian*," or "like *as in* a true *tertian*."

266 *elder-gun*] Pop-gun made of elder wood.

266 *have no augury*] *am no augery* Q1. 270 *y'are*] *you are* Q1, Web., Dyce.

270, 271 *That . . . gods*] Three lines Web., ending *pleasure . . . Smooth . . . gods.* Three Dyce, ending *what . . . brow . . . gods.*

271 *brow, or*] *selfe, ore* Q1. 273 *I was*] *I was not* Q4 to F.

274 *lead*] *led* Q5 to Theo. 275 *dares*] *dare* Q1.

275, 276 *Who . . . tell me*] "As this passage stands, the word *speak* is unnecessarily inserted, and has no connection with the rest of it: I should therefore either leave it out, or if it is to stand, insert the word *I* before it.

Who dares in all this presence, (I speak, that is
But man of flesh and mortal) tell me, etc.

I *speak*, that is, I mean." Mason.

Q2 includes *speak* in the parentheses; there are none in Q1.

278 *Sure*] om. Q1. 279 *It's here*] *is* Q1. 280 *now*] *and now* Q1.

I was a king's heir, bids me be a king,
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.
'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
That kneel and do me service, cry me king: 285
But I'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,
And will undo me.—[*To* PHAR.]—Noble sir, your hand;
I am your servant.

King. Away! I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of your life and spirit. For this time 290
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment.

[*Exeunt* KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA *and* Attendants.

Dion. I thank you, sir! you dare not for the people.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand. But eye 295
yon stranger; is he not a fine complete gentleman?
Oh, these strangers, I do affect them strangely!
they do the rarest home-things, and please the fullest!
As I live, I could love all the nation over and over for
his sake. 300

Gal. Gods comfort your poor head-piece, lady! 'tis a
weak one, and had need of a night-cap.

[*Exeunt* GALATEA, MEGRA, *and* Lady.

Dion. See, how his fancy labours! Has he not
Spoke home and bravely? what a dangerous train
Did he give fire to! how he shook the King, 305
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood

282 *are*] *be* Q5 to Theo. 287 —[*To* Phar.]— Ed.
290 *your*] Q1, Theo., Dyce, omitted in other eds. Dyce says that Theo. inserted it from conjecture. 292 *your*] om. Q1.
294 Gal. *Ladies*, etc.] Q1 gives this speech to "Tra." (=Thrasiline).
295 *hot at hand*] cf. *Julius Cæsar*, IV. ii. 23—27:

"But hollow men, like horses *hot at hand*,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial."

299 *I coula*] *could* Q6, F. 299 *the nation*] *their nation* Q1.
301 *Gods*] *Pride* Q4 to F., Edd.'78 to Dyce. Q1 gives the speech to "Lad." (=Lady).
301 *lady*] om. Q1. 302 *had*] *has* Q1.
302 Exeunt . . .] Dyce. Exit Ladyes. Q1—3. om. Q4 to Web.
303, 304 *See . . . train*] so Theo. to Dyce. Q., F. end first line *spoke*.

Run into whey! it stood upon his brow
Like a cold winter dew.
Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no minion:
You stand, methinks, like men that would be courtiers,
If I could well be flatter'd at a price,
Not to undo your children. Y'are all honest:
Go, get you home again, and make your country
A virtuous court, to which your great ones may,
In their diseased age, retire and live recluse.
Cle. How do you, worthy sir?
Phi. Well, very well;
And so well that, if the King please, I find
I may live many years.
Dion. The King must please,
Whilst we know what you are and who you are,
Your wrongs and virtues. Shrink not, worthy sir,
But add your father to you; in whose name
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people,
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these Male-dragons,
That, through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your sword's point.
Phi. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted: 'tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me?
Thra. Do we love heaven and honour?

311 *I*] Web., Dyce (Mason conj.). *you* Q1 to Edd.'73. Mason notes:—"I cannot discover any sense in this passage as it stands, but believe we should read, 'If *I* could well be flatter'd,' instead of, 'If *you*,' and then the meaning will be, 'You look as if you could be willing to pay your court to me, if you could do so without hazarding the fortune of your families by offending the king.'" Dyce adds:—"The error probably arose from the eye of the original compositor having caught the initial word of the two preceding lines."
315 *and live recluse*] *live recluses* Q1. 317 *I find*] om. Q1.
318 *The*] *Sir, the* Q1. 319 *what . . . who*] *who . . . what* Q1.
320 *virtues*] *injuries* Q2 to Web. Dyce notes that the author of *The Restauration* substituted *merits* for *injuries*. 321 *add*] *call* Q1.
325 *Male-dragons*] "So all the old eds., with a hyphen. Richardson (*Dict.* in *v.*) cites the present passage as an example of *male* in the sense of masculine; rightly, perhaps: 'male-griffin' is an heraldic term; and see Spenser's *Works*, vi. 277, ed. Todd. A friend suggests that *male* here means evil." Dyce.
327 *Friends*] *Friend* Q1. 328 *ears*] *yeares* Q4 '39 to F.

Phi. My Lord Dion, you had
A virtuous gentlewoman call'd you father;
Is she yet alive?
Dion. Most honour'd sir, she is;
And, for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage. 335

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me,
Or any of these gentlemen, you come?
Lady. To you, brave lord; the princess would entreat
Your present company.
Phi. The princess send for me! you are mistaken. 340
Lady. If you be called Philaster, 'tis to you.
Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say I will attend her.
[*Exit* Lady.
Dion. Do you know what you do?
Phi. Yes; go to see a woman.
Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in? 345
Phi. Danger in a sweet face!
By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman!
Thra. But are you sure it was the princess sent?
It may be some foul train to catch your life.
Phi. I do not think it, gentlemen; she's noble. 350
Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her cheeks may steal my soul out;
There's all the danger in't: but, be what may,
Her single name hath arm'd me. [*Exit* PHILASTER.
Dion. Go on, 355
And be as truly happy as th'art fearless!—
Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,
Lest the King prove false. [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

331 *Dion*] *Lyon* Q1. It is to be remembered that throughout Q1 the name of this personage is *Lyon* or *Leon*. 334 *the*] *a* Q1.
335 Enter . . .] Enter a Gentlewoman. Q1, at l. 333.
336 *Is it*] *Is't* Q1. 336, 337 *Is it . . . come*] one line Q. F.
337 *Or*] *or to* Q1. 340 *you are*] *y'are* Q2 to F.
341 *to*] om. Q1. 342 *fair*] om. Q4 to F.
342 *Exit . . .*] om. Q2 to Edd. '78. Exit Gent. Woo. Q1.
352 *friends*] *fiend friends* Q1.
352 *cheeks*] *face* Q2 to Web. Dyce notes that Philaster had just used that word (l. 346). 354 *arm'd*] *armed* Theo. to Web. *armèd* Dyce.
356 *th'art*] *thou art* Q1, 6, F., Theo.

SCENE II.

Arethusa's Apartment in the Palace.

Enter ARETHUSA *and a* Lady.

Are. Comes he not?
Lady. Madam?
Are. Will Philaster come?
Lady. Dear madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.
Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my woman's strength 5
Is so o'ercharged with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under-things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.
How look'd he when he told thee he would come?
Lady. Why, well. 10
Are. And not a little fearful?
Lady. Fear, madam! sure, he knows not what it is.
Are. You all are of his faction; the whole court
Is bold in praise of him; whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things, 15
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drown'd in the doing. But, I know he fears.
Lady. Fear, madam! methought, his looks hid more
Of love than fear.
Are. Of love! to whom? to you?
Did you deliver those plain words I sent, 20
With such a winning gesture and quick look
That you have caught him?
Lady. Madam, I mean to you.
Are. Of love to me! alas, thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births!
Nature, that loves not to be questioned 25
Why she did this or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,

SCENE II. 2, 3 *Dear . . . first*] Web. and Dyce end first line *me*.
6 *dangers*] *danger* F., Theo. 13 *all are*] *are all* Q4 to Theo.
18 *Fear*] om. Q1. 18 *methought*] *methoughts* Q1.
21 *winning*] *woing* Q1. 21 *quick*] i. e. lively. Dyce.
21 *look*] *looks* Q1. 22 *him*] om. Q1. 26 *her*] *his* Q1.
28 *Two*] *to* Q1. 28 *contrary*] *bound to put* Q1.

As he and I am: if a bowl of blood,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee, 30
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me!
Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.
Are. Bring him in. [*Exit* Lady.
You gods, that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,
To make the passions of a feeble maid 35
The way unto your justice, I obey.

Re-enter Lady *with* PHILASTER.

Lady. Here is my lord Philaster.
Are. Oh, 'tis well.
Withdraw yourself. [*Exit* Lady.
Phi. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wish'd to speak with me.
Are. 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words are such 40
I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loath to speak them. Have you known
That I have aught detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wrong'd you? or have set 45
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues?
Phi. Never, madam, you.
Are. Why, then, should you, in such a public place,
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, famed to be so great, 50
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?
Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak will be
Foolish: but, for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To anything you wish'd.

29 *am*] Similar instances of the irregular use of the first person singular (*am* for *are*) are frequent in our old drama, but are generally silently "corrected" by modern editors: this instance has escaped unnoticed.
30 *of mine*] om. Q1. 31 *Of*] om. Q1. 32 Exit Lady.] Dyce.
33 *dooms*] *dens* Q1
35 *passions*] *passion* Q4 to Dyce. 36 *unto*] *into* Q1.
36 Re-enter . . .] Dyce. Enter Phil. Q. F. 37 *'tis*] *it is* Q1, 2.
37 Exit Lady.] Web., Dyce. 41 *do*] *dos* Q1.
49 *Injure*] *Injury* Q1. 50 *famed*] *found* Q1.

Are. Philaster, know, 55
I must enjoy these kingdoms.
Phi. Madam, both?
Are. Both, or I die; by fate, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.
Phi. I would do much to save that noble life;
Yet would be loath to have posterity 60
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre and a crown
To save a lady's longing.
Are. Nay then, hear:
I must and will have them, and more—
Phi. What more?
Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepared 65
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.
Phi. Madam, what more?
Are. Turn then, away thy face.
Phi. No.
Are. Do.
Phi. I can endure it. Turn away my face! 70
I never yet saw enemy that look'd
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he; or spake
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his; 75
Nor beast that I could turn from: shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds? a lady's voice,
Whom I do love? Say, you would have my life;
Why, I will give it you; for it is of me
A thing so loathed, and unto you that ask 80
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price:
If you entreat, I will unmovedly hear.
Are. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.
Phi. I do.
Are. Then know, I must have them and thee.
Phi. And me?
Are. Thy love; without which all the land 85

57 *or I die*] *or I do* Q1. 57 *fate*] *heaven* Q1.
70 *can*] *cannot* Q3 to F., Web. *can't* Theo., Edd. '78.
71 *yet saw*] *saw yet* Q1. 72 *dreadfully*] *dreadful* F.
73, 74 *spake So horribly*] *speake so horrible* Q1.
77 *lady's voice*] *womans tongue* Q1.
79 *it is*] *'tis* Web., Dyce. 80 *ask*] *beg* Q1.

Discover'd yet will serve me for no use
But to be buried in.
Phi. Is't possible?
Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike me dead,
(Which, know, it may,) I have unript my breast. 90
Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts
To lay a train for this contemned life,
Which you may have for asking: to suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you!
By all my hopes, I do, above my life! 95
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.
Are. Another soul into my body shot
Could not have filled me with more strength and spirit 100
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time
In seeking how I came thus: 'tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so; and, sure, our love
Will be the nobler and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods 105
Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss;
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it.
Phi. 'Twill be ill
I should abide here long.
Are. 'Tis true; and worse
You should come often. How shall we devise 110
To hold intelligence that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?
Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck, 115
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.

89 *do*] om. Q1. *doth* Q5 to Theo. 93 *may*] *might* Q1
103 *The gods*] om. Q1. 104 *nobler*] *worthier* Q1.
107 *unwelcome*] *vnwelcom'd* Q1. 111 *loves*] *lovers* Q6, F.
116 *fountain's side*] *fountaine side* Q1. *Fountain side* F. *fountain-side* Theo., Edd. '78. 118 *again as much*] *as much again* Q1.

A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers bred in the vale, 120
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me; but ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence 125
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story:
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun, 130
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did shew
What every flower, as country-people hold,
Did signify, and how all, order'd thus,
Express'd his grief; and, to my thoughts, did read 135
The prettiest lecture of his country-art
That could be wish'd; so that methought I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd
Him, who was glad to follow; and have got

119 *him by*] *by him* Theo.

120 *bred in the vale*] *bred in the vayle* Q1. *bred in the bay* Q2 to Web.

Mason, unacquainted with Q1, notes:—"It appears to me, that by *Bred in the bay*, Philaster means, Woven in the garland. A bay means a garland, and to brede or braid, as it is now spelt, means to weave together. *Bred* is the participle of the verb, to *brede*, not of, to *breed*."

On this Weber remarks:—"It were to be wished that Mason had furnished us with instances which would bear out these interpretations. I believe that the words in question simply mean, bred in the bay, or on the shallow edge of the fountain, at which Philaster found Bellario." Dyce characterizes the first portion of Weber's remarks as "sensible enough"; the latter part as "absurd." He points out that "the play-wright who made an alteration of *Philaster* under the title of *The Restauration* . . . seems to have been forced, like Mason, to understand 'bay' in the sense of garland; for he gives—

'Of many several flowers *he'd* in the bay
Stuck,' etc."

Dyce adds:—"That 4to. 1620 [Q1] exhibits the true text in several places of this drama, where all the other eds. are corrupted, is beyond a doubt; and here too, I apprehend, it preserves the right reading. I ought to add that it has the spelling 'vayle'; whence, perhaps, by a typographical error, the other lection, 'bay.'"

124 *'em*] *them* Q1.

130 *their courses*] *the course* Q1.

131 *him, . . . light*] *it . . . life* Q1.

137 *methought*] *methoughts* Q1.

138, 139 *I gladly . . . follow*] Dyce's arrangement. The speech is printed as prose in Q1. Q2 to Web. end first line with *him;* and Theo. followed by Edd. '78 and Web. read in second line "who was *as* glad."

The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy 140
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Re-enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well; no more.
Lady. Madam, the prince is come to do his service.
Are. What will you do, Philaster, with yourself? 145
Phi. Why, that which all the gods have pointed out
for me.
Are. Dear, hide thyself.—
Bring in the prince. [*Exit* Lady.
Phi. Hide me from Pharamond!
When thunder speaks, which is the voice of Jove, 150
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;
And shall a stranger-prince have leave to brag
Unto a foreign nation, that he made
Philaster hide himself?
Are. He cannot know it.
Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the world, 155
It is a simple sin to hide myself,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.
Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way
In what he says: for he is apt to speak
What you are loath to hear: for my sake, do. 160
Phi. I will.

Re-enter Lady *with* PHARAMOND.

Pha. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands, and to shew, [*Exit* Lady.

142 Re-enter . . .] Dyce. Enter . . . Q.F., etc.
145 *do, Philaster*] *Philaster do* Q1.
146 *pointed out*] Web., Dyce (Mason conj.). *appointed out* Q1 to Edd. '78.
147—149 *Dear . . . Pharamond*] Here as in Web. and Dyce: they do not arrange lines metrically, but probably intend *Bring . . . Pharamond* as one line. Q1 to Edd. '78 print in two lines, the first ending *prince.* I imagine the author intended *Dear, hide thyself.—Hide me from Pharamond!* as one line; *Bring in the prince*, being an intercalatory extra metrical sentence. In doubt I have numbered the passage as three lines. 148 Exit Lady.] Dyce.
150 *Jove*] *God* Q1. 151 *hide me not*] *doe not hide myselfe* Q1.
153, 154 *Unto . . . himself*] one line Q., F.
156, 157 *It is . . . Which will*] Qy. *It were . . . Which would?*
160 *for my sake, do*] om. Q1.
161 Re-enter . . .] Dyce. Enter Pharamond. Q.,F., etc.
163 Exit Lady.] Dyce.

In outward ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart. 165
Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.
Pha. To what would he have answer?
Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.
Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the King— 170
Phi. Good sir, do so still; I would not talk with you.
Pha. But now the time is fitter; do but offer
To make mention of right to any kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable,——
Phi. Good sir, let me go.
Pha. And by the gods—
Phi. Peace, Pharamond! if thou— 175
Are. Leave us, Philaster.
Phi. I have done.
Pha. You are gone! by heaven, I'll fetch you back.
Phi. You shall not need.
Pha. What now?
Phi. Know, Pharamond,
I loathe to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice; but if 180
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say,
"Thou wert," and not lament it.
Pha. Do you slight
My greatness so, and in the chamber of
The princess?
Phi. It is a place to which I must confess 185
I owe a reverence; but were't the church,
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou darest injure me, but I dare kill thee:
And for your greatness, know, sir, I can grasp

165 *Writ*] *within* Q1.
166 *answer no directlier,*] *answer or no, directly* Q1.
168 *what would*] *what ? what would* Q1.
168 *answer*] *an answer* Q5 to Theo. 170 *forbare*] *forbeare* Q4'39 to F.
173 *right*] *your right* Theo. to Web. 174 *be*] *lie* Q1.
175 *the gods*] *my sword* Q4 to Dyce. 175 *if thou*] *if then* Q1.
177 Pha. *You . . . back*] All that remains of this speech in Q1 is "*Pha.* You," as catch-word at bottom of page; the next page begins with "*Phi.* You shall not need." 180 *nought*] *nothing* Q1. 181 *shalt*] Qy. *dost*?
183 *so*] *so much* Q1.
187 *Ay, at the altar*] *at the high altar* Q1.
188 *injure*] *injurie* Q1 189 *sir*] om. Q1.

You and your greatness thus, thus into nothing. 190
Give not a word, not a word back! Farewell. [*Exit* PHI.

Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow, madam; we must stop
His mouth with some office when we are married.

Are. You were best make him your controller.

Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But, madam, 195
I hope our hearts are knit; and yet so slow
The ceremonies of state are, that 'twill be long
Before our hands be so. If then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming form, but take a little stolen 200
Delights, and so prevent our joys to come.

Are. If you dare speak such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honour. [*Exit* ARE.

Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out till the wedding; I must seek elsewhere. 205
[*Exit* PHA.

192, 193 *'Tis . . . married*] Web. prints as prose.
198 *hands*] *hearts* Q1. 198 *If then*] *then if* Q1.
200 *form*] *for me* Q5 to F. 201 *prevent*] i. e. anticipate. Dyce.
202 *such*] *your* Q1.
202, 205 *If . . . elsewhere*] "So arranged in old eds. Perhaps, the author intended the passage to stand thus:
'*Are.* If you dare speak such thoughts, I must withdraw
In honour. [*Exit.*
Pha. The constitution of my body
Will *ne'er* hold out till the wedding; I must seek elsewhere.'" Dyce.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter PHILASTER *and* BELLARIO.

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and, for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.
Bel. Sir, you did take me up 5
When I was nothing; and only yet am something
By being yours. You trusted me unknown;
And that which you were apt to conster
A simple innocence in me, perhaps
Might have been craft, the cunning of a boy 10
Harden'd in lies and theft; yet ventured you
To part my miseries and me; for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.
Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art young, 15
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks and speak thee fair yet;

4—10 *Apter . . . boy*] Theobald's division, followed by Dyce. In Q. F., six lines ending *deserve . . . nothing . . . yours . . . apt . . . in me . . . boy;* Edd. '78 and Web. follow Q. F., except that they give a separate line to *Ay, or deserve* of our l. 5. In l. 8 Theo. reads—"*are* apt to *construe now*"; the "*are*," the reading of F., he of course caught from the ed. 1711, a modernized reprint of F.; the form "construe" was first introduced in that 1711 ed.; Edd. '78 and Web. also adopt it. The "now" is an insertion of his own to support the metre. On this Dyce remarks—"A word, perhaps, has dropt out; but (among other passages of this kind which might be cited) compare—

'Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin
I have committed; let it not fall
Upon this understanding child of mine!'"

Act ii. Sc. iv. ll. 64—66.

6 *and only yet am*] *and I am only yet* Q1. 10 *craft*] *crafty* Q1.
17 *clap*] *claps* Q1. 17 *yet*] om. Q1.

But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends 20
That placed thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee too.
Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty: I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept 25
To greater men than he: but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.
Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.
Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth: 30
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge; and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once. What master holds so strict a hand 35
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off; and I shall mend.
Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay, 40
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas, I do not turn thee off! thou knowest
It is my business that doth call thee hence;
And when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me.
Think so, and 'tis so: and when time is full, 45
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will!
Nay, weep not, gentle boy. 'Tis more than time
Thou didst attend the princess.
Bel. I am gone. 50
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer:
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs!

18 *thy*] om. Q1. 18 *to*] *no* Q1.
23, 24 *I never . . . remember*] Theo. and Dyce end first line *part with.*
40 *doth*] *dos* Q1. 54 *fights*] *sighes* Q1.

May sick men, if they have your wish, be well; 55
And Heaven hate those you curse, though I be one! [*Exit.*
Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is strange;
I have read wonders of it: yet this boy
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would out-do story. I may see 60
A day to pay him for his loyalty. [*Exit* PHI.

SCENE II.

A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter PHARAMOND.

Pha. Why should these ladies stay so long? They must come this way: I know the queen employs 'em not; for the reverend mother sent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they should all prove honest now, I were in a fair taking; I was never so long without sport in my life, and, in my conscience, 'tis not my fault. Oh, for our country ladies! 5

Enter GALATEA.

Here's one bolted; I'll hound at her.—Madam!
Gal. Your grace!
Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?
Gal. Not to me, sir. 10
Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick. By this sweet hand——
Gal. You'll be forsworn, sir; 'tis but an old glove.
If you will talk at distance, I am for you:
But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag;
These two I bar; 15
And then, I think, I shall have sense enough
To answer all the weighty apothegms
Your royal blood shall manage.

56 *Heaven*] *Heavens* Q1, F. SCENE II.
3 *the reverend mother*] "i.e. the Mother of the Maids: compare *The Woman-hater*, III. iii. ['Farewell, you maidens with your mother eke!']." Dyce.
4 *honest*] i.e. chaste. Dyce. 6 *sport*] *sport before* Q1.
8 *Madam*] "This necessary word is found only in 4to. 1620 [Q1]. Not in modern eds." Dyce. 11 *you are*] *y'are* Q1.
12—18 *You'll be . . . manage*] Theobald's division; followed by Dyce: as prose in all other eds. 12 *but*] om. Q1.
13 *at distance*] *at a distance* Web. 15 *I bar*] *I onely bar* Q1.

Pha. Dear lady, can you love?

Gal. Dear, prince! how dear? I ne'er cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, sir, to blush the sin out it was given for. This wire mine own hair covers; and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it ne'er cost penny painting; and, for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous mercer's wife curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me, lady.

Gal. Lord, I do so: would you or I could help it!

Pha. Y'are very dangerous bitter, like a potion.

Gal. No, sir, I do not mean to purge you, though I mean to purge a little time on you.

Pha. Do ladies of this country use to give
No more respect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full being! I understand you not, unless your grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white wine brewed with carduus; then fast till supper; about eight you may eat: use exercise, and keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a tiller: but, of all, your grace must fly phlebotomy, fresh pork, conger, and clarified whey; they are all dullers of the vital spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true, sir; I talk of you.

Pha. [*aside*]. This is a crafty wench; I like her wit

21 *coach*] *couch* Q1. 21, 22 *of a banquet*] *of a play and a banquet* Q1.
22, 23 *to blush . . . given for*] *to make you blush* Q1.
23 *This wire . . . covers*] *this is my own hair* Q1.
25 *cost penny*] *cost a penny* Q1.
26 *wardrobe*] Q1 and 6 have the form *wardrop*; Q5*b* *wardrope*.
26, 27 *no hand behind it*] meaning, I presume, no acknowledgment of indebtedness, but that it is paid for and crossed off the mercer's books. Mason suggested that for *hand* we should read *handle* and Web. adopted his suggestion.
27 *mercer's*] *silke-mans* Q1. 27, 28 *our good doings*] *our doing* Q1.
29 *You mistake*] *You much mistake* Q1.
31—33 Pha. *Y'are . . . on you*] In Q1 only of the old eds. and there printed as prose. Dyce restored it to the text, as verse; altering however *Y'are* to *You're*.
34, 35 *Do . . . being*] As verse Theo. and Dyce; prose the rest.
41 *tiller*] Supposed here to mean a cross-bow. See Nares *Gloss.* in v.
43 *conger*] *and conger* Q1. 43 *are all*] *are* Q1.
44 *spirits*] *anymales* Q1.

well; 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden appetite: she's a Danae, and must be courted in a shower of gold. ——Madam, look here; all these, and more than—— 50

Gal. What have you there, my lord? gold! now, as I live, 'tis fair gold! You would have silver for it, to play with the pages: you could not have taken me in a worse time; but, if you have present use, my lord, I'll send my man with silver, and keep your gold safe 55 for you. [*Takes gold.*

Pha. Lady, lady!

Gal. She's coming, sir, behind, will take white money.—

Aside] Yet for all this I'll match ye. 60

[*Exit* GAL. *behind the hangings.*

Pha. If there be but two such more in this kingdom, and near the court, we may even hang up our harps. Ten such camphire-constitutions as this would call the golden age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill-faced husband to get his own children; 65 and what a mischief that would breed, let all consider.

Enter MEGRA.

Here's another: if she be of the same last, the devil shall pluck her on.—Many fair mornings, lady!

Meg. As many mornings bring as many days,
Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your grace! 70

48, 49 *she's a Danae*] *she's daintie* Q1. 49 *in a shower*] *with a shewer* Q1.
52 *You would . . . for if*] *you'd . . . fort* Q1.
54 *time ;*] *time sir*, Q1.
55, 56 *safe for you*] So Q1: all subsequent editions omit *safe*.
56 Takes gold.] Dyce. Here Q1 has a stage-direction—"She slips behind the Orras."
58—60 *She's coming . . . match ye*] Notwithstanding the stage-direction in Q1 at l. 56, that Qo. has the equivalent of this speech thus:—
"Gal. *She's coming sir behind,*
Will ye take white money yet for all this. Exit."
60 *match ye*] (*you* Edd.'78, Web.). Mason notes:—"This is sense, yet probably we ought to read *watch you*, as Galatea does actually watch Pharamond, and retires behind the scene for that purpose." Dyce adds:—"Settle in his alteration of the play gives '*watch ye.*'"
61 *more in this kingdom*] *in this kingdom more* Q1.
62 *even*] *ene* Q1.
63 *camphire-constitutions*] Hyphened by Dyce. Web. notes:—"camphire was anciently classed among those articles of the materia medica, which were *cold* in an eminent degree." Dyce adds:—"See Sir T. Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, Bk. ii. c. vii. p. 111, ed. 1672." [Bohn I. 213.]
66 *would*] *will* Q2 to Web.

Pha. She gives good words yet; sure, this wench is free.—
If your more serious business do not call you, Lady,
Let me hold quarter with you; we'll talk an hour
Out quickly.
Meg. What would your grace talk of? 75
Pha. Of some such pretty subject as yourself:
I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;
There's theme enough for one man for an age.
Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, and red enough, 80
Or my glass wrongs me.
Pha. Oh, they are two twinn'd cherries dyed in blushes
Which those fair suns above with their bright beams
Reflect upon and ripen! Sweetest beauty,
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste 85
Of the faint looker-on may meet those blessings,
And taste and live.
Meg. Oh, delicate sweet prince!
She that hath snow enough about her heart
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,
May be a nun without probation.—Sir, 90
You have in such neat poetry gather'd a kiss,
That if I had but five lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blanks, I should commend
Your forehead or your cheeks, and kiss you too.
Pha. Do it in prose; you cannot miss it, madam. 95
Meg. I shall, I shall.
Pha. By my life, but you shall not;
I'll prompt you first. [*Kisses her.*] Can you do it now?

72 *Lady*] om. Q2 to Dyce.
73 *we'll talk*] *we will talk* Dyce, who ends the line with *talk*. Q6 and F. for *talk* have *take*. 77 *or lip*] *your lip* Q1. 78 *theme*] *time* Q1.
79, 80 *even*, *Smooth*] Dyce, with Q1, omits comma after *even*, and ends l. 79 with *smooth*. 80 *and*] om. Q4 '39 to Web.
82 *blushes*] *blush* Q1. 83 *bright*] *deepe* Q1.
86 *faint . . . those*] *sweete . . . these* Q1. Here Q1 has a stage-direction:—"They kisse."
89, 90 *lines off, . . . probation*] *lines, it may be a number without Probatum* Q1.
90, 91 *May . . . kiss*] So divided Edd.'78 to Dyce. Q1 to Theo. end first line *probation*, and Theo. in l. 91 for *you have* has *you've*. The speech is printed as prose in Q1.
91 *in*] *by* Q1. 93 *blanks*] i. e. blank verses.
96 *but*] Q1, Dyce. om. the rest. 97 Kisses her] Web. and Dyce.

Meg. Methinks 'tis easy, now you ha' done't before me;
But yet should I stick at it——
Pha. Stick till to-morrow;
I'll never part you, sweetest. But we lose time: 100
Can you love me?
Meg. Love you, my lord! how would you have me love you?
Pha. I'll teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I will not load your memory; this is all: love me, and lie 105 with me.
Meg. Was it lie with you, that you said? 'tis impossible.
Pha. Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour: if I do not teach you to do it as easily in one night as 110 you'll go to bed, I'll lose my royal blood for't.
Meg. Why, prince, you have a lady of your own
That yet wants teaching.
Pha. I'll sooner teach a mare the old measures than teach her any thing belonging to the function. She's 115 afraid to lie with herself, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her. I know, when we are married, I must ravish her.
Meg. By my honour, that's a foul fault indeed;
But time and your good help will wear it out, sir. 120
Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest lady, I had rather be Sir Tim the schoolmaster, and leap a dairy-maid.
Meg. Has your grace seen the court-star, Galatea?
Pha. Out upon her! she's as cold of her favour as 125 an apoplex: she sailed by but now.
Meg. And how do you hold her wit, sir?

98 *now you ha' done't before me*] *now I ha' don't before* Q2 to Web. (*done't* Web.). 99 *But*] *and* Q1.
99 *should I stick at it*—] Ed. *I should stick at it.* Q1 to Dyce.
100 *never*] *ne're*, *ne'r*, or *ne'er* Q2 to Edd.'78.
103 *love you?*] *loue ye?* Q1.
112, 113 *Why . . . teaching*] Dyce's division. Prose the rest.
116, 117 *any masculine imaginations*] *my mascaline imagination* Q1.
119, 120 *By . . . sir*] Divided as in Q1 and Dyce. Prose the rest.
119 *that's*] *that is* Dyce 121 *any*] *my* Q1.
122 *Tim the*] *Timen a* Q1.
123 *leap*] *keepe* Q1. Qos. 2 and 3 add *Madam* at the end of this speech; the former after a full-stop, the latter after a comma.
127 *And how . . . wit, sir*] *How . . . wit* Q1.

If Destiny (to whom we dare not say,
'Why didst thou this?') have not decreed it so,
In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters
Were never alter'd yet), this match shall break.— 30
Where's the boy?
Lady. Here, madam.

Enter BELLARIO *richly dressed.*

Are. Sir,
You are sad to change your service; is't not so?
Bel. Madam, I have not changed; I wait on you, 35
To do him service.
Are. Thou disclaim'st in me.
Tell me thy name.
Bel. Bellario.
Are. Thou canst sing and play?
Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.
Are. Alas, what kind of grief can thy years know? 40
Hadst thou a curst master when thou went'st to school?
Thou art not capable of other grief;
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them: believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes, 45
And builds himself caves, to abide in them.
Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?
Bel. Love, madam! I know not what it is.
Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st
love?

28 '*Why didst thou this?*'] Theo., Web. *Why thou didst this*, Q1 to F., Dyce. '*Why, thou didst this!*' Edd.'78.
30 *Were*] *Was* Q1 to 6.
30 *alter'd yet*),] Dyce. *altred, yet* Q1. *altered;*) *yet*, Q2 to Theo. *altered*) *yet*, Edd.'78, Web. 32 Enter . . .] "richly dressed" added by Dyce.
36 *Thou disclaim'st in me*] *Then trust in me* Q1.
36 *disclaim'st in me*] "i. e. disclaimest me. The expression is common in our early writers." Dyce.
No doubt to *disclaim in* is frequently to be considered as equivalent to *disclaim*, pure and simple; the Princess, however, does not here intimate that Bellario disclaims or renounces her, but only that he disclaims or repudiates any inherent right in her to his service: he waits on her not as her servant but as servant to his lord.
41 *curst*] *crosse* Q1. 43 *waters*] *water* Q1.
44 *breath*] In proof of the dependence of F. on Q6, it may, perhaps, be worth noting that it follows Q6 in misspelling this word *dreath*: it, however, corrected the next word *troubles*, where Q5 and 6 have *trouble*.
45 *out*] om. Q1. 46 *himself*] *itself* Q1. 47 *does*] *doth* Q1.

Thou art deceived, boy. Does he speak of me 50
As if he wish'd me well?
Bel. If it be love
To forget all respect of his own friends
In thinking of your face; if it be love
To sit cross-arm'd and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud 55
And hastily as men i' the streets do fire;
If it be love to weep himself away
When he but hears of any lady dead
Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;
If, when he goes to rest (which will not be), 60
'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once,
As others drop a bead, be to be in love,
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.
Are. Oh, y'are a cunning boy, and taught to lie
For your lord's credit! but thou know'st a lie 65
That bears this sound is welcomer to me
Than any truth that says he loves me not.
Lead the way, boy.—Do you attend me too.—
'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Before PHARAMOND'S *lodging in the Court of the Palace.*

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, MEGRA, GALATEA.

Dion. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As men
Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour
After supper; 'tis their exercise.
Gal. 'Tis late.

52 *of*] *to* Q1 to 3. 53 *In*] *with* Q1 to 3.
54 *sigh*] *thinke* Q1 to 3.
55 *Mingled . . . crying*] *with mingling starts and crying* Q1.
56 *And hastily*] om. Q1. 56 *i'the*] *in* Q1.
58 *lady*] *woman* Q1. 62 *a bead*] *beades* Q1.
63, 64 *Then, madam*, &c.] "Arranged thus by Theobald:
'Then, Madam, I dare swear he loves you. *Are.* O!
You are a cunning boy,' &c.
He may have been right; but 'swear' is repeatedly used as a dissyllable by our early poets." Dyce. 64, 65 *to lie For your*] *to your* Q1.
69 *thus. Away*] *thus away* Q1.

Meg. 'Tis all 5
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.
Gal. I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce find
The way to your own lodging with 'em to-night.

Enter PHARAMOND.

Thra. The prince!
Pha. Not a-bed, ladies? y'are good sitters-up: 10
What think you of a pleasant dream, to last
Till morning?
Meg. I should choose, my lord, a pleasing wake before it.

Enter ARETHUSA *and* BELLARIO.

Are. 'Tis well, my lord; y'are courting of these ladies.—
Is't not late, gentlemen? 15
Cle. Yes, madam.
Are. Wait you there.
Meg. [*aside.*] She's jealous, as I live.—Look you, my lord,
The princess has a Hylas, an Adonis.
Pha. His form is angel-like. 20
Meg. Why, this is he that must, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with
His hand and voice binding your thoughts in sleep;
The princess does provide him for you and for herself.
Pha. I find no music in these boys.
Meg. Nor I: 25
They can do little, and that small they do,
They have not wit to hide.
Dion. Serves he the princess?
Thra. Yes.
Dion. 'Tis a sweet boy: how brave she keeps him!
Pha. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a buck 30

7 *they are*] *theyre* Q1. 8 *own*] om. Q3 to Web.
11 *pleasant*] *pleasing* Q1. 13 *should*] *shall* Q1.
14 *my lord*] om. Q1. 14 *these*] om. Q3 to F., Edd.'78. *the* Theo.
18 *you*] om. Q1. 19 *has*] om. Q1.
21 *this is he that must,*] Dyce. *this is that, must* Q1. *this is he, must,* Q2 to F. *this is he must,* Theo. to Web. Theo completed the line by reading in the second half—" when you *once* are wed "; Dyce, it will be seen, completes the line by introducing in the first half *that,* from the imperfect Q1.
27 *hide*] *hide it* Q1. 29 *brave*] i. e. finely dressed. Dyce.

To-morrow morning ere y'have done your dreams.
Meg. All happiness attend your grace!
[*Exit* PHARAMOND.]
Gentlemen, good rest.—
Come, shall we to-bed?
Gal. Yes.—All good night.
Dion. May your dreams be true to you!—
[*Exeunt* GALATEA *and* MEGRA.
What shall we do, gallants? 'tis late. The King 35
Is up still: see, he comes; a guard along
With him.

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, *and* Guard.

King. Look your intelligence be true.
Are. Upon my life, it is; and I do hope
Your highness will not tie me to a man 40
That in the heat of wooing throws me off,
And takes another.
Dion. What should this mean?
King. If it be true,
That lady had been better have embraced 45
Cureless diseases. Get you to your rest:
You shall be righted. [*Exeunt* ARETHUSA *and* BELLARIO.]
—Gentlemen, draw near;
We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond
Come to his lodging?
Dion. I saw him enter there.
King. Haste, some of you, and cunningly discover 50
If Megra be in her lodging. [*Exit* DION.
Cle. Sir,
She parted hence but now, with other ladies.
King. If she be there, we shall not need to make
A vain discovery of our suspicion.— 55

31 *y'have*] *you have* Q1. *y'ave* Q5, F. *y'are* Q6. 33 *Come*] om. Q1.
45 *had been better have*] A common form of expression, a single illustration will suffice:—

"Thou hadst been better have been born a dog."
Othello III. iii. 362.

Q1, which prints the speech as prose, omits *have;* that form also is not infrequent, cf.,—

"Come, sir, you had been better kept your bed."
Spanish Tragedy, III. iii.

The 1711 ed. of Beaumont and Fletcher altered the phrase to *had much better have;* Theo., Ed.'78 and Web. followed suit, by mere oversight it is to be presumed: Dyce, of course, restored as in text.

You gods, I see that who unrighteously
Holds wealth or state from others shall be cursed
In that which meaner men are blest withal:
Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit, and his name shall be 60
Blotted from earth; if he have any child,
It shall be crossly match'd; the gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin
I have committed; let it not fall 65
Upon this understanding child of mine!
She has not broke your laws. But how can I
Look to be heard of gods that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Re-enter DION.

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her women swear she 70
is within; but they, I think, are bawds. I told 'em, I
must speak with her; they laughed, and said, their
lady lay speechless. I said, my business was important;
they said, their lady was about it. I grew hot, and
cried, my business was a matter that concerned life 75
and death; they answered, so was sleeping, at which
their lady was. I urged again, she had scarce time
to be so since last I saw her; they smiled again, and
seemed to instruct me that sleeping was nothing but
lying down and winking. Answers more direct I 80
could not get: in short, sir, I think she is not there.

King. 'Tis then no time to dally.—You o' the guard,
Wait at the back door of the prince's lodging,
And see that none pass thence, upon your lives.—
Knock, gentlemen; knock loud; louder yet. 85
What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing?—
I'll break your meditations.—Knock again.—
Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this

61 *earth*] *the earth* Q1.
66, 67 *understanding. . . She*] *vndeseruing child if she* Q1.
67 *can*] *could* Q1.
69 *by*] *in* Q1. 81 *get*] *get from them* Q1.
81 *I think she is not*] *she's not* Q1. 85 *loud*] *louder* Theo.
85 *louder yet*] om. Q1. 86 *their . . . their*] *your . . . your* Q1.
87 *again*] *again, and lowder* Q1.
88, 89 *this Larum*] *his Larum* Q2. *such larumes* Q1.

Larum by him.—Once more.—Pharamond! prince!
[PHARAMOND *above.*

Pha. What saucy groom knocks at this dead of night? 90
Where be our waiters? By my vexed soul,
He meets his death that meets me, for this boldness.

King. Prince, prince, you wrong your thoughts; we are your friends:
Come down.

Pha. The King!

King. The same. Come down, sir:
We have cause of present counsel with you. 95

Enter PHARAMOND *below.*

Pha. If your grace please to use me, I'll attend you
To your chamber.

King. No, 'tis too late, prince; I'll make bold with yours.

Pha. I have some private reasons to myself
Make me unmannerly, and say, you cannot.— 100
Nay, press not forward, gentlemen; he must come
Through my life that comes here.

King. Sir, be resolved I must and will come.—Enter!

Pha. I will not be dishonour'd:
He that enters enters upon his death. 105
Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,
To bring these renegadoes to my chamber

93 *Prince, prince*] *Prince* Q2 to Web. Theobald, to assist the metre, gave "Prince you *do* wrong," etc.

94 *The same. Come down, sir*] Ed. *The same, sir. Come down sir* Q1, Dyce. *The same, sir, come down* Q2 to Web.

99 *some*] *certaine* Q1. 99 *myself*] *myself sir*, Q1.

100 *Make*] *makes* Q., F. (Here Q1 has a stage-direction—"They prease to come in.") 101 *gentlemen*] om. Q1.

103 *be resolved*] i.e. be assured. Mason.

103 *I must. . . Enter*] Q2, 3, Dyce. *I must come, and will come enter.* Q1.

This last word, *Enter*, of the king's speech, in Q4 '34 by some accident of the press got shifted up to a level with the last line of Pharamond's preceding speech and there stands, a long space from it, as though it were a stage-direction, though printed in Roman; the succeeding quartos and folio continued the error. The ed. 1711, followed by Theo. and Edd.'78, frankly made it into a stage-direction by printing in italic, and behind a bracket, thus—[*Enters.* Web. striking the word out altogether, erroneously notes that Q2 has—"I must and will enter."

104 *dishonour'd*] *dishonour'd thus* Q1. 107 *renegadoes*] *runagates* Q1.

At these unseason'd hours.
King. Why do you
Chafe yourself so? you are not wrong'd nor shall be;
Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause 110
To ourself known.—Enter, I say.
Pha. I say no.
[MEGRA *above.*
Meg. Let 'em enter, prince, let 'em enter;
I am up and ready: I know their business;
'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honour
They hunt so hotly after; let 'em enjoy it.— 115
You have your business, gentlemen; I lay here.—
Oh, my lord the King, this is not noble in you
To make public the weakness of a woman!
King. Come down.
Meg. I dare, my lord. Your whootings and your clamours, 120
Your private whispers and your broad fleerings,
Can no more vex my soul than this base carriage:
But I have vengeance yet in store for some
Shall, in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment.
King. Will you come down? 125
Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst; but I shall wring you,
If my skill fail me not. [*Exit above.*
King. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this looseness;
You have wrong'd a worthy lady: but, no more.—
Conduct him to my lodging and to bed. 130
[*Exeunt* PHARAMOND *and* Attendants.

109 *so*] om. Q1. 111 *known*] om. Q1.
112, 113 *Let. . . business*] so divided Theo. to Dyce. First line ends *prince* Q.,F. Q1 makes one line of *Let . . . up;* omits *and ready*, and prints rest of speech as prose. Theo., it should be added, reads "I *do* know" in l. 113. 113 *ready*] i.e. dressed. Mason. 114 *the*] *a* Q1.
120 *whootings*] *whoting* Q1. *hootings* Dyce.
121 *broad*] *broader* Theo. for both sense and metre, as he considered.
123 *yet*] *still* Q1.
124 *most*] i.e. greatest. *See* Nares.
126 *wring*] *wrong* Q5*a*, 6, F. In Q5*b* there is not space for an *o* between *r* and *n*, and only a faint indication of an *i*. This would seem to suggest that the printer of Q5*a* having the Q5*b* for his copy conjecturally printed "wrong"; and would point to Q6 as being printed from Q5*a*. 127 *Exit . . .*] Dyce.
128 *dearly chide you*] *chide you dearly* Q1. 129 *worthy*] om. Q1.
130 *my*] *his* Q1. 130 *Exeunt . . .*] Dyce.

Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed indeed.

Dion. 'Tis strange a man cannot ride a stage
Or two, to breathe himself, without a warrant.
If this gear hold, that lodgings be search'd thus,
Pray heaven we may lie with our own wives in safety, 135
That they be not by some trick of state mistaken!

Enter MEGRA *below.*

King. Now, lady-of-honour, where's your honour now?
No man can fit your palate but the prince:
Thou most ill-shrouded rottenness, thou piece
Made by a painter and a 'pothecary, 140
Thou troubled sea of lust, thou wilderness
Inhabited by wild thoughts, thou swoln cloud
Of infection, thou ripe mine of all diseases,
Thou all-sin, all-hell, and last all-devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies 145
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?
By all the gods, all these, and all the pages,
And all the court, shall hoot thee through the court,
Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes,
And sear thy name with candles upon walls! 150
Do you laugh, lady Venus?

Meg. Faith, sir, you must pardon me;
I cannot chose but laugh to see you merry.
If you do this, O King! nay, if you dare do it,
By all those gods you swore by, and as many 155

132—136 *'Tis strange . . . mistaken*] Here divided as in Q2 to F., followed by Edd.'78 and Dyce. Q1 ends lines *two . . . hold . . . lie . . . be not . . . mistaken.* Theo. gave first two lines thus—

"Tis strange, a Man *can't* ride a Stage or two,
To breathe himself, without a Warrant *for't:*"—

and for the rest followed Q2 to F. Web. printed the speech as prose.

132 *stage*] Q1, Theo. (conjecturally), Web., Dyce. *Stagge* or *Stagg* Q2 to F. *Stag* ed. 1711. The Edd.'78 thought Theo.'s conjectural emendation probably right, "but the seeming reference to a *buck-warrant*, in the next line" ["!" Dyce], induced them to retain *stag.* 135 *heaven*] *God* Q1.

136 Enter . . .] Dyce. Enter with Megra. Q2 to F. Enter Megra. ed. 1711 to Web. In the margin of ll. 135, 136, in lieu of this entry, Q1 has—"they come down to the King." 137 *lady-of-honour*] Ed.; not hyphened in preceding eds. 140 *a 'pothecary*] *Apothecaries* Q. 142 *wild*] Qy. *vild*?

144 *all-hell*] *and hell* Q1. Note. The hyphens in this line by Dyce.

147 *and all*] *all* Q1. 149 *ribald*] *reball* Q1.

154 *dare do it*] Qy. *threaten it* or *dare threat it*? 155 *those*] *these* Q6, F.

More of my own, I will have fellows, and such
Fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth!
The princess, your dear daughter, shall stand by me
On walls, and sung in ballads, anything:
Urge me no more; I know her and her haunts, 160
Her lays, leaps, and outlays, and will discover all;
Nay, will dishonour her. I know the boy
She keeps; a handsome boy, about eighteen;
Know what she does with him, where, and when.
Come, sir, you put me to a woman's madness, 165
The glory of a fury; and if I do not
Do it to the height——

King. What boy is this she raves at?

Meg. Alas, good-minded prince, you know not these things!
I am loath to reveal 'em. Keep this fault,
As you would keep your health from the hot air 170
Of the corrupted people, or, by heaven,
I will not fall alone. What I have known
Shall be as public as a print; all tongues
Shall speak it as they do the language they
Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set it, 175
Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at,
And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms far and foreign

157 *as*] *that* Q1. 159 *any*] *or any* Q1.
161 *lays, leaps*] *fayre leaps* Q1. 161 *outlays*] *out-lying* Q1.
162 *Nay*] *and* Q1.
164 *and when*] *when* Q1. 172 *fall*] *sinke* Q1.
173 *a print*] *in print* Q1. 176 *prodigious*] i. e. portentous. Dyce.
177 *And . . . foreign*] "This formidable line was reduced by Theobald to

'So high and glowing, that kingdoms far and foreign.'

The Editors of 1778 divided it thus—

'And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms
Far and foreign.'

There may be some corruption: but compare *The Woman-hater*, III. i. 4, 'And must attend,' &c." Dyce.

Mitford (*Cursory Notes*, etc. 1856, p. 10) thinks Theobald's curtailment very judicious, and with reference to the passage in *The Woman-hater*—

"Heaven, if my sins be ripe, grown to a head,
And must attend your vengeance, I beg not to divert my fate,
Only to reprieve awhile thy punishment."——

he remarks:—"I think this may be set right, by considering 'grown to a head' as a various reading, or marginal explanation, of 'ripe,' and reading—

Heaven, if my sins be ripe, and must attend
Your vengeance, I beg not to divert my fate, etc.

Mistakes often occur from the printer copying from the manuscript all the

Shall read it there, nay, travel with it, till they find
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your fair princess! 180

King. Has she a boy?

Cle. So please your grace, I have seen a boy wait on her,
A fair boy.

King. Go, get you to your quarter:
For this time I will study to forget you.

Meg. Do you study to forget me, and I'll study 185
To forget you. [*Exeunt* KING, MEGRA, *and* Guard.

Cle. Why, here's a male spirit fit for Hercules. If ever there be Nine Worthies of Women, this wench shall ride astride and be their captain.

Dion. Sure, she has a garrison of devils in her 190 tongue, she uttered such balls of wild-fire: she has so nettled the King, that all the doctors in the country will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange-found-out antidote to cure her infection; that boy, that princess' boy; that brave, chaste, virtuous lady's boy; and 195 a fair boy, a well-spoken boy! All these considered, can make nothing else,—but there I leave you, gentlemen.

Thra. Nay, we'll go wander with you. [*Exeunt.*

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materials and alterations of a line, of which the reading is not definitely finished, and not separating the final improvement, or the first, from the second thoughts."

178 *nay*] *om.* Q1.

182, 183 *So please . . . fair boy*] Dyce's division; the rest end l. 182 *wait.*

184 *I will*] *I'll* Q1 to Edd.'78.

185, 186 *Do . . . forget you*] *Do so and i'le forget your*—Q1.

187—189 *Why . . . captain*] "This speech perhaps ought to stand as three lines of colloquial verse." Dyce. 187 *why*] om. Q1.

187 *fit*] om. Q3 to Web.

188 *Nine Worthies*] Dyce here refers to his note on *Thierry and Theodoret*, II. iv. I give it here as this is the first mention of these Worthies in this edition:—"Perhaps the reader may require to be informed that these were Joshua, Judas Maccabæus, David, Alexander the Great, Hector, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon, and King Arthur: see, for instance, Middleton's *World Tost at Tennis*,—*Works*, V. 177. ed. Dyce." [ed. Bullen, VII. 164.] 188 *Worthies*] *Worthy* Q1.

189 *astride*] *aside* Q1.

190 *has*] *hath* F. 191 *uttered*] *uttereth* F. to Web.

193 *scarce*] *not* Q1. 194 *infection*] *infections* Q1 to 3.

195 *brave, chaste*] *chaste, brave* Q1. 197 *you*] *yee* Q1.

199 *wander*] Qy. *wonder*?

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Court of the Palace.

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Cle. Nay, doubtless, 'tis true.
Dion. Ay; and 'tis the gods.
That raised this punishment, to scourge the King
With his own issue. Is it not a shame
For us that should write noble in the land, 5
For us that should be freemen, to behold
A man that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster, press'd down from his royal right
By this regardless King? and only look
And see the sceptre ready to be cast 10
Into the hands of that lascivious lady
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be married
To yon strange prince, who, but that people please
To let him be a prince, is born a slave
In that which should be his most noble part, 15
His mind?
Thra. That man that would not stir with you
To aid Philaster, let the gods forget
That such a creature walks upon the earth!
Cle. Philaster is too backward in't himself,
The gentry do await it, and the people, 20
Against their nature, are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing corn, that's moved
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.
Dion. The only cause that draws Philaster back

1 *Nay*] *And* Q. 5 *For us*] *for all us* Q1. 5 *should*] om. Q1.
12—14 *That lives . . . slave*] Divided as by Web. and Dyce. Lines end *to be . . . people . . . slave* Q2 to Edd.'78. 13 *prince*] *thing* Q1.
19 *Philaster . . . himself*] om. Q1.
21 *Against their nature*] i. e. contrary to the nature of the discordant multitude. Mason. 21 *bent*] om. Q1. 22 *that's*] om. Q1.
24 *draws*] *draweth* Q1.

From this attempt is the fair princess' love, 25
Which he admires, and we can now confute.
Thra. Perhaps he'll not believe it.
Dion. Why, gentlemen, 'tis without question so.
Cle. Ay, 'tis past speech, she lives dishonestly;
But how shall we, if he be curious, work 30
Upon his faith?
Thra. We all are satisfied within ourselves.
Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge;
I'll say I know it; nay, I'll swear I saw it. 35
Cle. It will be best.
Thra. 'Twill move him.
Dion. Here he comes.

Enter PHILASTER.

Good-morrow to your honour: we have spent
Some time in seeking you.
Phi. My worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown 40
On men disgraced for virtue, a good day
Attend you all! What service may I do
Worthy your acceptation?
Dion. My good lord,
We come to urge that virtue, which we know
Lives in your breast, forth. Rise, and make a head: 45
The nobles and the people are all dull'd
With this usurping King; and not a man,
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing

26 *confute*] *comfort* Q1.
27—31 *Perhaps . . . faith*] Here as in Q. F. Theo. to Dyce divide the lines at *gentlemen . . . speech . . . shall we . . . faith.*
27 *it*] om. Q1. 30 *curious*] i. e. scrupulous. Weber.
31 *Upon his faith*] *on his beleefe* Q1. 33 *tends*] *Lords* Q1.
35 *nay*] om. Q1.
36—38 *It will . . . friends*] This appears to be the division of the editors from Theo. to Dyce; but as Theo. only partially arranges his lines in metrical form, and the others not at all, their intention is not always clear. The division of Q. F. seems to be at *move him . . . honour . . . friends.*
40, 41 *frown . . . disgraced*] *frame . . . disgrace* Q1.
43 *good*] om. Q1. 46 *dull'd*] *dull* Q1.
48 *or knew*] Q3 to Dyce. *knowes* Q1. *or knowne* Q2. Perhaps the *knowne* of Q2 is a mere misprint for *knowes*; it seems to me that *or knows* would be a better reading than the "correction" of Q3.

As virtue, but will second your attempts.
Phi. How honourable is this love in you
To me that have deserved none! Know, my friends,
(You, that were born to shame your poor Philaster
With too much courtesy,) I could afford
To melt myself in thanks; but my designs
Are not yet ripe: suffice it, that ere long
I shall employ your loves: but yet the time
Is short of what I would.
Dion. The time is fuller, sir, than you expect;
That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reach'd
By violence may now be caught. As for the King,
You know the people have long hated him;
But now the princess whom they loved——
Phi. Why, what of her?
Dion. Is loathed as much as he.
Phi. By what strange means?
Dion. She's known a whore.
Phi. Thou liest!
Dion. My lord——
Phi. Thou liest,
[*Offers to draw, and is held.*
And thou shalt feel it! I had thought thy mind
Had been of honour. Thus to rob a lady
Of her good name, is an infectious sin
Not to be pardon'd: be it false as hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sown
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falsehood whilst it springs!
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his neck
Like thunder from a cloud.
Dion. This is most strange:
Sure he does love her.

51 *none*] *more* Q1. 54 *in thanks*] *To thanks* Q1.
55 *suffice it*] *sufficient* Q1. 58 *sir*] om. Q1.
58 *expect*] i. e. suppose or believe. We call this an *Americanism;* but ommon enough still in the Mother country. See *New Eng. Dict.*
59 *will not*] om. Q1.
64 Offers . . .] He offers to draw his sword, and is held. Q1.
66 *Thus*] *then* Q1. 70 *fruitful*] *faithfull* Q1.
72 *off* . *prings*] *out* . . . *growes* Q1 73 *the*] *that* Q1

Phi. I do love fair truth:
She is my mistress, and who injures her
Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.
Thra. Nay, good my lord, be patient. 80
Cle. Sir, remember this is your honour'd friend,
That comes to do his service, and will shew you
Why he utter'd this.
Phi. I ask you pardon, sir;
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you, 85
Behind your back, untruly, I had been
As much distemper'd and enraged as now.
Dion. But this, my lord, is truth.
Phi. Oh, say not so! Good sir, forbear to say so;
'Tis then truth that all womankind is false: 90
Urge it no more; it is impossible.
Why should you think the princess light?
Dion. Why, she was taken at it.
Phi. 'Tis false! by heaven, 'tis false! it cannot be!
Can it? Speak, gentlemen; for God's love, speak! 95
Is't possible? can women all be damn'd?
Dion. Why, no, my lord.
Phi. Why, then, it cannot be.
Dion. And she was taken with her boy.
Phi. What boy?
Dion. A page, a boy that serves her.
Phi. Oh, good gods!
A little boy?
Dion. Ay; know you him, my lord? 100
Phi. Hell and sin know him!—Sir, you are deceived;
I'll reason it a little coldly with you:
If she were lustful, would she take a boy,
That knows not yet desire? she would have one
Should meet her thoughts and know the sin he acts, 105

78 *injures*] *injuries* Q1.
88—93 *But this . . . at it*] Here divided as in Q2 to Edd.'78. Web. and Dyce end lines *not so . . . truth . . . no more . . . think . . . at it.*
Perhaps the first two syllables of l. 93, *Why she*, should go to complete l. 92, leaving 93 a two measure line only. The speech is printed as prose in Q1.
90 *then truth*] *thee truth* Q4 '34. *the truth* Q4 '39 to F. *truth then* Theo.
90 *all womankind is*] *women all are* Q1. *woman-kind is* Q2, 3. *all womenkind is* Q6, F. 91 *it is*] *tis* Q1. 94 *by*] *O* Q4 to F., Edd'78, Web.
95, 96 *for . . . possible*] om. Q1. 95 *God's love*] *love of truth* Q4 to Dyce.
97 Dion *Why . . lord*] Q1 omits this speech and gives the next to "Tra."
102 *coldly*] *milder* Q1. 104 *desire*] *desires* Q1. 105 *he*] *she* Q1.

Which is the great delight of wickedness.
You are abused, and so is she, and I.
Dion. How you, my lord?
Phi. Why, all the world's abused
In an unjust report.
Dion. Oh, noble sir, your virtues
Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman! 110
In short, my lord, I took them; I myself.
Phi. Now, all the devils, thou didst! Fly from my rage!
Would thou hadst ta'en devils engendering plagues,
When thou didst take them! Hide thee from my eyes!
Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast, 115
When thou didst take them; or been strucken dumb
For ever; that this foul deed might have slept
In silence!
Thra. Have you known him so ill-temper'd?
Cle. Never before.
Phi. The winds, that are let loose
From the four several corners of the earth, 120
And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword
To run me thorough?
Dion. Why, my lord, are you so moved at this?
Phi. When any fall from virtue, I am distracted; 125
I have an interest in't.
Dion. But, good my lord, recall yourself, and think
What's best to be done.
Phi. I thank you; I will do it:
Please you to leave me; I'll consider of it.
To-morrow I will find your lodging forth, 130

113 *devils*] Dyce doubts this word; thinks it may have been caught from preceding line; he notes that in *The Restauration* "fiends" is substituted, and n Settle's alteration "furies." 115 *taken*] *tane* Q2.
115 *thunder on*] *daggers in* Q1.
116 *strucken*] *stuacke* (? for *struck*) Q1. 117 *foul deed*] *fault* Q1.
120 *several*] om. Q1. 121 *spread themselves*] *spreads themselfe* Q1.
122 *Kiss not a chaste one*] *Meetes not a fayre on* Q1.
123—126 *To run . . . in't*] Dyce divides at *are you . . . virtue . . . in't.*
123 *thorough*] Dyce (from Q1 *thorow*). *through* the rest.
125 *fall*] *falls* Q4 '39 to Edd.'78.
125 *distracted*] *distract* Q4 to F., Edd.'78 to Dyce.
127, 128 *But . . . do it*] Web., Dyce. Q1 to Edd. '78 divide at *yourself . . . done . . . do it.*
130 *lodging forth*] *lodgings* Q1.

And give you answer.
Dion. All the gods direct you
The readiest way!
Thra. He was extreme impatient.
Cle. It was his virtue and his noble mind.
[*Exeunt* DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.
Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them;
I'll follow him. Oh, that I had a sea 135
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!
More circumstances will but fan this fire:
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done;
And he that tells me this is honourable, 140
As far from lies as she is far from truth.
Oh, that, like beasts, we could not grieve ourselves
With that we see not! Bulls and rams will fight
To keep their females, standing in their sight;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once 145
Their spleens away; and they will fall again
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat;
And taste the waters of the springs as sweet
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep:
But miserable man——

Enter BELLARIO.

See, see, you gods, 150
He walks still; and the face you let him wear
When he was innocent is still the same,
Not blasted! Is this justice? do you mean
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now 155
Think he is guilty.

131, 132 Dion. *All . . . way*] Q4 '39 to ed. 1711 printed this speech in one line—"The readiest way. *Di.* All the gods direct you."—thereby making it appear that "The readiest way" was the last part of Philaster's preceding speech. Theo., who says that "all the printed copies" have this dislocation—tho' Q1 to Q4 '34 give the speech correctly—takes credit to himself for setting the matter right.

132 Here Q1 gives "Exit three Gent.", and omits the two following speeches of "Thra." and "Cle."

134 *him*] *vm* (the usual form of the contraction '*em*) Q1.

134 *them*] *her* Q1. 137 *will but fan*] *would but flame* Q1.

139 *This*] *the* Q1. 139 *'tis*] *it is* Q1. 145 *'em*] *them* Q1.

148 *waters*] *water* Theo., Edd.'78; "on account," says Dyce, "of ''twas' in the next line." 150 Enter . . .] Web. adds—"with a Letter."

153 *Not blasted*] *not blush* Q1.

Bel. Health to you, my lord!
The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this, unto you. [*He gives him a letter.*
Phi. Oh, Bellario,
Now I perceive she loves me! she does shew it
In loving thee, my boy: she has made thee brave. 160
Bel. My lord, she has attired me past my wish,
Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me who do attend.
Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy.—Oh, let all women,
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here, 165
Here, by this paper! She does write to me
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides; but, unto me,
A maiden-snow that melted with my looks.—
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee? 170
For I shall guess her love to me by that.
Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her, or had preserved
Her life three times by my fidelity;
As mothers fond do use their only sons, 175
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm,
So she does use me.
Phi. Why, this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?
Bel. Why, she does tell me she will trust my youth 180
With all her loving secrets, and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my services
Regarded: and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends 185
Than ere she spake.
Phi. This is much better still.
Bel. Are you not ill, my lord?

158 He gives . . .] Q1. No later ed. has any direction here 'till Dyce marked—"Gives a letter."
161 *my*] om. Q1. 164 *boy*] *my boy* Q1. 166 *by*] *with* Q1.
167 *mines*] *twines* Q1. 170 *doth*] *dos* Q1.
171 *For . . . that*] om. Q1. 178 *this is*] *'tis* Q1.
181 *loving secrets*] *maiden store* Q1.
184 *Regarded*] *rewarded* Q1; which reading Dyce, tho' he believes *regarded* to be right, thinks may just be noticed. 186 *spake*] *speakes* Q1.

Phi. Ill! no Bellario.
Bel. Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness 190
That I was wont to see.
Phi. Thou art deceived, boy:
And she strokes thy head?
Bel. Yes.
Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?
Bel. She does, my lord.
Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!
Bel. How, my lord?
Phi. She kisses thee?
Bel. Never, my Lord, by Heaven! 195
Phi. That's strange: I know she does.
Bel. No, by my life!
Phi. Why, then, she does not love me. Come, she does:
I bade her do it; I charged her, by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights 200
Naked as to her bed; I took her oath
Thou should'st enjoy her. Tell me, gentle boy,
Is she not paralleless? is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls? 205
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?
Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplex'd: when first I went to her,
My heart held augury. You are abused;
Some villain has abused you: I do see 210
Whereto you tend. Fall rocks upon his head
That put this to you! 'tis some subtle train
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

189 *Fall . . . evenly*] *fall out from your tongue so unevenly* Q1.
190 *quietness*] *quickness* Q1.
195 *Never . . . Heaven*] *Not so, my lord* Q4 to F., Edd.'78 to Dyce.
196 *That's strange*] *Come, come* Q4 to Dyce.
198 *do it*] *do't* Q1. 200 *delights*] *delight* Q1.
201 *bed*] *Lord* Q1.
203 *paralleless*] Q5*a*, F. *parrallesse* Q2. *parallesse* Q3, 4 '34. *parallellesse* Q4 '39, Q5*b*, 6. *paradise* Q1. 207 *Ay*] *I* Q. F. *Yes* Q1.
207 *disturbed*] *discurled* Q1. 209 *augury*] *augeries* Q1.
213 *frame*] *friend* Q1.

Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come,
Thou shalt know all my drift: I hate her more 215
Than I love happiness, and placed thee there
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discover'd? is she fallen to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.
Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent: 220
Had she the lust of sparrows or of goats,
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires: but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal, 225
To make my life last ages.
Phi. Oh, my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease.—
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least [*Draws.*
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plain 230
As I do now thy face.
Bel. Why, so you do.
She is (for aught I know), by all the gods, [*Kneels.*
As chaste as ice! but were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass, 235
Should draw it from me.
Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee: I could curse thee now.
Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse;
The gods have not a punishment in store 240
Greater for me than is your hate.
Phi. Fie, fie,
So young and so dissembling! Tell me when

217 *narrow*] *sparrowes* Q1. 221 *or*] *and* Q1.
222 *way, hid*] *weighed* Q1. 227 *disease*] *deceit* Q1.
228 Draws.] Web.; Dyce adds "his sword." 232 Kneels.] Web., Dyce.
236—238 *Should . . . now.*] Divided as by Theo. to Dyce; all reading, with Q1, *it is no time* instead of *'tis no time* of Q2 to F. Q1 ends lines *from me . . . life . . . now;* Q2 to 4 end lines *from me . . . with thee . . . hate thee . . . now;* Q5, 6 two lines ending *with thee . . . now.* F. ends lines *from me . . . with thee . . . now.*
236 *draw*] *wrack* Q1. 239 *hate*] *hate me* Q1.
241—244 *Fie . . . not*] Divided as by Theo., Web., Dyce. Lines end *where . . . upon me . . . not* Q1. *dissembling . . . her . . . not* Q2 to F., Edd.'78.

And where thou didst enjoy her, or let plagues
Fall upon me, if I destroy thee not!
Bel. Heaven knows I never did; and when I lie 245
To save my life, may I live long and loathed!
Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away
Better than those that grow, and kiss those limbs
Because you made 'em so.
Phi. Fear'st thou not death? 250
Can boys contemn that?
Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?
Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.
Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord: 255
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep;
A quiet resting from all jealousy,
A thing we all pursue; I know, besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.
Phi. But there are pains, false boy, 260
For perjured souls: think but on those, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.
Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjured, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with! If I be false, 265
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me!
Phi. Oh, what should I do?
Why, who can but believe him? he does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him.—Rise, Bellario: 270
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou

244 *upon me*] Q1, Dyce. *on me* Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web. *on me strait* Theo.
244 Here Q1 has the stage direction—"He drawes his sword."
245 *Heaven knows*] *By Heaven* Q1.
249 *those limbs*] *these limbs* Q6, F. 252 *Can*] *could* Q1.
259, 260 *It is . . . lost*] Cf. Drummond of Hawthornden, his *Cypresse Grove*, 1623:—"To dye younge, is to do that soone, and in some fewer dayes, which once thou must doe; *it is but* the *giuing ouer of a Game that*, after neuer so many hazardes, *must be lost.*" 259 *over of a game*] *ore againe* Q1.
261 *those*] *these* Q4 to Dyce. 262 *and*] *and then* Q1.

Dost look so truly when thou utter'st them,
That, though I know 'em false as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love 275
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth; a love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost: it troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy, 280
Let me not see thee more: something is done
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.

Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste 285
To that most honour'd mind. But through these tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practised upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell for evermore!
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead, 290
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest in peace. [*Exit* BELLARIO.

Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deservest!—Oh, where shall
Go bathe this body? Nature too unkind, 295
That made no medicine for a troubled mind!
[*Exit* PHILASTER.

275 *injure*] *iniuie* Q1. no doubt a misprint for *iniurie*, as several times before.
276 *revenge upon*] *vengeance on* Theo., silently; and as silently rejected by his successors. 277 *tender youth*] *honest looks* Q1.
279 *the*] *thy* Q1. 280 *thee*] So all eds.; but Qy *them*?
286 *mind*] *frame* Q1. 287 *hopeless*] *haplesse* Q1.
290 *sorrow*] *sorrowes* Q1.
295 *bathe*] *bath* Q4 to F.
295 *this*] *thy* F. *my* ed. 1711.
296 *made . . . for*] *mad'st . . . to* Q1.

SCENE II.

ARETHUSA'S *Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARETHUSA.

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again:
But that I know my love will question him
Over and over,—how I slept, waked, talked,
How I remember'd him when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how when I sigh'd, wept, sung, 5
And ten thousand such,—I should be angry at his stay.

Enter KING.

King. What, at your meditations! Who attends you?
Are. None but my single self: I need no guard;
I do no wrong, nor fear none.
King. Tell me, have you not a boy?
Are. Yes, sir. 10
King. What kind of boy?
Are. A page, a waiting-boy.
King. A handsome boy?
Are. I think he be not ugly, sir:
Well qualified and dutiful I know him;
I took him not for beauty.
King. He speaks and sings and plays?
Are. Yes, sir. 15
King. About eighteen?
Are. I never ask'd his age.
King. Is he full of service?
Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?
King. Put him away.
Are. Sir!
King. Put him away, I say.

1 *again*] om. Q1. 3 *waked, talked*] *make talk* Q1.
4 *remember'd*] *remember* Q1.
5 *spoke . . . sung*] *spoken, And how spoke when I sight song* Q1.
7 *at*] *in* Q1. *are* F.
12 *ugly, sir*] Q1. All later eds. omit *sir*.
19 *I say*] Q1, 2. All later eds. omit.

H'as done you that good service shames me to speak
of. 20

Are. Good sir, let me understand you.

King. If you fear me,
Shew it in duty; put away that boy.

Are. Let me have reason for it, sir, and then
Your will is my command.

King. Do you not blush to ask it? Cast him off, 25
Or I shall do the same to you. Y'are one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That, by my life, I dare not tell myself,
What you, myself, have done.

Are. What have I done, my lord?

King. 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn: 30
The common people speak it well already;
They need no grammer. Understand me well;
There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off.
And suddenly: do it! Farewell. [*Exit* KING.

Are. Where may a maiden live securely free, 35
Keeping her honour fair? Not with the living;
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make 'em truths; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces;
And, when they see a virtue fortified 40
Strongly above the battery of their tongues,
Oh, how they cast to sink it! and, defeated,
(Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping, till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt. 45

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, my dearest mistress!

23 *sir*] om. Q1. 24 *my*] *a* Q1.
26 *the same*] *that shame* Q1; perhaps rightly. 26 *Y are*] *ye are* Q1.
27 *unto*] om. Q1. 28 *my life*] *the gods* Q1. 29 *my lord*] om. Q1.
34 *suddenly: do it*] *suddenly do it* Q1, Q6, F., Theo.
35 *maiden*] *maid* Q1. 36 *fair*] *safe* Q4 to Web.
38 *truths*] *truth* Q1. 42 *cast*] *mind* Q1.
43 *Soul-sick*] *foule Sick* Q1.
43 *strike the monuments*] *stricke the mountaines* Q1.
44 *lie*] *be* Q1.
46 *my dearest*] Theo.; "and so perhaps the author wrote," says Dyce; tho' neither he nor the other editors adopted Theo.'s reading: Q. F. have only *dearest*.

Are. Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war within me!
Phi. He must be more than man that makes these crystals
Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause?
And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness, 50
Your creature, made again from what I was
And newly-spirited, I'll right your honour.
Are. Oh, my best love, that boy!
Phi. What boy?
Are. The pretty boy you gave me——
Phi. What of him?
Are. Must be no more mine.
Phi. Why? 55
Are. They are jealous of him.
Phi. Jealous! who?
Are. The King.
Phi. [*Aside*] Oh, my misfortune!
Then 'tis no idle jealousy.—Let him go.
Are. Oh, cruel!
Are you hard-hearted too? Who shall now tell you 60
How much I loved you? who shall swear it to you,
And weep the tears I send? who shall now bring you
Letters, rings, bracelets? lose his health in service?
Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise?
Who shall now sing your crying elegies, 65
And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures,
And make them mourn? who shall take up his lute,
And touch it till he crown a silent sleep
Upon my eye-lids, making me dream, and cry,
"Oh, my dear, dear Philaster!"
Phi. [*Aside*] Oh, my heart! 70
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This lady was not loyal!—Mistress,

57 *my misfortune*] Q1; "perhaps the right reading," says Dyce. *my mi fortune* Q2. *my my fortune* Q3. *my fortune* Q4 to Dyce.
59—70 *Oh, cruel . . . heart*] Divided here as in Theo., Web., Dyce. Q., F., and Edd.'78 end lines—*too . . . loved you . . . send . . . bracelets . . . nights . . . sing . . . soul . . . mourn . . . till . . . eye-lids . . . Philaster . . . heart.* 64 *Wake*] *make* Q1.
65 *shall now*] Q1, Dyce. *now shall* Theo. Q2 to F., Edd.'78 and Web. omit *now.* 67 *mourn*] *warme* Q1. 69 *eye-lids*] *eye-lid* Q4 to Web.
72, 73 *This lady . . . better*] Dyce's division. Q2 to Web. end first line *forget;* and Theo. adds *one* after *better.*

Forget the boy; I'll get thee a far better.
Are. Oh, never, never such a boy again
As my Bellario!
Phi. 'Tis but your fond affection. 75
Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All secrecy in servants! Farewell faith,
And all desire to do well for itself!
Let all that shall succeed thee for thy wrongs
Sell and betray chaste love! 80
Phi. And all this passion for a boy?
Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.
Phi. Oh, thou forgetful woman!
Are. How, my lord?
Phi. False Arethusa! 85
Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And do thus.
Are. Do what, sir? would you sleep?
Phi. For ever, Arethusa. Oh, you gods,
Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood 90
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?
Have I seen mischiefs numberless and mighty
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
And laugh'd upon it, made it but a mirth, 95
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant King, that languishing
Hears his sad bell and sees his mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a woman's falsehood? Oh, that boy, 100
That cursed boy! None but a villain boy

73 *thee*] *you* Q1. 77 *secrecy*] *service* Q1.
78 *desire . . . itself*] *desires . . . thy sake* Q1.
81 *passion*] i.e. sorrowful exclamation. Dyce.
82, 83 *He . . . for*] "There seems to be a slight corruption of the text here: Theobald fearlessly reformed it thus;

'He was your boy, you put him to me, and
The loss of such must have a mourning for.'" Dyce.

Had Theo. been acquainted with Q1 he would probably, rejecting *and* in both lines, have read in the first—

"He was your boy, you put him *un*to me."

88 *do thus*] *to do thus* Theo.
89 *you gods*] *ye gods, ye gods* Q1. 90 *worthy*] *wealthy* Q1.
91 *alone*] *Aboue* Q1. 94 *stern*] *deepe* Q1. 99 *must*] om. Q1.

To ease your lust ?
Are. Nay, then, I am betray'd :
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.
Oh, I am wretched !
Phi. Now you may take that little right I have 105
To this poor kingdom : give it to your joy ;
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never womankind durst set her foot
For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you : 110
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts
What woman is, and help to save them from you ;
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts
More hell than hell has; how your tongues, like scorpions,
Both heal and poison ; how your thoughts are woven 115
With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn so by you ; how that foolish man,
That reads the story of a woman's face
And dies believing it, is lost for ever ;
How all the good you have is but a shadow, 120
I' the morning with you, and at night behind you
Past and forgotten : how your vows are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone ;
How you are being taken all together,
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos, 125
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So, farewell all my woe, all my delight !
[*Exit* PHILASTER.
Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead !
What way have I deserved this ? Make my breast 130
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought

109 *For*] = for fear of. 109 *poisons*] *poison* Q1. 111 *There*] *and there* Q1.
112 *woman is*] *women are* Q1. 112 *and help . . . from you*] om Q1.
113, 114 *but in . . . hell has*] "Cf. Greene's *Orlando Furioso*. 1594. (*Works of Greene and Peele*, ed. Dyce, p. 98, Col. 1.)—
'For hell's no hell compared to their hearts.'" Bullen.
114 *like scorpions*, etc.] "Dr. Muffet, in *The Theater of Insects*, book II, chapter x. ed. 1658, writes, that scorpions 'being laid to their own wounds they made, they cure them, as is generally known.' Galen's authority might be adduced in support of the statement." Bullen.
122 *frosts*] *frost* Q1. 131 *as pure crystal*] om. Q1.

My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,
To find out constancy?

Enter BELLARIO.

Save me, how black
And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now! 135
Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spakest,
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lies
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fool'd by her passion; but the conquest is 140
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away!
Let my command force thee to that which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills, 145
Lest men should dig and find thee.

Bell. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds! Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell: 150
My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys.
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!
I durst not run away in honesty 155
From such a lady, like a boy that stole
Or made some grievous fault. The power of gods
Assist you in your sufferings! Hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abused lord
And mine, that he may know your worth; whilst I 160
Go seek out some forgotten place to die!

[*Exit* BELLARIO.

Are. Peace guide thee! Thou hast overthrown me once;
Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,

133 *a woman turn her*] *women turn their* Q1.
135 *guiltily*] *guilty* Q3 to F. *vile* Q1.
138 *betray innocents*] *to betray innocence* Q1.
139 *May*] *Maist* Q1. 144 *undergone*] *undertooke* Q1.
151 *hath*] *has* Q1. *had* F. 157 *grievous*] *greater* Q1.
162 *Thou hast*] *thast* or *th'ast* Q2 to F.
163 *Yet . . . Troy*] *But . . . time* Q1.

Thou, or another villain with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked, 165
My hair dishevell'd, through the fiery streets.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestness.
Are. I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid
As with a man, let me discover thee 170
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die pursued by cruel hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds! [*Exeunt.*

165 *talk*] *take* Q1. 170 *a man*] i. e. Acteon. Dyce.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *and* Attendants.

King. What, are the hounds before and all the woodmen,
Our horses ready and our bows bent?
Dion. All, sir.
King. Y'are cloudy, sir; come, we have forgotten
[*To* PHARAMOND.
Your venial trespass; let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit; here's none dare utter it. 5

Dion. He looks like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping, dull as a dormouse. See how he sinks! the wench has shot him between wind and water, and, I hope, sprung a leak.

Thra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough: 10 his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlieus; would he would leave off poaching!

Dion. And for his horn, h'as left it at the lodge where he lay late. Oh, he's a precious lime-hound! turn him loose upon the pursuit of a lady, and if he lose her, 15 hang him up i' the slip. When my fox-bitch Beauty grows proud, I'll borrow him.

King. Is your boy turn'd away?

Enter . . . Attendants.] Enter . . . two Woodmen. Q1.
1 *woodmen*] i. e. huntsmen. 3 *Y are*] *You are* Web., Dyce.
3 *come*] *come, come* Theo. 3 To Pharamond] Dyce.
4 *trespass*] *trespasses* Q1. 5 *here's*] om. Q4 to Edd.'78.
5 *dare*] *dares* Q1. 9 *leak*] *lake* Q1. 14 *precious*] *pernitious* Q1.
14 *lime-hound*] "so called from the *lyam*, or *lyme* (leash) by which it was led." Dyce. 15 *loose*] om. Q1.
15 *pursuit of a*] *pursue of any* Q1.

Are. You did command, sir, and I obey'd you.
King. 'Tis well done. Hark ye further. 20
[*They talk apart.*
Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? methinks, that were not noble in him; and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick man's salve in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physical justice or other would presently (without 25 the help of an almanack) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.
Dion. See, see how modestly yon lady looks, as if she came from churching with her neighbour! Why, what a devil can a man see in her face but that she's 30 honest!
Thra. Faith, no great matter to speak of; a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her coat; but he must be a cunning herald that finds it.
Dion. See how they muster one another! Oh, there's 35 a rank regiment where the devil carries the colours and

19 *command*] *command it* ed. 1711, Theo. 19 *obey'd*] *obey* F., ed. 1711.
19 *You . . . you*] Here it may be remarked that for the metre, *if this line is intended for a verse*, the introduction of the *it* of ed. 1711 and Theo. is an improvement; the same result might, however, be attained by merely transferring *sir* to the end of the line. Dyce, whose lines it must be remembered are not metrically *arranged*, apparently makes two lines of our three, 18-20 *Is . . . further;* ending the first *command, sir.* 20 *further*] *furder* Q1.
20 They talk apart.] Web., Dyce.
23 *sick man's salve*] Ed. 1711 misprinted *slave* for *salve*, on which, without noticing the reading of Q. F., Seward suggested and Theo. adopted *slaver*. The allusion, as Mason pointed out, on information supplied to him by Steevens, is, of course, to a work by Thomas Becon frequently alluded to by our early dramatists, first printed in 1561. Dyce gives the full title —*The Sicke Mans Salue. Wherein al faithful christians may learne both how to behaue themselues patiently and thankfully in the time of sicknesse, and also vertuouslie to dispose their temporall goods, and finally to prepare themselues gladly and godly to die.* See notes by Reed (*Dodsley O. P.*) on *Eastward Hoe*, V. ii., and *The Dumb Knight*, III. ii.; and by Gifford on Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, IV. ii. Reed also mentions another work, with a similar title, by William Perkins, *A salve for a Sickman*, etc. 1595. It is included in Perkin's *Golden Chaine*, printed at Cambridge, 1600. *The Sick Man's Salve* is one of the books condemned to the flames by the Bishop of Rochester in Act IV. Sc. iv, *First Part of Sir John Oldcastle.*
25, 26 *without the help of an almanack*] Old almanacks contained directions as to the suitable times for blood-letting.
29 *neighbour*] *neighbours* Q1.
30 *a man*] *you* Q1. 31 *honest*] i. e. chaste. Dyce.
32 Thra.] Cle. Q1. Pha. Q4 to F. 32 *Faith*] *Troth* Q4 to Dyce.
33 *that spoils her coat*] "The allusion is to mullets, or stars, introduced into coats of arms, to distinguish the younger branches of a family, which of course denote inferiority." Mason.

his dam drum-major! now the world and the flesh come behind with the carriage.

Cle. Sure this lady has a good turn done her against her will; before she was common talk, now none dare say cantharides can stir her. Her face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this lady means to let herself loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection and a gracious; and may use her body discreetly, for her health's sake, once a week, excepting Lent and Dog-days. Oh, if they were to be got for money, what a great sum would come out of the city for these licences!

King. To horse, to horse! we lose the morning, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Forest.

Enter two Woodmen.

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodged the deer?
2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.
1 *Wood.* Who shoots?
2 *Wood.* The princess.
1 *Wood.* No, she'll hunt.
2 *Wood.* She'll take a stand, I say.
1 *Wood.* Who else?
2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger-prince.
1 *Wood.* He shall shoot in a stone-bow for me. I never loved his beyond-sea-ship since he forsook the

37 *dam*] *damn'd* Q1.
38 *carriage*] "i. e. baggage." Mason; who quotes from *The Mad Lover*, II. i. "Why all the carriage Shall come behind; the stuff, rich hangings," etc.
44 *her*] om. Q1. 47 *excepting*] *except* Q1.
49 *licences*] "It was formerly a branch of revenue to grant licences for stews." Weber.
51 Exeunt.] Here Q1 has "Exit King and Lords, Manet Wood-men."
SCENE II.
1 *the deer*] *the deer below* Q1. 8 *stranger*] *strange* Q1.
9 *stone-bow*] i. e. a cross-bow, which shoots stones. Dyce.
10, 11 *forsook the say, for paying ten shillings*] "When a deer is hunted down, and to be cut up, it is a ceremony for the keeper to offer his knife to a man of the first distinction in the field, that he may rip up the belly, and take an *assay* of the plight and fatness of the game. But this, as the Woodman says, Pharamond declined, to save the customary fee of ten shillings." Theobald. —"'Our [English] order,' says Turbervile, 'is, that the Prince or chiefe (if so

say, for paying ten shillings. He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets; marry, his steward would have the velvet-head into the bargain, to turf his hat withal. I think he should love venery; he is 15 an old Sir Tristram; for, if you be remembered, he forsook the stag once to strike a rascal miching in a meadow, and her he killed in the eye. Who shoots else?

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please them) do alight and take assaye of the Deare with a sharpe knife, the which is done in this maner. The deare being layd vpon his backe, the Prince, chiefe, or such as they shall appoint, comes to it. And the chiefe huntsman (kneeling, if it be to a Prince) doth hold the Deare by the fore foot whiles the Prince or chiefe cut a slit drawn alongst the brysket of the deare, somewhat lower than the brysket towards the belly. This is done to see the goodnesse of the flesh, and how thicke it is.' *The Noble Art of Venerie*, etc., 1611, p. 133, where a wood-cut represents James the First about to take the say, and the huntsman on his knees, offering the knife to the king." Dyce.

13 *dowcets*] "'As for the deinty morsels which mine Author speaketh off for Princes, our vse (as farre as euer I could see) is to take the caule, the tong, the eares, *the doulcets* [i. e. testes], the tenderlings (if his head be tender) and the sweete gut, which some call the Inchpinne, in a faire handkercher altogether, for the Prince or chief.' *Id.* p. 134." Dyce.

13 *his*] *the* Q2 to Web.

14 *have the*] *have had the* Q5 to Theo., Web.

14 *velvet-head*] "'His [the hart's] head [i. e. horns], when it commeth first out, hath a russet pyll vpon it, the which is called *Veluet*, and his head is called then a *velvet head*.' *The Noble Art of Venerie*, etc. by Turbervile, 1611, p. 244." Dyce.

14 *turf*] "'The original word,' says Theobald, 'must *certainly* have been *tuft*;' which accordingly he inserted in the text, and is followed by the later editors. Compare '*Caps* double *turfed* called cockred caps.' *The Rates of the Custome house*, etc. 1582, Sig. B. '*Caps* double *turfed* or cockared caps.' *The Rates of Marchandizes*, etc. n. d. (in the 8th year of James the First), Sig. C. v. The same description occurs again in *The Rates of Marchandizes*, etc. printed in 1635, Sig. B. 6. I am informed that the expression '*turfing* a hat,' in the sense of covering an old hat with beaver's fur or silk, was, up to a recent period, not unusual among hatters." Dyce.

16 *an old Sir Tristram*] (*Tristrum* Q1. *Tristrem* Web. and Dyce.) "i. e. an expert huntsman,—that hero of romance being reputed the patron of the chase, and the first who brought hunting to a science." Dyce. See *La Mort d'Arthure*, ed. Wright, Vol. II. Cap. III, and *The Boke of Saint Albans* (Facsimile), ed. Blades, p. 12.

17 *the stag*] *a stag* Q1.

17 *to strike a rascal miching in a meadow*] "Old eds. '*to strike a rascal* milking,' etc.; which is doubtless a misprint. 'A rascal,' says Theobald, 'is a lean deer or doe; but what sense is there in a deer *milking* in a meadow? I hope I have retrieved the true reading, *mitching*, i.e. creeping, solitary, and withdrawn from the herd.' Succeeding editors have adopted Theobald's emendation; and it may, indeed, be the right word; but qy. 'walking' (which is nearer the trace of the old letters), the original compositor having mistaken *wa* for *mi?*" Dyce.

18 *her he killed in the eye*] "A sarcasm," says Theo., "on Pharamond as a bad shooter; for all good ones level at the heart." "That Theo.'s explanation

2 *Wood.* The lady Galatea.

1 *Wood.* That's a good wench, an she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberal, and, by the gods, they say she's honest; and whether that be a fault or no, I have nothing to do. There's all? 20

2 *Wood.* No, one more; Megra. 25

1 *Wood.* That's a firker, i'faith, boy; there's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds as a hunting saddle, and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose herself three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable), and it has been work enough for one man to find her, and he has sweat for it. She rides well and pays well. Hark! let's go. 30

[*Exeunt.*

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourish'd in these woods

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of this phrase is wrong, appears from other passages in our authors' plays," says Dyce, in his *Addenda*, and he refers to *The Humorous Lieutenant*, III. ii. "Now, now, give fire; kill him i'th' eye now, lady!", and to *The Chances*, II. i. "Kill him i' the wanton eye," etc. He offers no explanation of these passages.

22 *the gods*] *my bow* Q4 to Dyce.

22 *she's*] om. Q1.

23 *or no*] om. Q2 to Dyce.

31 *have*] *had* Q1, 6, F.

31 *it has been*] *has bin* Q1.

32 *he*] om. Q1. 32, 33 *for it*] *for't* Q1. 33 *Hark! let's go*] *Hark else* Q1.

33 Enter Philaster] Here a new scene should be marked; but Web. and Dyce, who first divided the play into scenes, omitted doing so in this place: we have not disturbed their division.

34 Phi. *Oh, that*, etc.] "This speech is beautifully imitated from the opening of Juvenal's Sixth Satire:

'Credo pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
In terris visamque diu, quum frigida parvas
Præberet spelunca domos ignemque laremque
Et pecus et dominos communi clauderet umbra;
Silvestrem montana torum quum sterneret uxor
Frondibus et culmo vicinarumque ferarum
Pellibus, haud similis tibi, Cynthia, nec tibi, cujus
Turbavit nitidos exstinctus passer ocellos,
Sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis
Et sæpe horridior glandem ructante marito.'

The Editors of 1778 quote, as an imitation of the above speech of Philaster, a passage from Lee's *Theodosius:*

'Oh, that I had been born some happy swain,' etc.

They might have cited an earlier imitation of it from Chamberlayne's *Pharonnida*, 1659:

——'Happy had we,
Great princess, been, if in that low degree,' etc.,

With milk of goats and acorns, and not known 35
The right of crowns nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks; but digg'd myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain-girl, 40
Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks
Whereon she dwelt, that might have strew'd my bed
With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbours, and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue! This had been a life 45
Free from vexation.

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Oh, wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts;
Nothing assaults me here. See, my grieved lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way 50
To leave his body!—Pardon me, that must
Break thy last commandment; for I must speak:
You that are grieved can pity; hear, my lord!
Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?
Bel. Oh, my noble lord, 55
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing), so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
For cold and hunger!
Phi. Is it thou? begone! 60
Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.
Bel. Alas, my lord, I can get nothing for them!
The silly country-people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

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in which the very expression of our text, 'large coarse issue,' presently occurs: see Book ii. Canto 5, pp. 169, 170 [p. 181, vol. i. ed. 1820]." Dyce.

34 *these*] *the* Q1.

35 *acorns*] *acrons* Q1. *Akrons* Q2 to 6. Forms of the word of which the *N. E. Dic.* quotes examples down to 1682.

37 *women's looks*] *cruell loue* Q1. 41 *harden'd rocks*] *rocke* Q1.

42 *dwelt*] *dwells* Q2 to Web. 44 *at*] *Out* Q1.

45 *been*] *bin* Q1. 48 *innocent*] *innocent man* F.

49 *See*] *I see* Q1. 51 *must*] om. Q1. 56 *fortune*] *fortunes*

60—65 Phi. *Is it . . . gay things*] om. Q1.

Phi. Now, by the gods, this is 65
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.
Th'art fallen again to thy dissembling trade:
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untried for me?
Even so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spok'st, when first 70
I took thee up: curse on the time! If thy
Commanding tears can work on any other,
Use thy art; I'll not betray it.
Which way wilt thou take, that I may shun thee?
For thine eyes are poison unto mine, and I 75
Am loath to grow in rage. This way, or that way?
Bel. Any will serve; but I will chose to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.
[*Exeunt* PHI. *and* BEL. *severally.*

Enter on one side DION, *and on the other the two* Woodmen.

Dion. This is the strangest sudden chance!—You, woodman!
1 *Wood.* My lord Dion? 80
Dion. Saw you a lady come this way on a sable horse studded with stars of white?
2 *Wood.* Was she not young and tall?
Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain?
2 *Wood.* Faith, my lord, we saw none. 85
Dion. Pox of your questions then!—
[*Exeunt* Woodmen.

65 *the gods*] *my life* Q4 to Dyce.
67 *Th'art*] *Thou art* Q1. 70 *and look'd'st*] om. Q4 to F.
71—76 *I took . . . that way?*] Here, except in ll. 73, 74, *Use . . . thee*, the division is that of Q2 to F.; of those two lines Q. F. end the first *Which way*, which words I have transferred to the beginning of the second: also in l. 75 I have followed Theo. in changing the *to* of Q. F. to *unto*.
Theo. gave lines 73—75 thus:—
"Use thy *old* art, I'll not betray it. Which
Way wilt thou take, that I may shun thee; for
Thine eyes are poison *unto* mine; and I," etc.
Web., followed by Dyce, made seven lines ending *up . . . tears . . . art . . . take . . . poison . . . rage . . . way*. Edd.'78 follow Q. F.
78 Enter . . .] Dyce. Enter Dion and the Woodmen. Q. F. Here again a new scene should be marked: see note on l. 33.
79 *chance*] *change* Q6, F. 82 *studded*] *starre-dyed* Q1. *stubbed* Q6, F.

Enter CLEREMONT.

What, is she found?

Cle. Nor will be, I think.

Dion. Let him seek his daughter himself. She cannot stray about a little necessary natural business, but the whole court must be in arms: when she has done, we shall have peace.

Cle. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us. Some say, her horse ran away with her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, 'twas a plot to kill her, and that armed men were seen in the wood: but questionless she rode away willingly.

Enter KING, THRASILINE *and* Attendants.

King. Where is she?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How's that?
Answer me so again!

Cle. Sir, shall I lie?

King. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that.
I say again, where is she? Mutter not!—
Sir, speak you; where is she?

Dion. Sir, I do not know.

King. Speak that again so boldly, and, by heaven,
It is thy last!—You, fellows, answer me;
Where is she? Mark me, all; I am your king:
I wish to see my daughter; shew her me;
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To shew her me! What! am I not your king?
If ay, then am I not to be obey'd?

Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

King. Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou—
Thou traitor, that darest confine thy king to things
Possible and honest! shew her me,
Or, let me perish, if I cover not
All Sicily with blood!

93 *ran*] *run* Q1. 94 *'twas*] *it was* Q3 to Dyce.
95 Enter . . . and Attendants.] Dyce. . . . and other Lords. Q1. King and Thra. only, in all the rest.
107 *then*] *why then* Q1.
109 *Hear me, thou—*] Ed. *Hear me then*, Q1 ("rightly perhaps." Dyce). *Hear me, thou*, Q2 to Dyce.
110, 111 *things Possible and honest*] *possible and honest, things* Q1.

Dion. Faith, I cannot,
Unless you tell me where she is.
King. You have betray'd me; you have let me lose 115
The jewel of my life. Go, bring her me,
And set her here before me: 'tis the King
Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of heaven. Speak, can it not? 120
Dion. No.
King. No! cannot the breath of kings do this?
Dion. No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.
King. Is it so? Take heed!
Dion. Sir, take you heed how you dare the powers
That must be just.
King. Alas, what are we kings! 125
Why do you gods place us above the rest,
To be served, flatter'd, and adored, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder,
And when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings? 130
I have sinn'd, 'tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;
Yet would not thus be punish'd: let me choose
My way, and lay it on!
Dion. He articles with the gods. Would somebody
would draw bonds for the performance of covenants 135
betwixt them!

Enter PHARAMOND, GALATEA, *and* MEGRA.

King. What, is she found?
Pha. No; we have ta'en her horse;
He gallop'd empty by. There's some treason.
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood;
Why left you her? 140
Gal. She did command me.

113 *Faith,*] *Indeed* Q4 to Dyce. 114 *you*] *you'll* Q1.
115 *you have let*] *y'have let* Q2 to Edd.'78.
121 *kings*] *a king* Q1. 122 *No; nor*] *No more* Q1. 123 *Is it so*] om.
123 *Take heed*] *Take you heed* Q1. 124 *Sir*] om. Q1.
124 *dare*] *do dare* Theo. 127 *till*] *Still* Q1.
129 *we have*] *we think we have* Q1.
131 *stand*] *I stand* Q1. 132 *thus*] *these* Q1.
135 *covenants*] *covenant* Q1.
138 *There's*] *There is* Theo., Web., Dyce.

King. Command! you should not.
Gal. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth
To disobey the daughter of my King.
King. O, y'are all cunning to obey us for our hurt;
But I will have her.
Pha. If I have her not, 145
By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily!
Dion. What, will he carry it to Spain in's pocket?
Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the King,
A cook, and a tailor.
Dion. Yes, you may do well to spare your lady-bed- 150
fellow; and her you may keep for a spawner.
King. I see the injuries I have done must be revenged.
Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.
King. Run all, disperse yourselves. The man that finds her,
Or (if she be kill'd) the traitor, I'll make him great. 155
Dion. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.
Pha. Come, let us seek.
King. Each man a several way; here I myself.
Dion. Come, gentlemen, we here. 160
Cle. Lady, you must go search too.
Meg. I had rather be search'd myself, [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ARETHUSA.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head:
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,
O'er mountains, thorough brambles, pits, and floods. 4
Heaven, I hope, will ease me: I am sick. [*She sits down.*

144 *O, y'are*] *Y'are* Q2 to Dyce. 144 *hurt*] *hurts* Q1.
150 *Yes,*] *Yet* Q4 to Dyce. 150 *spare*] *leaue* Q1. 150 *lady*] *ladies* Q6, F.
151 ; *and her . . . spawner*] *here for a Spincer* Q1.
156 *I know some*] *I, some* Q1,
162 *search'd*] *the search* Q1. This speech is given to "Gal." in Q1.
SCENE III.
Enter . . .] Enter Princesse solus. Q1. 1 *me*] om. Q1.
4 *O'er . . . thorough*] *or . . . through* Q1.
5 She sits . . .] om. Q2 to Edd.'78. Sits down. Web., Dyce.

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Yonder's my lady. God knows I want nothing,
Because I do not wish to live; yet I
Will try her charity.—Oh hear, you that have plenty,
From that flowing store drop some on dry ground.—See,
The lively red is gone to guard her heart! 10
I fear she faints.—Madam, look up!—She breathes not.—
Open once more those rosy twins, and send
Unto my lord your latest farewell!—Oh, she stirs.—
How is it, Madam? speak comfort.
Are. 'Tis not gently done, 15
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there: I prithee, let me go;
I shall do best without thee; I am well,

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage:
I'll tell her coolly when and where I heard 20
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.—
Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, you gods! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here! 25
Bel. My lord, help, help the princess.
Are. I am well; forbear.
Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embraced
And kiss'd by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues 30
Of hell-bred women! Some good god look down,
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a stone,

6—14 *Yonder's . . . comfort*] Divided as in Q2 to Edd.'78. Prose Q1. Web. ends lines *nothing . . . yet I . . . charity . . . store . . . red . . . faints . . . more . . . lord . . . is it . . . comfort.* Dyce ends his first three lines *want . . . live . . . hear*, and for the rest follows Web.
6 *Yonder's my lady*] *Yonder my lady is* Q1.
6 *God*] *Gods* Q1. *Heaven* Q4 to Dyce. 9 *From*] *And from* Theo.
9 *ground*] *grounds* Q1. 12 *more*] om. Q1.
12 *twins*] *twines* Q1. 14 *is it*] *is't* Q1.
18 *I am well*] om. Q1. 23 *you gods*] *ye gods* F. to Dyce.
24 *What's*] *who's* Q1. 25 *here*] *with his tongue* Q1.
26 *help, help the princess.*] *help, the princess.* Q4 to 6. *help the princess.* F. to Web. *help, help! The princess!* Dyce. 30 *the*] *to* Q5 to F.
31 *Of . . . down*] om. Q4 to F. 31 *god*] *gods* Theo. to Web.

Lasting to ages, in the memory
Of this damn'd act!—Hear me, you wicked ones!
You have put hills of fire into this breast, 35
Not to be quench'd with tears; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms! at your meals and beds
Despair await you! What, before my face?
Poison of asps between your lips! diseases
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse, 40
And throw it on you!

Are. Dear Philaster, leave
To be enraged, and hear me.

Phi. I have done;
Forgive my passion. Not the calmed sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturb'd than I: I'll make you know it. 45
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
[*Offers his drawn sword.*
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you and this your boy may live and reign
In lust without control.—Wilt thou, Bellario?
I prithee, kill me: thou art poor, and may'st 50
Nourish ambitious thoughts; when I am dead,
Thy way were freer.—Am I raging now?
If I were mad, I should desire to live.
Sirs, feel my pulse; whether have you known
A man in a more equal tune to die? 55

Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's time!
So does your tongue.

Phi. You will not kill me, then?

Are. Kill you!

Bel. Not for the world.

Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario: thou hast done but that which gods
Would have transform'd themselves to do. Begone, 60

33 *ages, in the*] om. Q1. 35 *hills of*] *the hills on* Q6, F.
35 *this*] *my* Q1. 40 *make*] *makes* Q4, 5.
42 *To be enraged*] *to enrage* Q1. 45 *it*] om. Q1.
46 *do but*] om. Q1. 46 Offers . . .] om. Q2 to Web.
52 *Thy*] *This* Q2 to Web.
54 *Sirs*] "It should be recollected that *sir* was a term of address to females as well as men." Weber. So again V. ii. 40.
54 *whether*] *where ever* Theo.
54, 55 *have you . . . die?*] *you have . . . die.* Q1, Dyce.
55 *a*] om. Q1. 58 *the world*] *a world* Q4 to Dyce.

Leave me without reply; this is the last
Of all our meetings.—[*Exit* BELLARIO.] Kill me with
this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,
Or suffer. 65
Are. If my fortune be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousies in the other world; no ill there?
Phi. No. 70
Are. Shew me, then, the way.
Phi. Then guide my feeble hand,
You that have power to do it, for I must
Perform a piece of justice!—If your youth
Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers 75
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.
Are. I am prepared.

Enter a Country Fellow.

C. Fell. I'll see the King, if he be in the forest; I have hunted him these two hours; if I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me. I can 80 see nothing but people better horsed than myself, that out-ride me; I can hear nothing but shouting. These kings had need of good brains; this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits.—There's a courtier with his sword drawn; by this hand, upon a woman I 85 think!
Phi. Are you at peace?
Are. With heaven and earth.

62 *meetings*] *meeting* Q2 to Web. 66 *fortune*] *fortunes* Q1 F.
67 *in death*] *with earth* Q1. 68 *will there*] *there will* Q1.
69 *jealousies*] *jealousie* Q1 to 4, Edd.'78, Web. 69 *there*] *here* Q1.
71 *Shew me, then, the way*] *Shew me the way to ioy* Q1.
74—76. *If your youth*, etc.] "A recollection, perhaps, of Shakespeare's *Othello:*
'If you bethink yourself of any crime,' etc. Act V. sc. ii." Dyce.
76 *to it*] *t'it* Q1.
77 Enter a Country Fellow] . . . country Gallant. Q1. The prefix to his speeches in all eds. prior to Dyce's is "Coun." or "Count."
78 *I'll*] *I will* Q1 79 *these*] *this* Q1.
82 *out-ride*] (hyphened first in ed. 1711). *outrid* Q4 '39 to 6. *outride* F.
83, 84 *this . . . man*] *the whooping would put a man* Q1.
87 *heaven*] *Heavens* F., Theo.

Phi. May they
Divide thy soul and body! [*Wounds her.*
C. Fell. Hold, dastard! strike a woman! Th'art a
craven, I warrant thee: thou wouldst be loath to play 90
half-a-dozen venies at wasters with a good fellow for a
broken head.
Phi. Leave us, good friend.
Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself
Upon our private sports, our recreations? 95
C. Fell. God 'uds me, I understand you not; but I
know the rogue has hurt you.
Phi. Pursue thy own affairs: it will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head; which thou
Wilt force me to. 100
C. Fell. I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it
on, if you touch the woman.
Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest! [*They fight.*
Are. Heaven guard my lord!
C. Fell. Oh, do you breathe?
Phi. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt: 105
The gods take part against me; could this boor
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I do loathe it. I would find a course
To lose it rather by my will than force. [*Exit Philaster.*
C. Fell. I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee, 110
wench, come kiss me now.

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *and* Woodmen.

Pha. What art thou?
C. Fell. Almost killed I am for a foolish woman; a
knave has hurt her.

87 *May*] *Nay*, Q1. 87, 88 *May . . . body*] Ed. one line Q. to Dyce.
88 *Divide*] i. e. share.
88 Wounds her.] Web., Dyce. Phy. wounds her. Q1. om. Q2 to Edd.'78.
90 *thou wouldst*] *thoud'st* Q1. 91 *dozen*] *dozen of* Q4 to Web.
91 *venies at wasters*] i. e. bouts at cudgels. "On the doubtful etymology of *waster*, Theobald has a long and unsatisfactory note." Dyce. See Nares (*Glossary*, etc.). 91 *good fellow*] *man* Q1. 96 *'uds*] *iudge* Q1.
96 *me*] om. Q4 to F. 101 *rhetoric*] *Rethrack* Q1.
103 *Heaven*] *Gods* Q1. *Heavens* Q4 to Dyce.
105—107 *I hear . . . thus else?*] See Preliminary remarks under DATE.
111 *come kiss*] *come and kiss* Q2 to Dyce.

Pha. The princess, gentlemen!—Where's the wound, madam? 115
Is it dangerous?
Are. He has not hurt me.
C. Fell. By God, she lies; h'as hurt her in the breast;
Look else.
Pha. Oh, sacred spring of innocent blood!
Dion. 'Tis above wonder! who should dare this?
Are. I felt it not. 120
Pha. Speak, villain, who has hurt the princess?
C. Fell. Is it the princess?
Dion. Ay.
C. Fell. Then I have seen something yet.
Pha. But who has hurt her?
C. Fell. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.
Pha. Madam, who did it?
Are. Some dishonest wretch; 125
Alas, I know him not, and do forgive him!
C. Fell. He's hurt too; he cannot go far: I made my father's old fox fly about his ears.
Pha. How will you have me kill him?
Are. Not at all; 'tis some distracted fellow. 130
Pha. By this hand, I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut, and bring him all to you in my hat.
Are. Nay, good sir,
If you do take him, bring him quick to me,
And I will study for a punishment 135
Great as his fault.
Pha. I will.
Are. But swear.
Pha. By all my love, I will!—
Woodmen, conduct the princess to the King,

117 *By God*] *I faith* Q3 to Dyce. 117 *in the*] *i' the* Q1.
118 *sacred*] *secret* Q1. 119 *dare this*] *dare do this* Theo.
123 *hurt her*] *done it* Q1.
128 *fox*] "A familiar (and very common) term for the old English broad-sword." Dyce.
128 *about his*] *about's* Q1. 131 *hand*] *ayre* Q1. 131 *ne'er*] *never* Q1.
132 *to you*] om. Q1, 4 to F., Edd.'78, Web. Theo. transposes thus—"all in my hat to you."
134 *quick*] i. e. alive. Mason.
137—140 *By all . . . close*] So divided by Dyce; who believes the speech was evidently intended for verse, tho' a word seems to have dropped out of l. 139. Prose the rest.
138 *Woodmen*] *woodman* Q1. 138 *to*] *unto* Q1.

And bear that wounded fellow to dressing.—
Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close. 140

[*Exeunt on one side* PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE; *exit on the other*, ARETHUSA *attended by the* First Woodman.

C. Fell. I pray you, friend, let me see the King.

2 *Wood.* That you shall, and receive thanks.

C. Fell. If I get clear of this, I'll go see no more gay sights. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all, [*Lies down.*
Let me unworthy press you: I could wish
I rather were a corse strew'd o'er with you 5
Than quick above you. Dulness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy: oh, that I could take
So sound a sleep that I might never wake! [*Sleeps.*

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I have done ill; my conscience calls me false,
To strike at her that would not strike at me. 10
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abused,
And I a loathed villain: if she be,
She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds
And cannot follow; neither knows he me. 15
Who's this? Bellario sleeping! If thou be'st
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,
[*Cry within.*

140 Exeunt . . .] Dyce. Ex. Are. Pha. Di. Cle. Thra. and 1 Woodman. Q2 to Edd.'78. Exeunt all but second Woodman and Countryman. Web. Q1 has merely Exit. at end of Pha.'s speech.

143 *of this*] *with this* Q1, 4 to F., Edd.'78 to Dyce.

143 *go see*] *see* Q1. *go to see* Q2 to 6, Edd.'78, Web.

SCENE IV.

1 *A heaviness near death*] *Oh heavens! heavy death* Q1.

3 *ones*] *on* Q1. 3 Lies down.] Dyce. 7 *oh*] om. Q1.

8 Sleeps] Dyce. Falls asleep. Web.

So broken.—Hark! I am pursued. You gods,
I'll take this offer'd means of my escape: 20
They have no mark to know me but my blood,
If she be true; if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds
Upon this sleeping boy! I ha' none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee. 25
[*He wounds him.*

Bel. Oh, death, I hope, is come! Blest be that hand!
It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake!

Phi. I have caught myself; [PHI. *falls.*
The loss of blood hath stay'd my flight. Here, here,
Is he that struck thee: take thy full revenge; 30
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death;
I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand
Wounded the princess; tell my followers
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee; get a reward. 35

Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself!

Phi. How's this?
Wouldst thou I should be safe?

Bel. Else were it vain
For me to live. These little wounds I have
Ha' not bled much: reach me that noble hand;
I'll help to cover you.

Phi. Art thou then true to me? 40

Bel. Or let me perish loathed! Come, my good lord,
Creep in amongst those bushes: who does know
But that the gods may save your much-loved breath?

Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do? 45

Bel. Shift for myself well. Peace! I hear 'em come.
[PHILASTER *creeps into a bush.*

21 *blood*] *wounds* Q2 to Web. Dyce, who follows Q1, supposes the printer of Q2 to have caught *wounds* from the end of l. 23.
24 *this . . . boy*] *his . . . body* Q1.
24 *I ha'*] *I have* Edd.'78 to Dyce. *He has* Q1. 27 *meant*] *wisht* Q1.
29, 30 *flight. Here, here, Is*] *flight here, Here is* Q1.
30 *struck*] Ed. 1711 to Dyce. *strooke* or *stroke* Q. F.
33 *followers*] i. e. pursuers. Theo. 36 *Fly, fly*] *Hide hide* Q1.
39 *Ha'*] *Has* Q1. *Have* Edd.'78 to Dyce. 40 *then*] om. Q2 to Web.
41 *good*] om. Q1. 42 *those*] *these* Q1.
43 *much-loved breath*] *breeth in't, Shromd,* Q1.
44 *if not*] *if but* Mason conj.
46 Philaster creeps . . .] Web., Dyce. om. the rest.

Within. Follow, follow, follow! that way they went.
Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knows
That I can stand no longer. [*Falls.* 50

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Pha. To this place we have track'd him by his blood.
Cle. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.
Dion. Stay, sir! what are you?
Bel. A wretched creature, wounded in these woods
By beasts: relieve me, if your names be men, 55
Or I shall perish.
Dion. This is he, my lord,
Upon my soul, that hurt her: 'tis the boy,
That wicked boy, that served her.
Pha. Oh, thou damn'd in thy creation!
What cause couldst thou shape to hurt the princess? 60
Bel. Then I am betray'd.
Dion. Betray'd! no, apprehended.
Bel. I confess
(Urge it no more) that, big with evil thoughts,
I set upon her, and did make my aim
Her death. For charity let fall at once 65
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.
Pha. I will know
Who hired thee to this deed.
Bel. Mine own revenge.
Pha. Revenge! for what?
Bel. It pleased her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebb'd, 70
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes till they overflow'd their banks,
Threatening the men that cross'd 'em; when, as swift
As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes 75
To burning suns upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestow'd, leaving me worse

47 *Follow*] twice only Q1. 47 *they*] Qy. *he*?
50 Falls] Dyce. Boy falls downe Q1. om. Q2 to Web.
51 *we have*] *I* Q1. 57 *'tis*] *It is* Q1.
64 *make*] *take* Q4 to F., Edd.'78, Web. 67 *tortures*] *tortour* Q1.
68 *Mine*] *My* Q1. 71 *careless*] *carelessly* Q4 to F.
74 *'em*] *them* Q1. 76 *suns*] *Sines* Q1.

And more contemn'd than other little brooks,
Because I had been great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire 80
To die revenged.

Pha. If tortures can be found
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour.

Cle. Help to lead him hence.

[PHILASTER *creeps out of the bush.*

Phi. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you bear away 85
So rudely?

Pha. Who's that?

Dion. 'Tis the lord Philaster.

Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
That virtue. It was I that hurt the princess. 90
Place me, some god, upon a Pyramis
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth that dwells in him! 95

Pha. How's this?

Bel. My lord, some man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario.

Bel. Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead me on?

Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep, 100
And gods do punish most when men do break,
He touch'd her not!—Take heed, Bellario,

83 Philaster . . . the bush.] Dyce. . . . a bush. The rest.
84 *innocence*] *innocents* Q1. 85 *that*] *what* Q1.
86 *'Tis the*] *My* Q1.
91 *upon a Pyramis*] *on a Pyramades* Q1. cf. V. iii. 90.
93 *your*] *you* Q1. 94 *discourse to all*] *teach* Q1.
94 *under-world*] "cf. *Bonduca* III. ii. :—
'loud Fame calls ye
Pitch'd on the topless Appenine, and blows
To all the under-world,' etc." Bullen.
98 *these . . . courtesies*] *this . . . courtesie* Q1.
99 *he's*] *he is* Q3 to 6. 99 *lead me on*] *beare me hence* Q1.
101 *do punish*] *to punish* Q1. Perhaps right: *ought* understood. The Edd. '78 also read *to* here, but without note, and they do not appear to have been acquainted with Q1.

How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown
With perjury.—By all the Gods, 'twas I!
You know she stood betwixt me and my right. 105
Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge!
Cle. It was Philaster.
Dion. Is't not a brave boy?
Well, sirs, I fear me we were all deceived.
Phi. Have I no friend here?
Dion. Yes.
Phi. Then shew it: some
Good body lend a hand to draw us nearer. 110
Would you have tears shed for you when you die?
Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weep floods and breathe forth my spirit.
'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold
[*Embracing* BELLARIO.
Lock'd in the heart of earth, can buy away 115
This arm-full from me: this had been a ransom
To have redeem'd the great Augustus Cæsar,
Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,
More stony than these mountains, can you see
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh 120
To stop his life? to bind whose bitter wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears
Bathe 'em.—Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
Of poor Philaster!

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, *and* Guard.

King. Is the villain ta'en?
Pha. Sir, here be two confess the deed; but sure 125
It was Philaster.
Phi. Question it no more; it was.
King. The fellow that did fight with him will tell us that.
Are. Aye me! I know he will.
King. Did not you know him?

104 *the Gods*] *that's good* Q4 to Dyce.
108 *sirs, I fear me*] *I fear me, sir* Q1 (F. omits *me*). 108 *all*] om. Q1.
113 *and*] Qy. *and there?* 113 *breathe forth*] *breathe out* Q3 to Edd.'78.
114 *'Tis not*] *Not all* Q1. 114 *Plutus*] *Plutos* Q1
114 Embracing . . .] Dyce. 121 *bitter*] *better* Q4 to F.
125 *sure*] Dyce. *sute* Q1 ("evidently a misprint for 'sure,'" says Dyce). *say* Q2 to Web. 127 *that*] om. Q4 '39 to Theo. 128 *he will*] *him well* Q1.

Are. Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.
Phi. I was so. Oh, my stars, that I should live still! 130
King. Thou ambitious fool,
Thou that hast laid a train for thy own life!—
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.
Bear them to prison.
Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence 135
This harmless life; should it pass unrevenged,
I should to earth go weeping; grant me, then,
By all the love a father bears his child,
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures and their deaths. 140
Dion. Death!
Soft; our law will not reach that for this fault.
King. 'Tis granted; take 'em to you with a guard.—
Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,
We may with more security go on 145
To your intended match.—
[*Exeunt all except* DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.
Cle. I pray that this action lose not Philaster the hearts of the people.
Dion. Fear it not; their over-wise heads will think it but a trick. [*Exeunt omnes.*

129 *Sir*] *No, Sir* Theo. 129 *was he*] *were he* Q1.
130 *I was so*] "i. e. I was, in a figurative sense, *disguised:* the word is still applied in vulgar language to those who are disordered or deformed by drink." Dyce. 134 *them*] *him* Q2 to Web. 137 *go*] om. Q1.
138 *love*] *loves* Q1. 140 *deaths*] *death* F. to Web.
145 *may*] *shall* Q1. 146 *To your*] *With our* Q1.
146 Exeunt . . .] Dyce. om. the rest; tho' Q1 has "Exit King and Pharamont."

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Thra. Has the King sent for him to death?

Dion. Yes; but the King must know 'tis not in his power to war with Heaven.

Cle. We linger time: the King sent for Philaster and the headsman an hour ago. 5

Thra. Are all his wounds well?

Dion. All; they were but scratches; but the loss of blood made him faint.

Cle. We dally, gentlemen.

Thra. Away! 10

Dion. We'll scuffle hard before he perish. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Prison.

Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, *and* BELLARIO.

Are. Nay, faith, Philaster, grieve not; we are well.

Bel. Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are wondrous well.

Phi. Oh, Arethusa, oh, Bellario, leave to be kind!
I shall be shut from heaven, as now from earth,
If you continue so. I am a man 5
False to a pair of the most trusty ones
That ever earth bore: can it bear us all?
Forgive, and leave me. But the King hath sent
To call me to my death: oh, shew it me,
And then forget me! and for thee, my boy, 10
I shall deliver words will mollify

11 *scuffle*] *shufle* Q1.

SCENE II.

1 *faith*] *dear* Q4 to Dyce. 3 *oh*] *and* Q1. 4 *shut*] *shot* Q2 to Web.
4 *as now from earth*] om. Q1. 6 *most trusty*] *truest* Q1.

The hearts of beasts to spare thy innocence.
Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts! 'tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away. 15
Should I outlive you, I should then outlive
Virtue and honour; and when that day comes,
If ever I shall close these eyes but once,
May I live spotted for my perjury,
And waste by time to nothing! 20
Are. And I (the woful'st maid that ever lived,
Forced with my hands to bring my lord to death)
Do by the honour of a virgin swear
To tell no hours beyond it!
Phi. Make me not hated so. 25
Are. Come from this prison all joyful to our deaths!
Phi. People will tear me, when they find you true
To such a wretch as I; I shall die loathed.
Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleep forgotten with my faults: 30
Every just servant, every maid in love,
Will have a piece of me, if you be true.
Are. My dear lord, say not so.
Bel. A piece of you!
He was not born of woman that can cut it
And look on.
Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you, 35
For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.
Are. Why, 'tis well.
Bel. Lament no more.
Phi. Why, what would you have done,
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found
Your life no price compared to mine? for love, sirs, 40
Deal with me truly.

16 *you*] om. Q6, F. 16 *then*] om. Q1. 17 *comes*] *come* Q1.
18 *shall*] *should* F.
20 *by time*] *by limbs* Q2, Dyce. *my limbs* Q3 to Web.
21 *lived,*] *was*, Q2 to Dyce; the F. makes the speech a little more colloquial by reading—*as ever was*, for *that ever was*.
24 *beyond*] *behind* Q1. 31 *servant*] i. e. lover. Bullen. *maiden* Q1.
33 *dear lord*] *dearest* Q1. 34 *woman*] *women* Q2 to Web.
34, 35 *He . . . look on*] one line Q. F.
38 *Why*] om. Q2 to Web. 40 *sirs*] Cf. IV. iii. 54.
40, 41 *Your . . . truly*] The first quarto has—
My life no whit compared to yours for love,
Sirs, deal with me truly.

Bel. 'Twas mistaken, sir.
Phi. Why, if it were?
Bel. Then, sir, we would have ask'd
Your pardon.
Phi. And have hope to enjoy it?
Are. Enjoy it! ay.
Phi. Would you indeed? be plain.
Bel. We would, my lord. 45
Phi. Forgive me, then.
Are. So, so.
Bel. 'Tis as it should be now.
Phi. Lead to my death.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A State-room in the Palace.

Enter KING, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?
Cle. So please you, sir, he's gone to see the city
And the new platform, with some gentlemen
Attending on him.
King. Is the princess ready
To bring her prisoner out?
Thra. She waits your grace. 5
King. Tell her we stay.— [*Exit* THRASILINE.

Q2 to F. have—

My life no price, compar'd to yours! For love Sirs,
Deal with me truly.

Our text, adopted by Web. and Dyce, is founded on Mason's conjecture, who supposes Philaster's intention to be to place Arethusa and Bellario in the position he occupies in respect to them; he has wronged them basely and finds *his* life of no value as compared with *theirs:* he wishes them to suppose the wrong had come from them and they had found *their* lives of no value compared with *his;* what would they then have done? Mason's change of *My life* to *Your life* and of *yours* to *mine* is clearly necessary on this understanding. Dyce pointed out that Mason's transposition had been already effected in the alteration of *Philaster* called *The Restauration*, where the passage stands thus:—

Pray tell me now, if you had wrong'd me basely,
And found *your* life no price compar'd to *mine*, etc.

SCENE III.

Enter . . .] . . . and a Guard. Q1.
3 *platform*] *plotform* Q1. 6 Exit . . .] Dyce.

Dion. King, you may be deceived yet:
The head you aim at cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off;
Like a wild overflow, that soops before him
A golden stack, and with it shakes down bridges, 10
Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable-roots
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,
And, so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride
Charges strong towns, towers, castles, palaces, 15
And lays them desolate; so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruins.

Enter ARETHUSA, PHILASTER, BELLARIO *in a robe and garland, and* THRASILINE.

King. How now? what masque is this? 20
Bel. Right royal sir, I should
Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers,
But having lost my best airs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike
This blessed union on, thus in glad story 25
I give you all. These two fair cedar-branches,
The noblest of the mountain where they grew,
Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their lairs, and slept
Free from the fervour of the Sirian star 30
And the fell thunder-stroke, free from the clouds,
When they were big with humour, and deliver'd

8 *lightly*] *slightly* Q5 to F.
9 *soops*] (*soopes* Q1, 2). *swoops* Ed. 1711 to Dyce. 10 *stack*] *stocke* Q1.
13 *mightier*] *weightier* Q1.
19 Enter . . .] (. . . and Thrasiline, added by Dyce). Enter Phi. Princesse, Boy, with a garland of flowers on's head. Q1.
21 *should*] *shall* Q1.
22 *epithalamium*] This word seems to have troubled the printers of the two earliest quartos: Q1 has *Epipethelamon*, Q2 *Epipethelamion*.
22 *of these lovers*] om. Q1. 25 *on*] om. Q1.
26 *you all. These*] *you these* Q1. 27 *mountain*] *mountaines* Q1.
29 *lairs*] Dyce. *layers* Q1, 4 to Web. *layars* Q2, 3.
30 *the fervour of*] Added by Dyce from Q1; omitted by Q2 to Web. The arrangement of lines 30—33 is also Dyce's; Q1 prints as prose; Q2 to Edd.'78 have three lines ending *thunder-stroke . . . humour . . . earth.* Web. four ending *thunder-stroke . . . clouds . . . deliver'd . . . earth.*
32 *deliver'd*] *deliver* Q1 to 3.

In thousand spouts their issues to the earth;
Oh, there was none but silent quiet there!
Till never-pleased Fortune shot up shrubs, 35
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches;
And for a while they did so, and did reign
Over the mountain, and choke up his beauty
With brakes, rude thorns and thistles, till the sun
Scorch'd them even to the roots and dried them there: 40
And now a gentle gale hath blown again,
That made these branches meet and twine together,
Never to be unarm'd. The god that sings
His holy numbers over marriage-beds
Hath knit their noble hearts; and here they stand 45
Your children, mighty King: and I have done.

King. How, how?

Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth,
(For now there is no masquing in't,) this gentleman,
The prisoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throes 50
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length
Arrived here my dear husband.

King. Your dear husband!—
Call in the Captain of the Citadel.—
There you shall keep your wedding. I'll provide 55
A masque shall make your Hymen turn his saffron
Into a sullen coat, and sing sad requiems
To your departing souls;
Blood shall put out your torches; and, instead
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks, 60
An axe shall hang like a prodigious meteor,

33 *their*] *that* Q1.
36 *divorce*] *deuowr* Q1. 38 *choke*] *did choke* Q1. *choakt* Q4 '39 to Theo.
39 *rude*] *rud*, Q1. 39 *the*] *thy* F. 40 *even*] om. Q1.
40 *roots . . . them*] *root, . . . vm* Q1.
43 *unarm'd*] (*vnarmde* Q1). *divided* Q2 to Dyce. Dyce, however, notes that Q1 "has the uncommon, but perhaps more poetical word 'unarm'd.'"
44 *holy*] om. Q1. 44 *numbers over*] *Number ore* Q1.
45 *Hath*] *Has* Q1. 46 *mighty*] *worthy* Q1.
48 *now*] om. Q4 to F., Edd.'78. 50 *throes*] *threats* Q1.
52 *struggled*] *strangled* Q5 to F. 55 *There*] *Where* Q1.
56 *Saffron*] "Mr. Warton, in his notes on Milton's Allegro, has collected various instances from old authors to prove that Hymen was always appropriately clothed in saffron-coloured robes in the ancient mosques and pageantries." Weber. 61 *prodigious*] i. e. portentous. Dyce.

Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, you gods!
From this time do I shake all title off
Of father to this woman, this base woman;
And what there is of vengeance in a lion 65
Chafed among dogs or robb'd of his dear young,
The same, enforced more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me!

Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to swear by,
There's nothing that can stir me from myself. 70
What I have done, I have done without repentance;
For death can be no bugbear unto me,
So long as Pharamond is not my headsman.

Dion. [*Aside.*] Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid,
Whene'er thou diest! For this time I'll excuse thee, 75
Or be thy prologue.—

Phi. Sir, let me speak next;
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions. If you aim
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
You are a tyrant and a savage monster, 80
That feeds upon the blood you gave a life to;
Your memory shall be as foul behind you,
As you are living; all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;
No chronicle shall speak you, though your own, 85
But for the shame of men. No monument,
Though high and big as Pelion, shall be able
To cover this base murder: make it rich
With brass, with purest gold and shining jasper,
Like the Pyramides; lay on epitaphs 90

66 *Chafed*] *Chaft* Q1. *Chast* Q2 to 4. *Cast* Q5 to Web. *Chaf'd* Dyce.
66 *among*] *amongst* Q1, 6 to Theo. 68 *Expect*] *looke* Q1.
69 *I*] *that I* Q1. 70 *that*] om. Q1.
72 *For . . . me*] *For death to me can be no bugbear* Q1.
73 *So*] *as* Q1. 76 *Or be*] *ore by* Q1. 79 *dear*] om. Q1.
80 *You are*] *Y'are* Q2 to F. 81 *That feeds . . . life to*] om. Q2 to Web.
83, 84 *your better deeds*
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble]
Here Theo. cites *Henry VIII.* iv. ii. 45—
"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water."
86 *the*] *a* Q1. 89 *with purest*] om. Q1.
90 *Pyramides*] *Pyramids* F. to Edd.'78. Theo. ekes out the mutilated verse reading "Like *to* the *Pyramids*." Cf. IV. iv. 91

Such as make great men gods; my little marble
That only clothes my ashes, not my faults,
Shall far outshine it. And for after-issues,
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,
That they will give you more for your mad rage 95
To cut off, unless it be some snake, or something
Like yourself, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father, King! there was a fault,
But I forgive it: let that sin persuade you
To love this lady; if you have a soul, 100
Think, save her, and be saved. For myself,
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languish'd under you, and daily wither'd,
That, by the gods, it is a joy to die;
I find a recreation in't. 105

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's the King?
King. Here.
Mess. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the Prince Pharamond from danger;
He's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing the Lord Philaster.
Dion. [*Aside.*] Oh, brave followers!
Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny! 110
Now, my brave valiant foremen, shew your weapons
In honour of your mistresses!

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Arm, arm, arm, arm!
King. A thousand devils take these Citizens!
Dion. [*Aside.*] A thousand blessings on 'em!— 115
2 *Mess.* Arm, O King! The city is in mutiny,

98 *father, King*] *father King* Q. F.
104 *by the gods*] *Heaven knows* Q4 to Dyce.
104 *a joy*] *my joy* Q4 to Edd.'78.
105 Enter . . .] . . . a Gentleman. Dyce; who also changes prefix to his speeches to "Gent." 106 *Where's*] *where is* Web., Dyce.
106 *you*] om. Q1. 109 *Fearing*] "i. e. Fearing for." Dyce. *For* Q1.
109 *followers*] *fellowes* Q1. 109 Aside.] Dyce.
112 Enter . . .] . . . a Second Gentleman. Dyce.
113 *Arm*, etc.] Thrice only Q1 and Q4 to Web.
114 *take these Citizens*] *take 'em* Q2 to Dyce. 115 Aside.] Dyce.
115 *'em*] *them* Q1.

Led by an old grey Ruffin, who comes on
In rescue of the lord Philaster.

King. Away to the citadel!—

[*Exeunt* ARE., PHI., BEL., *guarded.*

I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these burghers. Let the guard 120
And all the gentlemen give strong attendance. [*Exit* KING.

[*Manent* DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Cle. The city up! this was above our wishes.

Dion. Ay, and the marriage too. By all the gods,
This noble lady has deceived us all.
A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues, 125
For having such unworthy thoughts of her dear honour!
Oh, I could beat myself! or do you beat me,
And I'll beat you; for we had all one thought.

Cle. No, no, 'twill but lose time.

Dion. You say true. Are your swords sharp?—Well, 130 my dear countrymen What-you-lacks, if you continue, and fall not back upon the first broken shin, I'll have you chronicled and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and all-to-be-praised and sung in sonnets, and bawled in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troul you 135 *in sæcula sæculorum*, my kind can-carriers.

Thra. What, if a toy take 'em i' the heels now, and they run all away, and cry, "the devil take the hindmost"?

117 *Ruffin*] *Ruffian* Ed. 1711 to Dyce.

119 Exeunt . . .] Ed. Exit with Are. Phi. Bell. Q2 to Edd.'78. om. Q1, Web., Dyce.

121 Exit King. [Manent . . .] Exit with Are., Phi., Bel., guarded. Web. Exeunt all except Di., Cler., and Thra. Dyce.

123 *By all the gods*] *By my life* Q2 to F., Edd.'78 to Dyce. *now, by my Life* Theo. With the exception of this first line, the speech is in prose Q1 to Theo. Verse, as here, Edd.'78 to Dyce.

131 *What-you-lacks*] *What ye lacks* Q2 Dyce. *What ye lack* Q3 to Web. (hyphened first by Edd.'78). A nick-name for shop-keepers; "what do you lack" being their usual address to passers-by.

132 *shin*] (*shinne* Q2 to 4 '34). *skin* Q1, Dyce. The *skin* of Q1, *pace* Dyce, is probably a misprint; it occurs again, in some of the quartos, in *shin-bone* V. iv. 81.

132 *have you*] *see you* Q1. *have ye* Q2.

134 *and all-to-be-praised and sung in sonnets*] Hyphens first in Theo's ed. He, followed by Edd.'78 and Web. altered to—*and sung in all-to-be-prais'd sonnets.*

134 *bawled*] Dyce (Heath conj. *MS. Notes*). *bathd* and *bath'd* Q.F. *grav'd* Theo., Edd.'78. *graved* Web. 135 *new brave*] *brave new* Q1.

135 *troul*] (*troule* Q1 to Web.). *trouble* Ed. 1711; a misprint which Theo. quotes and corrects as tho' it occurred in the old eds.

137 *toy*] "i. e. whim." Dyce.

Dion. Then the same devil take the foremost too, 140
and souse him for his breakfast! If they all prove
cowards, my curses fly amongst them, and be speeding!
May they have murrains reign to keep the gentlemen
at home unbound in easy frieze! may the moth branch
their velvets, and their silks only to be worn before sore 145
eyes! may their false lights undo 'em, and discover
presses, holes, stains, and oldness in their stuffs, and
make them shop-rid! may they keep whores and horses,
and break; and live mewed up with necks of beef and
turnips! may they have many children, and none like 150
the father! may they know no language but that
gibberish they prattle to their parcels, unless it be the
goatish Latin they write in their bonds—and may they
write that false, and lose their debts!

Re-enter the KING.

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound 155

141 *souse*] *sawce* Q1. *sowce* Q2 to Theo.
142 *fly . . . be*] *flush amongst vm and ill* Q1.
143 *murrains reign*] . . . *raigne* or *raign* Q2 to F. . . . *rain* Edd.'78, Web. *iniurious raine* Q1. 144 *easy*] *rafine* Q1.
144 *moth*] *mothes* Q2 to 4. *moths* Q5 to Dyce.
144 *branch*] i. e. to figure or form patterns.
145 *sore eyes*] One is here reminded of Thersites' "green sarcenet flap for a sore eye." *Troil. and Cress.* V. i. 36.
146 *false lights*] Dyce quotes in illustration a passage from Middleton's *Michaelmas Term* (1607) I., i., where the rascally woollen-draper Quomodo addresses an assistant spirit named Falselight:—

"Go, make my coarse commodities look sleek;
With subtle art beguile the honest eye:
Be near to my trap-window, cunning Falselight."

147 *presses*] i. e. creases. *preases* Q1. 151 *may they know*] *and know* Q1.
153 *goatish*] *gotish* Q1. *goarish* Q4 to F. *Gothick* Theo. to Web. (a reading previously given in *The Restauration*).

"I dare warrant," says Theo., "that I have retriev'd the Authors' genuine Text in the Word *Gothick;* i. e. *barbarous:* No greater *Barbarisms* than in *Law-Latine.* So in *Wit without Money*, III. iv.

'*No more sense spoken, all Things* Goth *and* Vandal.'"

Dyce on the other hand affirms—"That 'goatish,' i. e. rank, coarse, barbarous, is the genuine word, there cannot be the slightest doubt: in Hormanni *Vulgaria* we find, 'The ranke sauour of *gotes* is applied to them that will not come out of theyr *baudy* [i. e. foul, barbarous] *latyn.* - - - *qui barbariem nunquam exuunt.*' Sig. R vi. ed. 1530; and in Drayton's *Elinor Cobham to Duke Humphrey*,

'Which in the *Gotish* Island tongue were taught.'

Tod in his additions to Johnston's *Dict.* gives, *on the strength of the present passage*, 'GOARISH. *adj.* (from *goar*). Patched, mean, doggerel'; and, what is more to be wondered at, Richardson in his very learned work has borrowed from Tod this precious adjective and the example of its use."

them! How they swarm together! what a hum they raise!—Devils choke your wild throats!—If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heat: they will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me and call me tyrant. Oh, run, dear friend, and bring the lord Philaster! speak him fair; call him prince; do him all the courtesy you can; commend me to him. Oh, my wits, my wits! [*Exit* CLEREMONT.

Dion. [*Aside.*] Oh, my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this; nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you, and send you brawn and bacon, and soil you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking.—

King. What they will do with this poor prince, the gods know, and I fear.

Dion. [*Aside.*] Why, sir, they'll flay him, and make church-buckets on's skin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in's sconce, and hang him up for a sign.—

Re-enter CLEREMONT *with* PHILASTER.

King. Oh, worthy sir, forgive me! do not make
Your miseries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be yourself,
Still sound amongst diseases. I have wrong'd you;
And though I find it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people,
And be what you were born to: take your love,
And with her my repentance, all my wishes

157 *wild*] *wide* Q1.
158 *their*] *your* Q1. 158 *he . . . for it*] *we . . . for't* Q1.
159 *'em*] om. Q1. 159 *and*] om. Q5 to Theo.
159 *they*] *you* Q1. 163 *fair*] *well* Q1.
164 *courtesy*] *courtesies* Q1. 165 Exit . . .] om. Q1.
166 Aside.] Dyce. 166 *countrymen*] *citizens* Q1.
168—171 *and send . . . kicking*] *and send you brawn and bacon every long vocation; and foule shall come up fat and in braue liking* Q1.
169 *soil*] "'*Soil*, to fatten completely.' '*Soiling*, the last fattening food given to fowls when they are taken up from the stack or barn-door, and cooped for a few days.' Forby's *Vocab. of East Anglia.*" Dyce.
170 *foremen*] "can only be a sort of cant name for geese." Dyce.
172 *this*] *that* Q1. 173 *and*] om. Q1. 174 Aside.] Ed.
174 *sir*] om. Q1. 176 *sconce*] i. e. head. Dyce.
182 *first*] *me* Q1. 182 *it*] om. Q1. 184 *all*] *and* Q4 to Web.

And all my prayers. By the gods, my heart speaks this; 185
And if the least fall from me not perform'd,
May I be struck with thunder!
Phi. Mighty sir,
I will not do your greatness so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth. Free the princess
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock 190
Of this mad sea-breach, which I'll either turn,
Or perish with it.
King. Let your own word free them.
Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly,
And be not moved, sir: I shall bring you peace 195
Or never bring myself back.
King. Now all the gods go with thee. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter an old Captain *and* Citizens *with* PHARAMOND.

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let us fall on.
Let your caps swarm, my boys, and your nimble tongues
Forget your mother gibberish of "what do you lack."
And set your mouths ope, children, till your palates

185 *this*] *all this* Q1. 190 *poor*] om. Q1. 192 *them*] *her* Q1
194 *royal*] *noble* Q1.
195 *you*] *your* Q2 to F., Edd.'78, Web. Theo., says Dyce, gave *you* from conjecture only. 197 *Now all*] *All* Q2 to Dyce.

SCENE IV.—For the first seven-and-thirty lines of this scene [twenty-eight lines in Q1] the variations of Q1 from the later editions are very great, and as a reprint of Q1, from the commencement of this scene, is given, I have only occasionally noted them; from l. 37 to end of the play the difference is too great to admit of any kind of collation.

Down to the entry of Philaster (l. 81) the old editions are a mixture of prose and verse, the latter often quite impossible: the Edd.'78, wisely perhaps, print the whole as prose; Theo. struggled hard with it, and Web. persevered in the attempt to reduce it to verse; Dyce follows Web. for the most part. I have, with some misgiving, adopted Dyce's division.

1—8 *Come . . . ding-dongs*] Here divided as in Web. and Dyce. Printed in quite impossible verse lines Q2 to Theo. The whole speech as prose Q1 and Edd.'78. 1 *let us*] Ed. 1711 to Dyce. *let's* Q2 to F.
2 *your*] *you* Q5 to ed. 1711.
3 *mother*] *mothers* Q6 to Edd.'78. om. Q1.
3 *what do you lack*] See note V. iii. 131.
4 *ope*] Dyce from Q1 *ope'*. *Up* Q2 to Web.

Fall frighted half a fathom past the cure 5
Of bay-salt and gross pepper, and then cry
"Philaster, brave Philaster!" Let Philaster
Be deeper in request, my ding-dongs,
My pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs,
Than your cold water camlets, or your paintings 10
Spitted with copper. Let not your hasty silks,
Or your branched cloth of bodkin, or your tissues,
Dearly beloved of spiced cake and custard,
You Robin Hoods, Scarlets, and Johns, tie your affections
In darkness to your shops. No, dainty duckers, 15
Up with your three-piled spirits, your wrought valours;
And let your uncut cholers make the King feel
The measure of your mightiness. Philaster!
Cry, my rose-nobles, cry!
All. Philaster! Philaster!
Cap. How do you like this, my lord-prince? 20

8 *ding-dongs*] *ding-a-dings* Dyce from Q1. 9 *kings*] *king* Q1, 4 to ed. 1711.

11 *Spitted with copper*] Would appear to mean interwoven, *broché;* in imitation of stuffs so treated with gold and silver thread; tho' how this could apply to *paintings* is not clear unless we are to suppose *paintings* = painted cloths. Theobald, followed by Edd.'78 and Web., substituted *spotted*, i. e. sprinkled. See Dyce's note. Q1 omits these words.

11 *hasty silks*] Must mean, I presume, loaded with paste or other material to give them false substance.

12 *branched cloth of bodkin*] Embroidered or figured cloth of gold and silk. See Dyce's note, Nares, New Eng. Dict., etc. s. v. *Bodkin* or *Baudkin*.

14 *You*] Theo. *Your* Q1 to F., Edd.'78 to Dyce. Theo., while quite needlessly calling attention to Robin Hood, Scarlet and John, makes this change without any warning. I have adopted it as a certain restoration of the authors' text.

15 *duckers*] Dyce explains:—"i. e. cringers, bowers—alluding to their *ducking* (bowing) to customers." I think the allusion is more probably to *duck-hunting*, a favourite sport of the citizens, to which numerous references are made in our old drama, as in *Histrio-Mastix*, II. i. (pp. 34, 35, Sympson's *School of Shakspere*, Vol. II.); *Every Man in his Humour*, I. i.; *The Roaring Girl*, II. i. (near end of Sc.); Brome's *Damoiselle*, II. i. (p. 403, and elsewhere, Vol. I. Pearson's reprint), etc. Mr. Pepys (*Diary*, 27 March, 1664) records his walk through the ducking-pond fields at Islington, so altered since his father carried him there to eat cakes and ale at the King's Head.

16 *three-piled*] "Three-pile" was velvet of the finest quality, hence metaphorically *three-piled spirits*. See Nares (*Gloss.* in v.).

16 *valours*] "Another quibble: *velure* (sometimes spelt *valure*) is velvet." Dyce.

17 *cholers*] Dyce. *colours* Q1. *collers* Q2,3. *coller* Q4 to F. *choler* Theo. to Web.—The old, old pun on *collar* and *choler*.

19 *rose-nobles*] A coin so called from its being stamped with a rose. Its value is variously stated at from 16*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*

20 *prince*] *prisoner* Q1; "rightly perhaps," says Dyce.

These are mad boys, I tell you; these are things
That will not strike their top-sails to a foist,
And let a man of war, an argosy,
Hull and cry cockles.
Pha. Why, you rude slave, do you know what you do? 25
Cap. My pretty prince of puppets, we do know;
And give your greatness warning that you talk
No more such bug's-words, or that solder'd crown
Shall be scratch'd with a musket. Dear prince Pippin,
Down with your noble blood, or, as I live, 30
I'll have you coddled.—Let him loose, my spirits:
Make us a round ring with your bills, my Hectors,
And let us see what this trim man dares do.
Now, sir, have at you! here I lie;
And with this swashing blow (do you see, sweet prince?) 35
I could hock your grace, and hang you up cross-legg'd,
Like a hare at a poulter's, and do this with this wiper.
Pha. You will not see me murder'd, wicked villains?
1 *Cit.* Yes, indeed, will we, sir; we have not seen one
For a great while.
Cap. He would have weapons, would he? 40

22 *foist*] a small vessel, a pleasure-boat.

24 *Hull and cry cockles*] To lie inactive and in base traffic. Q1 has *Stoope to carry coales*. Dyce notes that according to Grose (*Class. Dict. of the Vulgar Tongue*), "To cry cockles" is "to be hang'd; perhaps from the noise made whilst strangling." See Nares (*Gloss.* in v. *Foist*).

28 *bug's-words*] Dyce. *Bugs-words* Q. F. *Bug-words* Theo. to Web. Swaggering or terrifying language: *bug*, a goblin, its generally received etymology; but Richardson (*Dict.* in v.) considers *bug*-word merely a form of *big*-word. Dyce.

28 *solder'd crown*] i. e., I suppose, solder'd head; but why *solder'd* I do not know. (*solder'd*, Q2, Dyce. *soldred* Q3 to Theo. *sola'red* Edd.'78. *soldered* Web.) The Q1 has *sodden*.

29 *scratch'd with a musket*] A delicate way of hinting that he would have his brains blown out. Dyce notes:—"The Captain is still quibling,—*musket* (from which perhaps the weapon had its name) being a male sparrow-hawk." Edd.'78 and Web. print *musquet*.

35 *do you see, sweet prince*] Dyce, from Q2. *doe you huffe sweete Prince* Q1. *do you sweet, do you sweat, do you swet*, or *do you swear Prince* Q3 to F. *do you sweat, Prince* Theo. to Web.

36 *hock*] Dyce from Q1. *hulke* and *hulk* Q2 to Web.

37 *wiper*] i. e. sword.

39, 40 *Yes . . . while.*] Dyce's division. Prose all preceding eds.

40 *For*] Web., Dyce (Mason conj.). *foe* Q2 to F., Edd.'78. *so* Theo. (Sympson conj.—a reading also found in *The Restauration*.)

40—47 *He would . . . coach-whip*] Web.'s and Dyce's division. Prose to *a whip* l. 46, then two short lines, first ending *laces*, Q2 to F. Prose the whole speech, Theo., Edd.'78.

Give him a broadside, my brave boys, with your
pikes;
Branch me his skin in flowers like a satin,
And between every flower a mortal cut.—
Your royalty shall ravel!—Jag him, gentlemen;
I'll have him cut to the kell, then down the seams. 45
O for a whip to make him galloon-laces!
I'll have a coach-whip.
Pha. Oh, spare me, gentlemen!
Cap. Hold, hold;
The man begins to fear and know himself;
He shall for this time only be seel'd up, 50
With a feather through his nose, that he may only
See heaven, and think whither he is going.
Nay, my beyond-sea sir, we will proclaim you:
You would be king!
Thou tender heir apparent to a church-ale, 55
Thou slight prince of single sarcenet,
Thou royal ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing

45 *kell*] omentum. "'The caule about his [the hart's] paunch is called his *kell*.' *The Noble Art of Venerie*, etc. by Turbervile, 1611, p. 224." Dyce.

45—47 *down . . . coach-whip*] I do not understand the captain's rant.

48—54 *Hold . . . king*] We have chosen Dyce's division, which differs somewhat from that of Theo. and Web. The Edd.'78 print the whole speech as prose. Q. F. end lines *himselfe . . . up . . . see . . . going . . . king*.

50 *seel'd*] *seal'd* Q. F. "There is," says Theo., "a Difference, which the Printers did not know, betwixt *seal'd* and *seel'd*; the Latter is a Term in Falconry; When a Hawk is first taken, a Thread is run through its Eyelids, so that she may see very little, ["or not at all" Dyce] to make her the better endure the Hood."—"See *The Booke of Falconrie*, etc., by Turbervile, 1611, pp. 21, 88, 100. Sometimes a small feather was used for this purpose." Dyce. Qy. would a feather *through his nose* effect this?

52 *whither*] *thither* Mason conjectures. "The meaning," says Mason, "is, we will confine his eyes in such a manner, that he shall see nothing but heaven, and think that he is going there. If a pidgeon be hood-winked in such a manner that it can receive no light but from above, it will rise perpendicularly till it dies: to this the captain alludes."

52 *he is*] *he's* Q. F., Web.

54 *would be*] Qy. should not these words be hyphened?

55 *heir apparent to a church-ale*] In view of the enormities said by Stubbs and others to be perpetrated at these festivals this may be considered as equivalent to being called a bastard. "Goody Trundle had her maid got with child" on one such occasion. See *Cromwell*, Act I. Sc. i.

56 *prince of single sarcenet*] Cf. "A king of shreds and patches." *Hamlet*, III. iv. 102.

57 *ring-tail*] An inferior member of the Falconidæ: between Hawk and Buzzard, as the proverb has it. Minshue thus defines:—"a kinde of Puttocke or Kite, having whitish feathers about his taile, as it were a ring."

But poor men's poultry, and have every boy
Beat thee from that too with his bread and butter!
Pha. Gods keep me from these hell-hounds!
1 *Cit.* Shall's geld him, captain? 60
Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets, my dear donzels;
As you respect the ladies, let them flourish:
The curses of a longing woman kill
As speedy as a plague, boys.
1 *Cit.* I'll have a leg, that's certain.
2 *Cit.* I'll have an arm. 65
3 *Cit.* I'll have his nose, and at mine own charge build
A college and clap't upon the gate.
4 *Cit.* I'll have his little gut to string a kit with:
For certainly a royal gut will sound like silver.
Pha. Would they were in thy belly, and I past 70
My pain once!
5 *Cit.* Good captain, let me have his liver to feed ferrets.
Cap. Who will have parcels else? speak.
Pha. Good gods, consider me! I shall be tortured.
1 *Cit.* Captain, I'll give you the trimming of your two-hand sword, 75
And let me have his skin to make false scabbards.
2 *Cit.* He had no horns, sir, had he?
Cap. No, sir, he's a pollard:
What wouldst thou do with horns?

60 1 Cit.] 2 Cit. Q4 to Web.
61 *donzels*] *Donsells* or *donsels* Q2 to Dyce. Young gentlemen. The term, as Web. and Dyce point out, was probably suggested by the romance, translated into English, 1583—1601, under the title of *The Mirrour of Knighthood*, etc., in which Donzel del Phebo and his brother Rosicleer—both of whom are mentioned by the Captain in ll. 85 and 92 of this scene—are the heroes. Frequently alluded to in our old drama: *e.g.* Marston's *1st Pt. of Antonio and Mellida*, II. i. 34, and his *Malcontent*, V. ii. 115.—Works, Vol. i. ed. Bullen. The first example of the word quoted in the *New Eng. Dict.* is from Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse*, 1592.
63 *kill*] F. to Dyce. *kils* or *kills* Q2 to 6.
66, 67 *I'll . . . gate*] As verse first by Web.
66 *I'll have his nose*, etc.] An allusion to Brazen Nose College, Oxford. Weber.
67 *clap't*] *clap'd* Theo. *clap it* Edd.'78 to Dyce.
70—81 *Would . . . serve me*] Here divided as in Dyce. Theo. and Web. differ slightly from this. As prose Q. F., Edd.'78.
75 *two*] (2. Q2, 3.) om. Q4 to F.
77 *had . . . had*] *has . . . has* Edd.'78, Web.
78 *pollard*] = unhorned beast.

2 *Cit.* Oh, if he had had,
I would have made rare hafts and whistles of 'em; 80
But his shin-bones, if they be sound, shall serve me.

Enter PHILASTER.

All. Long live Philaster, the brave Prince Philaster!
Phi. I thank you, gentlemen. But why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil trades?
Cap. My royal Rosicleer, 85
We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers;
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our musty murrions on,
And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,
Thou Mars of men? is the King sociable, 90
And bids thee live? art thou above thy foemen,
And free as Phœbus? speak. If not, this stand
Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt, and run
Even to the lees of honour.
Phi. Hold, and be satisfied: I am myself; 95
Free as my thoughts are: by the gods, I am!
Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets
Kiss their gumm'd golls, and cry "We are your servants?" 100
Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy castle,
And this man sleeps.

79 *he had had*] *he had* Q4 to Web. 81 *shin*] *skin* Q3 to 5.
93, 94 *Of . . . honour*] Edd.'78 to Dyce end first line *a-tilt.*
99, 100 *the regarded scarlets Kiss their gumm'd golls*] Every one knows that *golls* are *hands; gumm'd golls* Dyce supposes to be "hands (or rather fists, paws), to which some sort of gum had been applied either for its perfume or its bleaching quality." Neither he nor any preceding editor tell us what they understood by *regarded scarlets.* I believe *gumm'd* is here used in the sense of *corrupted:* Cf. *The Woman Hater,* IV. ii.—"she was never *gumm'd* yet." The *regarded scarlets* must, I think, refer to the judges or officers of state who have been bribed to put Philaster down, but who now kiss their corrupted hands and profess themselves his servants. Whether *regarded* should be taken in the sense of *respected* or *re-gurded,* i. e. *re-laced,* I cannot determine.
Theo. printed *the gum-gols;* what he meant by it he does not say; but Nares admits it to his Glossary and says he supposes it to mean *clammy hands.* Theo.'s *the* was probably taken inadvertently from the edition of 1711, from which he printed. 101 *stuck*] *struck* Q5 to F.

Phi. I am what I desire to be, your friend;
I am what I was born to be, your prince. 105
Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you;
You have a noble soul: forget my name,
And know my misery: set me safe aboard
From these wild cannibals, and, as I live,
I'll quit this land for ever. There is nothing,— 110
Perpetual prisonment, cold, hunger, sickness
Of all sorts, all dangers, and all together,
The worst company of the worst men, madness, age,
To be as many creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do, nay, to despair,— 115
But I would rather make it a new nature,
And live with all those, than endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs.
Phi. I do pity you.—Friends, discharge your fears;
Deliver me the prince: I'll warrant you 120
I shall be old enough to find my safety.
3 *Cit.* Good sir, take heed he does not hurt you;
He's a fierce man, I call tell you, sir.
Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a surcingle,
And mail you like a hawk. 125

104 *I desire*] *I do desire* Q2 to 6, Edd.'78, Web.
111 *sickness*] *sickness*, Q2 to 6, Theo.
112 *Of all sorts, all dangers,*] *Of all sorts, of all dangers*, Q2 to 6, Edd.'78, Web. *All dangers of all sorts*, Theo. (Seward conj.).
112 *all together,*] *all together* F. *altogether* Q2 to 6.
123 *He's*] *He is* Web., Dyce.
124, 125 *I'll have a surcingle, and mail you like a hawk*] *mail* in this speech is the reading of the editors from Theo. to Dyce, founded on the Folio *male;* the Qos. have *make*. Weber having suggested that though *surcingle* generally meant a girth or girdle, it here signified the hood in which the hawk was mailed, or shrowded, Dyce noted as follows:—

"*Surcingle* could never signify a 'hood': the meaning of the present passage is evidently,—I'll have a girth or band, and pinion you, or fasten down your wings, like a hawk: '*Mail a hawk* is to wrap her up in a handkerchief or other cloath, *that she may not be able to stir her wings* or struggle.' R. Holme's *Ac. of Armory*, 1688, B. ii. p. 239. The reading of the folio 1679 is therefore clearly preferable to that of the earlier eds., 'make,' which, however, was a term of falconry, and meant to order, fashion, render obedient;

'What greater glee can man desire, than by his cunning skill
So to reclaime a haggard Hawke, as she the fowle shall kill.
To *make* and man her in such sort, as tossing out a traine
Or but the lewre, when she is at large, to whoup her in againe?'
Turbervile's *Booke of Falconrie*, etc., *Introd. Poem.*—ed. 1611.

'How to beare and *make* a Falcon.' id. p. 99. 'To enter or *make* a Hawke after the fashion of Lombardy.' p. 117. 'To enseame a Falcon and to *make*

Phi. Away, away, there is no danger in him:
Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off!
Look you, friends, how gently he leads! Upon my word,
He's tame enough, he needs no further watching.
Good my friends, go to your houses, 130
And by me have your pardons and my love;
And know there shall be nothing in my power
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes:
To give you more thanks, were to flatter you.
Continue still your love; and, for an earnest, 135
Drink this. [*Gives money.*

All. Long mayst thou live, brave prince, brave prince, brave prince! [*Exeunt* PHIL. *and* PHAR.

Cap. Go thy ways, thou art the king of courtesy!
Fall off again, my sweet youths. Come,
And every man trace to his house again, 140
And hang his pewter up; then to the tavern,
And bring your wives in muffs. We will have music;
And the red grape shall make us dance and rise, boys. [*Exeunt.*

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her.' p. 119. 'To keepe and *make* Sparrowhawkes.' p. 132. 'To reclayme and *make* the Nyasse Sparrowhawke.' p. 199.

'My purpose was to set them downe the trade,
To man their Hawks, and how they might be *made*.'
Epilogue."

124, 125 *Prince . . . hawk*] At the end of this speech the old eds. have a stage direction—Q2 *He strires*, evidently a misprint for *strives* as given in Q5*a*. The rest, followed by editors from Theo. to Web., have *stirres* or *stirs*. Dyce omits. The *He* of course refers to Pharamond, and if given at all, the 'Direction' should precede the speech.

129 *needs*] *need* Q2 to F.

129 *watching*] Mason having noted that "one of the means used to tame hawks is to keep them continually awake," Dyce asks—"is there any allusion to it here?"—Probably.

130, 131 *Good . . . love*] So divided Edd.'78 to Dyce. As prose Q. F. Ed. 1711, Theo. end first line *have*. 136 Gives money.] Dyce.

138 *Go thy ways*] om. Q4 to F., Edd.'78. Dyce is wrong in stating that Theo. also omits.

139—143 *Fall . . . boys*] So divided Web., Dyce. Four lines ending *man . . . then to . . . have . . . boys* Q. F. Prose Theo., Edd.'78.

SCENE V.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, BELLARIO, *and* Attendants.

King. Is it appeased?
Dion. Sir, all is quiet as the dead of night,
As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himself.
King. Kind gentleman!
I will not break the least word I have given 5
In promise to him: I have heaped a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter PHILASTER *and* PHARAMOND.

Cle. My lord is come.
King. My son!
Blest be the time that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms, 10
Methinks I have a salve unto my breast
For all the stings that dwell there. Streams of grief
That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
Let them appease thee. Take thy right; take her; 15
She is thy right too; and forget to urge
My vexed soul with that I did before.
Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten.—For you, prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave 20
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furnish'd to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company:
How like you this piece?
Meg. Sir, he likes it well, 25
For he hath tried it, and hath found it worth

2 *the*] Theo. to Web. (Seward conj.). *this* Q. F., Dyce.
4 *gentleman*] Seward's conj., meaning Philaster; adopted by Theo. to Dyce. *gentlemen.* Q. F.
13 *wrong'd*] Theo. to Dyce. *wrought* Q2 to Ed. 1711.
26 *hath found*] *found* Q3 to F., Edd.'78, Web. *has found* Theo.

His princely liking. We were ta'en a-bed;
I know your meaning. I am not the first
That nature taught to seek a fellow forth;
Can shame remain perpetually in me, 30
And not in others? or have princes salves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?
Phi. What mean you?
Meg. You must get another ship,
To bear the princess and her boy together.
Dion. How now! 35
Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him
At that all women may be ta'en some time:
Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure
Weather and wind alike.
King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me for father. 40
Are. This earth, how false it is! What means is left for me
To clear myself? It lies in your belief:
My lords, believe me; and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.
Bel. Oh, stop your ears, great King, that I may speak 45
As freedom would! then I will call this lady
As base as are her actions: hear me, sir;
Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.
Meg. By this good light, he bears it handsomely. 50
Phi. This lady! I will sooner trust the wind
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with any thing. Believe her not.
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive 'em? Honour cannot take 55
Revenge on you; then what were to be known
But death?
King. Forget her, sir, since all is knit
Between us. But I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied.

34 *bear*] *clear* Q6. *clear* F. 34 *her*] *the* Q3 to Edd.'78.
37 *some time*] *sometime* Q. *sometimes* F., Theo.
41, 42 *This . . . belief*] Ed. 1711, Theo. and Edd.'78 end first line *left*; they might have done better to omit *for* in the first line.
47 *are*] om. Q3. *be* Q4 to Edd.'78. 48 *heated*] *hated* Q3 to F.
59 *will sadly be denied*] "i. e. shall be very sorry to be denied." Theobald. All editors accept this explanation, but Qy. for *sadly* read *hardly*?

Phi. Command, whate'er it be.
King. Swear to be true 60
To what you promise.
Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted!
King. Bear away that boy
To torture: I will have her clear'd or buried.
Phi. Oh, let me call my word back, worthy sir! 65
Ask something else: bury my life and right
In one poor grave; but do not take away
My life and fame at once.
King. Away with him! It stands irrevocable.
Phi. Turn all your eyes on me: here stands a man, 70
The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,
For I have lived till I am pitied!
My former deeds were hateful; but this last
Is pitiful, for I unwillingly 75
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture. Is it in the power
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?
[*Offers to kill himself.*
Are. Dear sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay that hand!
King. Sirs, strip that boy.
Dion. Come, sir; your tender flesh 80
Will try your constancy.
Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen!
Dion. No,—Help, sirs.
Bel. Will you torture me?
King. Haste there;
Why stay you?
Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all.
King. How's that? will he confess?
Dion. Sir, so he says. 85

63 *that*] *the* F., Theo. 65 *word*] *words* Q4 to Web.
74 *were*] *are* F. 75 *unwillingly*] Qy. *unwittingly*?
78 Offers to kill . . .] Offers to stab . . . Dyce.
79 *Oh*] *or* Q4 to F.
80, 81 *Come . . . constancy*] Divided as by Web. and Dyce. One line Q. F., Theo., Edd.'78. Qy. read this speech: *Come, sir, you tender-flesh, We'll try your constancy.*'? 81 *try*] *tire* Q2.

King. Speak then.
Bel. Great king, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urged by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known; and stranger things than these
You hear not often.
King. Walk aside with him. 90
[DION *and* BELLARIO *walk apart.*
Dion. Why speak'st thou not?
Bel. Know you this face, my lord?
Dion. No.
Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?
Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.
Bel. I have been often told
In court of one Euphrasia, a lady, 95
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me
They that would flatter my bad face would swear
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, drest alike.
Dion. By Heaven, and so there is!
Bel. For her fair sake, 100
Who now doth spend the spring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the King,
That I may scape this torture.
Dion. But thou speak'st
As like Euphrasia as thou dost look.
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives 105
In pilgrimage?
Bel. I know it not, my lord;
But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.
Dion. Oh, my shame! is 't possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,
Or else her murderer? where wert thou born? 110
Bel. In Syracusa.
Dion. What's thy name?
Bel. Euphrasia.

90 Dion and Bellario . . .] Dyce.
97 *They . . . swear*] In parentheses Q. F.
108 *is 't*] *is it* Theo., Web., Dyce.
110 *Or else her murderer*] "It was the received opinion, in some barbarous countries, that the murderer was to inherit the qualities and shape of the person he destroyed." Mason.

Dion. Oh, 'tis just, 'tis she!
Now I do know thee. Oh, that thou hadst died,
And I had never seen thee nor my shame!
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine 115
E'er call thee daughter more?
Bel. Would I had died indeed! I wish it too:
And so I must have done by vow, ere publish'd
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this, 120
The princess is all clear.
King. What, have you done?
Dion. All is discover'd.
Phi. Why then hold you me?
[*He offers to stab himself.*
All is discover'd! Pray you, let me go.
King. Stay him.
Are. What is discover'd?
Dion. Why, my shame.
It is a woman: let her speak the rest. 125
Phi. How? that again!
Dion. It is a woman.
Phi. Bless'd be you powers that favour innocence!
King. Lay hold upon that lady. [MEGRA *is seized.*
Phi. It is a woman, sir!—Hark, gentlemen,
It is a woman!—Arethusa, take 130
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy. It is a woman! Thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, in despite
Of malice.
King. Speak you, where lies his shame?
Bel. I am his daughter. 135
Phi. The gods are just.
Dion. I dare accuse none; but, before you two,
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy.
Phi. Take it freely; for I know,
Though what thou didst were undiscreetly done, 140
'Twas meant well.
Are. And for me,
I have a power to pardon sins, as oft

122 *All is*] *All's* Q2 to 5. 123 *All . . . go*] Given to "Di." Q4 '39 to F.
128 Megra is seized.] Web., Dyce.

As any man has power to wrong me.
Cle. Noble and worthy!
Phi. But, Bellario,
(For I must call thee still so,) tell me why 145
Thou didst conceal thy sex. It was a fault,
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it: all these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discover'd
What now we know.
Bel. My father oft would speak 150
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so praised. But yet all this
Was but a maiden-longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till, sitting in my window, 155
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought (but it was you), enter our gates:
My blood flew out and back again, as fast
As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in
Like breath: then was I call'd away in haste 160
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heaved from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, raised
So high in thoughts as I: you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever: I did hear you talk, 165
Far above singing. After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so: alas, I found it love!
Yet far from lust; for, could I but have lived
In presence of you, I had had my end. 170
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd myself
In habit of a boy; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you; and, understanding well 175

150 *oft would*] *would oft* Q5 to F.
152 *apprehensive*] i. e. quick to apprehend or understand. Weber.
153 *praised*] *rais'd* Q. F. *Prais'd* was first introduced in ed. 1711; tho' Settle had already given that reading in his alteration of *Philaster*, 1695. Dyce notes: "Old eds. 'rais'd,' the first letter of the word having dropt out from 4to. 1622"; but there is no space in the line in that quarto from which a letter could have dropt. The author of *The Restauration* has—

"Which, as I grew in age, encreas'd a thirst
Of seeing of a man *so rais'd above the rest*."—(Quoted by Dyce.)

That when I made discovery of my sex
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes, 180
For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you. Then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.
King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself 185
Wilt well deserve him.
Bel. Never, sir, will I
Marry; it is a thing within my vow:
But, if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.
Are. I, Philaster, 190
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Drest like a page to serve you; nor will I
Suspect her living here.—Come, live with me;
Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,
Cursed be the wife that hates her! 195
Phi. I grieve such virtue should be laid in earth
Without an heir.—Hear me, my royal father:
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman;
Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free 200
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.
King. Set her at liberty.—But leave the court;
This is no place for such.—You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince. When you come there, 205
Remember 'twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purposed will.
Pha. I do confess,
Renowned sir.
King. Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster,
This kingdom, which is yours, and, after me, 210
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you!
All happy hours be at your marriage joys,

196 *virtue*] *virtues* F. to Web.

That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun! Let princes learn 215
By this to rule the passions of their blood;
For what Heaven wills can never be withstood.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS

A KING AND NO KING.

EDITED BY R. WARWICK BOND.

Stationers' Register, August 7, 1618. "Master Blounte Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of Sir George Bucke and Master Adames warden A play Called *A King and noe Kinge* vj[d]." [Arber's Transcript III. 631.] The Register contains no mention of the transfer of the book to Thomas Walkley, who published the first quarto.

(Q1) *A King and no King. / Acted at the Globe, by his Maies/ties Seruants./ Written by Francis Beamount, and Iohn Flecher. / At London / Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to bee sold / at his shoppe at the Eagle and Childe in / Brittans-Bursse.* 1619. 4to. On the title-page is a woodcut which represents Arbaces standing with extended arms amid a hilly landscape, a sceptre lying on the ground near his feet, and a crown half-lifted from his head by an arm projecting from a cloud.

(Q2) *A King / and / no King./ Acted at the Blacke-Fryars, by his / Maiesties Seruants./ And now the second time Printed, according / to the true Copie./ Written by Francis Beamovnt and / Iohn Flecher. / London, / Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at / his shop at the Eagle and Childe in / Brittans-Burse.* 1625./ 4to.

Stationers' Register, March 1, 1627—8, this play along with *Philaster* and *Orthello the more of Venice* is assigned over from Thomas Walkley to Richard Hawkins. [Arber IV. 194.]

(Q3) *A King, /and / no King./ Acted at the Blacke-Fryars, by his / Maiesties Seruants./ And now the third time Printed, according / to the true Copie. / Written by Francis Beamont & Iohn Fletcher Gent. / The Stationer to / Dramatophilvs./*

A Play and no Play, who this Booke shall read,
Will iudge, and weepe, as if 'twere done indeed.

London, / Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins, and are to bee sold / at his Shop in Chancerie Lane, neere Serjeants Inne. 1631. 4to.

Stationers' Register, May 29, 1638, this play together with *Philaster, Orthello the more of Venice, The maides Tragedie,* and others is assigned over from Ursula Hawkins widow of Richard Hawkins (ob. 1636) to "Master Mead and Master Meredith," who do not seem to have exercised their right of publication, for on January 25, 1638—9, all these plays are transferred from them to "Master William Leake" the publisher of Q4. [Arber IV. 420 and 452.]

(Q4) *A King / and / no King./ Acted* [etc.] . . / . . *Servants./ And now the fourth time printed, according / to the true Copie./ Written by Francis Beavmont & John Fletcher Gent./ The Stationer to* [couplet as before].

London, / Printed by E. G. for William Leake, and are to be sold / at his shop in Chancery-lane, neere unto the / Rowles. 1639. 4to.

(Q5) *A King / and / no King./ Acted* [etc. as before] / . . *Servants. And now the fifth time Printed, according / To the true Copie./ Written by* [as before] . . ./ *The Statinor to* . . [couplet as before]./ *London, Printed for William Leak, and are to be sold / at his shop at the signe of the Crown in Fleet-/street, between the two temple Gates.* 1655. 4to.

(Q6) *A King, / and / no King./ Acted* . . [as before]/ . . *Servants. And now the fourth* [sic] *time Printed, according to / the true Copie./ Written by* . . . [as before]. *The Stationer* . . [as before.] *London, Printed in the Year,* 1661. 4to.

(Q7) *A King / and / no King./ As it is now Acted at the Theatre Royal, / by / His Majesties Servants./ Written by Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher Gent./ London :/ Printed by Andr. Clark, for William and John Leake at the / Crown in Fleetstreet, betwixt the two Temple-gates./* M.DC.LXXVI. 4to.

In the Folio of 1679 printed apparently from Q5, 1655.

A King and no King.

Acted at the *Globe*, by his Maie-
ſties Seruants.

Written by *Francis Beamount*, and *Iohn Flecher.*

AT LONDON
Printed for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to bee ſold
at his ſhoppe at the Eagle and Childe in
Brittans-Burſſe. 1619.

A KING AND NO KING

DATE.—In regard to the date of the play, a memorandum made by Sir Henry Herbert in 1662 from the books of his predecessors in the Revels Office contains the following—

> "King and no King, allowed to be acted in 1611, and the same to be printed, Hogg Hath Lost its Pearle, and hundreds more. } Allowed by Sir George Buck."
>
> Malone's (*Var. Shakespeare:* 1821, vol. iii. p. 263.)

Assuming the literary partnership of our authors to date not earlier than 1607, in which year they both wrote commendatory verses for Ben Jonson's *Fox, A King and No King* must have been produced between that year and 1611. The first edition appeared in 1619: it is entered in the Stationers' Register to Edward Blount under date August 7, 1618.

AUTHORSHIP.—Their joint authorship of it, asserted on the title-page of the first and of all subsequent editions, has been generally allowed. The attribution to Beaumont of the character of Mardonius in Sir George Lisle's commendatory verse is discounted by his acknowledgment, immediately after, that the shares of "Francis Fletcher or John Beaumont" are indistinguishable; and, if our metrical arrangement of some of Mardonius' speeches be correct, it is still more difficult to attribute this character solely to Beaumont. Similarly, John Earle's expression "thy Bessus" in his lines "On Mr. Beaumont" is discounted by his previous mention of "thy Philaster and Maid's Tragedy," plays in which Fletcher undoubtedly shared. On the other hand Robert Herrick's lines "Upon Mr. Fletcher's incomparable plays" speak of

> "that high design
> Of King and No King, and *the rare plot thine.*"

This is at once more particular and more probable. Weber judges the greater part of the verse-scenes to be Beaumont's as they do not present the marks of Fletcher's versification. The elaborate metrical investigations undertaken by more recent scholars like Mr. Fleay and Mr. Boyle, though never perhaps quite conclusive, and vitiated in places by uncertainty about the true form of the text (*i.e.* whether it be verse or prose), are too striking and significant to be passed over, especially when their independent examination yields results so nearly identical. Mr. Boyle assigns to Fletcher, Act IV. scc. 1, 2, 3; Act V. scc. 1, 3, and in each of the scenes he is amply borne out by the enormous proportion of double-endings which so unmistakably distinguishes Fletcher's verse from that of any other writer. Mr. Fleay, allotting only parts of IV. 1 and V. 1 to Fletcher, adds to his share V. 2, mistakenly, as we think. Boyle gives it to Beaumont on the assumption that three-fourths of the scene are in prose, which Fletcher rarely uses. But even when arranged almost entirely as verse, as it is by Dyce whom in this case we follow, the verse is still rather Beaumont's than Fletcher's, and we think the incisive bitterness of Lygones more resembles the former author. We therefore accept Boyle's assignment.

TEXT.—The first edition (1619), of which the Brit. Mus. copy lacks the last three leaves (all after "Quicke as you can," V. 4, 222), is on the whole the best, exhibiting most care in regard to metre and presenting some instances of poetical readings that have disappeared under the prosaic corruptions of later editions. We have followed it in almost every case where it yielded sense;

reporting in the notes all instances of departure from it, and every variant of the slightest importance found in the other editions.

The second edition (1625), while it supplies some words obviously omitted in Q1 (as much as two and a half lines in III. 1, 142–4), and corrects a few errors, also exhibits many corruptions. Yet as issued in the year of Fletcher's death some of its changes may possess authority; and its corruptions are, in any case, few and venial in comparison with those of its successor.

To Q3 published by Richard Hawkins (1631) the greatest number must be referred. They are faithfully reproduced by the following editions, of 1639, 1655 and 1661, each adding a new crop of its own. QQ5, 6 print the last Act, which in preceding eds. is almost entirely in verse, almost entirely in prose. Q6, in which the ineptitude and carelessness reaches its height, is probably a pirated edition: it bears no publisher's name, while Q5 and Q7 are both "for William Leake." It announces itself as "now the fourth time Printed"; yet its careful imitation of the errors of Q5, and its rare venture on any independent blunder, shew it to be printed rather from the latter edition.

The seventh quarto (1676) "As it is now Acted at the Theatre Royal" is the first to make the welcome return to Q1, accepting at the same time some obvious corrections from Q2. Possibly it was printed from the original theatre-copy of the play, preserved in manuscript in the hands of "His Majesties Servants."

The Folio of 1679 gives a far inferior text. Like the other plays which here make their appearance in folio for the first time, it is, as the Booksellers' address informs us, printed "out of 4to." But the quarto followed is Q5 rather than Q1, 2, or 7; and thus, while the play has escaped the corrections of the "ingenious and worthy gentleman" on whose annotated copy of the 1647 folio the second folio was founded, yet it abounds in corruptions, adding a few of its own and seldom questioning those of its model.

ARGUMENT.—A tedious war between the Kings of Armenia and Iberia is ended by the latter's victory over the former in single combat. The conqueror, Arbaces, whose capricious mood presents a tolerably constant opposition between arbitrary arrogance and magnanimity, offers his prisoner freedom if he will marry his sister Panthea, grown to womanhood in Iberia during his long absence. Tigranes' affections, however, are already pledged to an Armenian lady, Spaconia, whom he engages to dissuade the Princess from the match. But the sight of Panthea not only shakes Tigranes' faith, but kindles an overwhelming passion in Arbaces' own breast: and while he jealously commits Tigranes to prison, he confines Panthea, too, as a check upon his own illicit desires. Succumbing at length he begs his tried old captain and mentor, Mardonius, to approach her on his behalf. Mardonius refuses the shameful office, and Arbaces finds a distaste in the vile compliance of Bessus, whose cowardly acceptance of personal insult, and shifts to salve his honour without fighting, furnish the comic relief of the play. An interview between Panthea and Arbaces reveals a mutual passion which may never be gratified. A solution is found in the confession by Gobrias, who has acted as regent since the late king's death, that Arbaces is really his son, secretly adopted by Arane, the queen-mother, at a time when she despaired of issue. He is therefore unrelated to Panthea, who, born six years later, is the real sovereign of Iberia. This declaration allows of a union between the lovers; while Tigranes, repenting of his infidelity, acknowledges Spaconia as his queen and is restored to the Armenian throne.

SOURCE.—In regard to the origin of the plot we are without information, and it seems likely that the invention was wholly our authors'. In the essay prefixed to his alteration of *Troilus and Cressida* Dryden said that *A King and No King* was "probably derived from the story of Œdipus with the character of Alexander the Great in his extravagances given to Arbaces."

Sympson, one of Theobald's collaborators in the edition of 1750, speaks, in regard to these extravagances, of "his great Pattern Achilles." But Arbaces' characteristics are rather those of the historical Tigranes, King of Armenia and opponent of Lucullus. There are some circumstances in the *Cyropædia* (iv. 6), where Gobryas, the old Assyrian, offers his service to Cyrus—notably his strong affection for his son, his pride at the prospect of marrying him to the Assyrian King's daughter (compare Lygones and Spaconia V. 2), and his plan of uniting his own daughter to the succeeding King of Assyria—which, coupled with the occurrence in the *Cyropædia* of a Tigranes of Armenia, a Panthea, and a queen-mother who is called Mandane (cf. note on the *Dram. Personæ*), suggest that our authors had Xenophon's work in mind when inventing their own plot. Mandane, however, is also mentioned by Herodotus; in whose Seventh Book (cpp. 2 and 5) Gobryas, the father-in-law of Darius, marries Darius' sister, and has by her a son Mardonius.

Theobald pointed out the resemblance of Bessus to Falstaff, though acknowledging the former's inferiority in wit and humour. This inferiority is indeed so marked that except for Bessus' soliloquy at the beginning of III. 2, the likeness might have escaped notice. Parolles supplies a closer original, though lacking humour. "He is," says Theobald, "a Coward yet would fain set up for a Hero; Ostentatious, without any grain of merit to support his Vain-glory; a Lyar throughout, to exalt his assumed Qualifications; and lewd, without any Countenance from the Ladies to give him an Umbrage for it." To this the Editors of 1778 added—"he has a strong Bobadilian tincture, and in all probability the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus and *Thraso* of Terence furnished both Jonson and our authors with hints for the respective characters. Falstaff is more an original."

HISTORY.—The Accounts of the Revels at Court (Cunninghame's *Extracts*, p. 211) record the performance of the play before James I. "On St. Stiuenes night" 1611; and among the "Playes acted before the Kinge and Queene this present yeare of the Lord 1636," the fifteenth in order is "The 10th of January at Hampton Court the Kinge and Noe Kinge," the *Elder Brother* having been given on January 5. Under date March 14, 1661, Pepys writes: "To the theatre, and there saw *King and No King* well acted"; while under date September 26 of the same year he says: "With my wife by coach to the theatre, to shew her *King and No King*, it being very ill done."

Gerard Langbaine (*Account of English Dramatic Poets*, 1691, p. 210) testifies to the play's popularity both before and after the Restoration; but the edition of 1778 informs us that it "has not been performed for many years past."

Garrick, as we learn from Davies' *Dramatic Miscellany*, ii. 41, contemplated reviving it with himself in the character of Arbaces; but yielded to his fear of an ill reception both for the King's passion for his supposed sister, and for the cowardice and baseness of Bessus. Dyce adds that an altered version, produced by Harris at Covent Garden in 1788, was coldly received.

Tate's farce *A Duke and No Duke* borrowed only the form of its title from this play: nor is the assertion that Dryden, whose admiration of the latter is several times expressed, borrowed its plot for his *Love Triumphant* sufficiently borne out by an examination of that piece.

A tolerably close German adaptation, transferring the scene to England and Scotland in Saxon times, was published at Dessau and Leipzig in 1785 under the title *Ethelwolf oder der König Kein König. Ein Schauspiel in fünf Aufzügen.*

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL AND WORTHY KNIGHT SIR HENRY NEVILL.[1]

WORTHY SIR,—I present, or rather return unto your view, that which formerly hath been received from you, hereby effecting what you did desire. To commend the work in my unlearned method, were rather to detract from it than to give it any lustre. It sufficeth it hath your worship's approbation and patronage, to the commendation of the authors, and encouragement of their further labours; and thus wholly committing myself and it to your worship's dispose, I rest, ever ready to do you service, not only in the like, but in what I may.

THOMAS WALKLEY.

[1] *Sir Henry Nevill*] of Billingbear, Berks, son of Sir Henry Neville, the courtier and diplomatist (ob. 1615), and father of Henry Neville, the miscellaneous writer (1620—1694). Three points are noticeable about this dedication prefixed only to Q1 : (1) its apparent statement that the MS. had been furnished by Sir Henry; (2) its signature, not by Edward Blount, to whom it is entered in the Register, but by Walkley, for whom the title-page says it was printed, 1619. The first entry under Walkley's name is dated October 12, 1618. The first 4to of *Philaster* is entered to him on January 10, 1620; (3) the phrase about "the authors and the encouragement of their further labours." Beaumont had died in 1615; so this must allude to the possible future publication of other of their plays.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

ARBACES, King of Iberia.
TIGRANES, King of Armenia.
GOBRIAS, Lord-Protector, Father of ARBACES.
BACURIUS, another Lord.
MARDONIUS, } two Captains.
BESSUS, }
LYGONES, Father of SPACONIA.
Two Gentlemen.
Two Sword-men.
Three Shop-men.[2]
PHILIP, a Servant.

Gentlemen, Attendants, etc.

ARANE, the Queen-Mother.
PANTHEA, her Daughter.
SPACONIA,[3] a Lady, Daughter of LYGONES.
Two Citizens' Wives, another Woman, etc.

SCENE.[4]—*During the First Act the Frontiers of* ARMENIA ; *afterwards the Metropolis of* IBERIA.

[1] DRAM. PERSONÆ] as given in Q3 and subsequent eds. QQ1—2 give no list. The following cast is given in Q7 pub. in 1676, "as it is now acted at the Theatre Royal by his Majestie's Servants." Arbaces = Mr. Hart ; Tigranes = Mr. Kynaston ; Gobrias = Mr. Wintershall ; Bacurius = Mr. Lydall ; Mardonius = Mr. Mohun ; Bessus = Mr. Lacy or Mr. Shottrell ; Lygones = Mr. Cartwright. Arane = Mrs. Corey ; Panthea = Mrs. Cox ; Spaconia = Mrs. Marshall. No other edition gives any cast.

[2] *Shop-men*] This specification was substituted by Dyce for "Three Men" of preceding editions.

[3] *Spaconia, etc.*] After this character there is inserted in all old and modern editions, except that of Dyce, the name "Mandane, a waiting-woman" ; and her entrance is further notified with Arane and Panthea at the beginning of Act II. As she appears nowhere else and has no part allotted her, Dyce is doubtless right in omitting her altogether ; but the occurrence of the name in those passages of the *Cyropædia* or of Herodotus which our authors seem to have had in mind, suggests that it survives here as the remnant of some insignificant part struck out before publication.

[4] *Scene, etc.*] First in Theobald's edition.

A KING AND NO KING

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Camp of ARBACES, *on the Frontiers of Armenia.*

Enter MARDONIUS *and* BESSUS.

Mar. Bessus, the king has made a fair hand on't; he has ended the wars at a blow. Would my sword had a close basket-hilt, to hold wine, and the blade would make knives! for we shall have nothing but eating and drinking. 5

Bes. We that are commanders shall do well enough.

Mar. Faith, Bessus, such commanders as thou may: I had as lieve set thee perdu for a pudding i' the dark, as Alexander the Great.

Bes. I love these jests exceedingly. 10

Mar. I think thou lovest 'em better than quarrelling, Bessus; I'll say so much i' thy behalf: and yet thou art valiant enough upon a retreat; I think thou wouldst kill any man that stopt thee, an thou couldst.

Bes. But was not this a brave combat, Mardonius? 15

Mar. Why, didst thou see 't?

Bes. You stood with me.

ACT I. . . . ARMENIA] This play is divided into Acts in all the old editions, the first scene of each being marked in Q1 only, and by Theobald and Colman. Weber, 1812, completed the numbering of the scenes, and marked their localities.

8 *perdu*] in ambush. Cartwright's *Ordinary*, 1651, compares perdues lying out in the field to a fish half hidden by the fennel in which it is served. Cf. Cordelia, of Lear's exposure, iv. 7. 35, "to watch—poor perdu!—with this thin helm!"

8 *for a pudding*] For the burlesque substitution of "a pudding," cf. *Humorous Lieutenant*, ii. 4.

"*Dem.* Did he not beat us twice?
Leont. He beat a pudding!"

Mar. I did so; but methought thou winkedst every blow they strake.

Bes. Well, I believe there are better soldiers than I, that never saw two princes fight in lists.

Mar. By my troth, I think so too, Bessus,—many a thousand: but, certainly, all that are worse than thou have seen as much.

Bes. 'Twas bravely done of our King.

Mar. Yes, if he had not ended the wars. I'm glad thou darest talk of such dangerous businesses.

Bes. To take a prince prisoner, in the heart of his own country, in single combat!

Mar. See how thy blood cruddles at this! I think thou couldst be contented to be beaten i' this passion.

Bes. Shall I tell you truly?

Mar. Ay.

Bes. I could willingly venture for 't.

Mar. Hum; no venture neither, good Bessus.

Bes. Let me not live, if I do not think 'tis a braver piece of service than that I'm so famed for.

Mar. Why, art thou famed for any valour?

Bes. I famed! ay, I warrant you.

Mar. I'm e'en heartily glad on't: I have been with thee ever since thou camest to the wars, and this is the first word that ever I heard on't. Prithee, who fames thee?

Bes. The Christian world.

Mar. 'Tis heathenishly done of 'em; in my conscience, thou deservest it not.

Bes. Yes, I ha' done good service.

Mar. I do not know how thou may'st wait of a man in's chamber, or thy agility in shifting a trencher; but otherwise no service, good Bessus.

Bes. You saw me do the service yourself.

Mar. Not so hasty, sweet Bessus: where was it? is the place vanish'd?

Bes. At Bessus' Desperate Redemption.

18 *winkedst*] Q7 F.: QQ1—6 "wink'st."

30 *cruddles*] So QQ1, 2, 7, Web. Dyce.: other eds. "curdles." Cf. for the transposition of the *r*, *Piers Plowman* (B-text vi. 284), "cruddes and creem," and *The Custom of the Country*, iii. 3, "frubbish" for "furbish."

39 *I famed*] Q1, Theo. Weber: the rest omit "I."

41 *this is the first*] Q1, F. and mod. eds.: the rest omit "is."

48 *wait of*] i. e. on.

Mar. Bessus' Desperate Redemption! where's that? 55

Bes. There, where I redeem'd the day; the place bears my name.

Mar. Prithee, who christen'd it?

Bes. The soldier.

Mar. If I were not a very merrily disposed man, 60 what would become of thee? One that had but a grain of choler in the whole composition of his body would send thee of an errand to the worms for putting thy name upon that field: did not I beat thee there, i' th' head o' the troops, with a truncheon, because thou 65 wouldst needs run away with thy company, when we should charge the enemy?

Bes. True; but I did not run.

Mar. Right, Bessus: I beat thee out on't.

Bes. But came not I up when the day was gone, and 70 redeem'd all?

Mar. Thou knowest, and so do I, thou meanedst to fly, and thy fear making thee mistake, thou rannest upon the enemy; and a hot charge thou gavest; as, I'll do thee right, thou art furious in running away; 75 and I think we owe thy fear for our victory. If I were the King, and were sure thou wouldst mistake always, and run away upon the enemy, thou shouldst be general, by this light.

Bes. You'll never leave this till I fall foul. 80

Mar. No more such words, dear Bessus; for though I have ever known thee a coward, and therefore durst never strike thee, yet if thou proceedest, I will allow thee valiant, and beat thee.

Bess. Come, come, our King's a brave fellow. 85

Mar. He is so, Bessus; I wonder how thou camest to know it. But, if thou wert a man of understanding, I would tell thee, he is vain-glorious and humble, and angy and patient, and merry and dull, and joyful and sorrowful, in extremities, in an hour. Do not think me 90

55 *Bessus'*] Q1 and Dyce alone omit the "At" in Mardonius' reply.

59 *The soldier*] soldiery. So QQ1, 2, 7, Web. Dyce: rest "soldiers." Cf. *Humourous Lieut.* iv. 2. "See the soldier paid, Leontius."

60 *merrily*] Q1 alone spells "meerely."

62 *composition*] QQ5, 6 "compassion."

72 *meanedst*] F:—Q1 "mean'st." QQ2, 3, 7 "meant'st." QQ4, 5, 6 "meanest." 85 *Come, come,*] Q1, Col. Web: rest "Come" (once).

90 *extremities*] Q1, Web. Dyce; the rest "extremity." The comma after the

thy friend for this; for if I cared who knew it, thou shouldst not hear it, Bessus. Here he is, with the prey in his foot. *Senet Flourish.*

Enter ARBACES, TIGRANES, *two* Gentlemen *and* Attendants.

Arb. Thy sadness, brave Tigranes, takes away
From my full victory: am I become 95
Of so small fame, that any man should grieve
When I o'ercome him? They that placed me here
Intended it an honour, large enough
For the most valiant living, but to dare
Oppose me single, though he lost the day. 100
What should afflict you? you are free as I;
To be my prisoner, is to be more free
Than you were formerly: and never think,
The man I held worthy to combat me
Shall be used servilely. Thy ransom is, 105
To take my only sister to thy wife;
A heavy one, Tigranes; for she is
A lady that the neighbour-princes send
Blanks to fetch home. I have been too unkind
To her, Tigranes: she but nine years old, 110
I left her, and ne'er saw her since; your wars
Have held me long, and taught me, though a youth,
The way to victory; she was a pretty child;
Then I was little better; but now fame
Cries loudly on her, and my messengers 115
Make me believe she is a miracle.
She'll make you shrink, as I did, with a stroke
But of her eye, Tigranes.
Tigr. Is't the course of

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word, which slightly alters the sense, was Theobald's insertion; who notes further that "Mardonius here has very exactly decyphered the character of the King," and compares the closing line of this scene.

92 *the prey in his foot*] Q1, Web. Dyce: rest "his prey" etc. "In his foot," *i.e.* like a falcon.

93 Enter . . . Flourish] These words occurring first in Q2 (1625) are repeated in all succeeding QQ. and in F., but omitted by modern editors.

and Attendants] added by Weber.

101 *free as I*] So all QQ.: F. "*as* free as I."

109 *Blanks*] Blank treaties in which Arbaces might insert his own conditions (Weber).

Iberia to use their prisoners thus?
Had fortune thrown my name above Arbaces', 120
I should not thus have talk'd; for in Armenia
We hold it base. You should have kept your temper
Till you saw home again, where 'tis the fashion,
Perhaps, to brag.
Arb. Be you my witness, earth,
Need I to brag? Doth not this captive prince 125
Speak me sufficiently, and all the acts
That I have wrought upon his suffering land?
Should I, then, boast? Where lies that foot of ground
Within his whole realm, that I have not pass'd
Fighting and conquering? Far, then, from me 130
Be ostentation. I could tell the world,
How I have laid his kingdom desolate
By this sole arm, propt by divinity;
Stript him out of his glories; and have sent
The pride of all his youth to people graves; 135
And made his virgins languish for their loves;
If I would brag. Should I, that have the power
To teach the neighbour-world humility,
Mix with vain-glory?
Mar. [*aside*] Indeed, this is none!
Arb. Tigranes, no; did I but take delight 140
To stretch my deeds, as others do, on words,
I could amaze my hearers.
Mar. [*aside*] So you do.
Arb. But he shall wrong his and my modesty,
That thinks me apt to boast: after an act
Fit for a God to do upon his foe, 145
A little glory in a soldier's mouth
Is well-becoming; be it far from vain.
Mar. [*aside*] 'Tis pity that valour should be thus drunk.
Arb. I offer you my sister; and you answer,
I do insult: a lady that no suit, 150
Nor treasure, nor thy crown, could purchase thee,
But that thou fought'st with me.

119 *their*] So all old edd. Colman needlessly altered to "her."
121 *talk'd; for in*] So Q1, Web. Dyce: the rest "talk'd sir, in."
138 *the neighbour-world*] i. e. the whole world of other men around me, or possibly—the star nearest to this whose powers I wield.
145 *a God*] QQ1, 7. QQ2—6 "a good": F. "a good man"!

Tigr. Though this be worse
Than that you spoke before, it strikes not me;
But that you think to overgrace me with
The marriage of your sister troubles me. 155
I would give worlds for ransoms, were they mine,
Rather than have her.
Arb. See, if I insult,
That am the conqueror, and for a ransom
Offer rich treasure to the conquered,
Which he refuses, and I bear his scorn! 160
It cannot be self-flattery to say,
The daughters of your country, set by her,
Would see their shame, run home, and blush to death
At their own foulness. Yet she is not fair,
Nor beautiful; those words express her not: 165
They say, her looks have something excellent,
That wants a name. Yet were she odious,
Her birth deserves the empire of the world;
Sister to such a brother, that hath ta'en
Victory prisoner, and throughout the earth 170
Carries her bound, and should he let her loose,
She durst not leave him. Nature did her wrong,
To print continual conquest on her cheeks,
And make no man worthy for her to take,
But me, that am too near her; and as strangely 175
She did for me. But you will think I brag.
Mar. [*aside*] I do, I'll be sworn. Thy valour and thy passions sever'd would have made two excellent fellows in their kinds. I know not whether I should be sorry thou art so valiant, or so passionate: would 180 one of 'em were away!
Tigr. Do I refuse her, that I doubt her worth?
Were she as virtuous as she would be thought;
So perfect, that no one of her own sex

153 *strikes not me*] So Q1, Web.: the rest "strikes me not." "Strikes" —affects, an astrological term. *Hamlet*, I. i. 162, "then no planets strike."
164 *foulness*] ugliness.
167 *name. Yet were*] So all, except Q1 "yet. Were she," which Weber follows.
174 *take*] QQ1, 2, 7, Theob. Web. Dyce: the rest "taste."
182 *that*] because, as in *Coriolanus*, II. iii. 20, "We have been called [the many-headed multitude] . . not *that* our heads are some brown, some black . . . but *that* our wits are so diversely coloured."
184 *one*] Q1 by misprint "own."

Could find a want; had she so tempting fair, 185
That she could wish it off, for damning souls;
I would pay any ransom, twenty lives,
Rather than meet her married in my bed.
Perhaps I have a love, where I have fix'd
Mine eyes, not to be moved, and she on me; 190
I am not fickle.

Arb. Is that all the cause?
Think you, you can so knit yourself in love
To any other, that her searching sight
Cannot dissolve it? So, before you tried,
You thought yourself a match for me in fight. 195
Trust me, Tigranes, she can do as much
In peace as I in war; she'll conquer too:
You shall see, if you have the power to stand
The force of her swift looks. If you dislike,
I'll send you home with love, and name your ransom 200
Some other way; but if she be your choice,
She frees you. To Iberia you must.

Tigr. Sir, I have learn'd a prisoner's sufferance,
And will obey. But give me leave to talk
In private with some friends before I go. 205

Arb. Some two await him forth, and see him safe;
But let him freely send for whom he please,
And none dare to disturb his conference;
I will not have him know what bondage is,
Till he be free from me.

[*Exit* TIGRANES, *with* Attendants.

This prince, Mardonius, 210
Is full of wisdom, valour, all the graces
Man can receive.

Mar. And yet you conquer'd him.

Arb. And yet I conquer'd him, and could have done't
Had'st thou join'd with him, though thy name in arms
Be great. Must all men that are virtuous 215
Think suddenly to match themselves with me?
I conquer'd him, and bravely; did I not?

185 *fair*] As substantive, common enough. Cf. *Mids. Night's Dream*, I. i. 183.
186 *for damning souls*] To avoid doing so (Dyce). Q1 misprints "*her* damning souls."
206 *Some two*] Q1: the other old eds. "some to." Theobald altered to "some do"; Dyce restored "two."
210 with Attendants] Weber's addition.

Bes. An please your majesty, I was afraid at first—
Mar. When wert thou other?
Arb. Of what? 220
Bes. That you would not have spied your best advantages; for your majesty, in my opinion, lay too high; methinks, under favour, you should have lain thus.
Mar. Like a tailor at a wake. 225
Bes. And then if't please your majesty to remember, at one time——by my troth, I wished myself wi' you.
Mar. By my troth, thou wouldst ha' stunk 'em both out o' the lists.
Arb. What to do? 230
Bes. To put your majesty in mind of an occasion: you lay thus, and Tigranes falsified a blow at your leg, which you, by doing thus, avoided; but, if you had whipp'd up your leg thus, and reach'd him on the ear, you had made the blood-royal run about his head. 235
Mar. What country fence-school didst thou learn that at?
Arb. Puff! Did not I take him nobly?
Mar. Why, you did,
And you have talk'd enough on't.
Arb. Talk'd enough!
Will you confine my words? By Heaven and earth,
I were much better be a king of beasts 240
Than such a people! If I had not patience
Above a god, I should be call'd a tyrant
Throughout the world: they will offend to death
Each minute. Let me hear thee speak again,
And thou art earth again. Why, this is like 245
Tigranes' speech, that needs would say I bragg'd!
Bessus, he said I bragg'd.
Bes. Ha, ha, ha!
Arb. Why dost thou laugh?

225 *Like a tailor, etc.*] As a tailor might defend himself against rowdies with his yard.
232 *falsified a blow*] Made a feint to strike.
236 *didst thou learn that at?*] So Q1. QQ2—6 "learn'st that at?" Q7 "learnst thou that at?" F. "learn'st thou at."
237 *Puff!*] Weber's alteration followed by Dyce for "Puft" of Q1. The rest, "Pish." See below, line 305, note.
238 (2) *Talk'd enough*] So Q7, F.: the other old eds. and Web. "*talk* enough."
239 *Will*] Q1 alone reads "while." 239 *words*] So all QQ. F. "word."

By all the world, I'm grown ridiculous
To my own subjects. Tie me to a chair,
And jest at me! but I shall make a start, 250
And punish some, that others may take heed
How they are haughty. Who will answer me?
He said, I boasted. Speak, Mardonius,
Did I? He will not answer. Oh, my temper!
I give you thanks above, that taught my heart 255
Patience; I can endure his silence. What, will none
Vouchsafe to give me answer? am I grown
To such a poor respect? or do you mean
To break my wind? Speak, speak, some one of you,
Or else by Heaven——
1st Gent. So please your——
Arb. Monstrous! 260
I cannot be heard out; they cut me off,
As if I were too saucy. I will live
In woods, and talk to trees; they will allow me
To end what I begin. The meanest subject
Can find a freedom to discharge his soul, 265
And not I. Now it is a time to speak;
I hearken.
1st Gent. May it please——
Arb. I mean not you;
Did not I stop you once; but I am grown
To talk but idly: let another speak.
2nd Gent. I hope your majesty——
Arb. Thou drawl'st thy words, 270
That I must wait an hour, where other men
Can hear in instants: throw your words away
Quick and to purpose; I have told you this——
Bes. An't please your majesty——
Arb. Wilt thou devour me? This is such a rudeness 275
As yet you never shew'd me: and I want

249 *to a chair*] Q1. Th. Web. Dyce: the rest "in a chair."
257 *answer*] So all old eds. except Q1 "audience," which Weber followed.
260 *Monstrous*] a trisyllable.
269 *To talk but idly: let*] Seward's conjecture, printed by Theobald. Q1 reads "To balk, but I desire, let"—"to balk" meaning "a thing for balking" (act. for pass.). Q2—6, F. give "To balk, but I defie, let." Q7 omits "but I am . . . speak" altogether.
270 *drawl'st*] QQ2, 3, 4, 7. QQ1, 5, 6, F. "drawest." "Drawling" is found in *Merry Wives*, II. i. 140.

Power to command, too; else, Mardonius
Would speak at my request. Were you my king,
I would have answer'd at your word, Mardonius:
I pray you, speak, and truly; did I boast? 280
Mar. Truth will offend you.
Arb. You take all great care
What will offend me, when you dare to utter
Such things as these.
Mar. You told Tigranes, you had won his land
With that sole arm, propt by divinity: 285
Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us,
That daily ventured lives?
Arb. O, that thy name
Were great as mine! would I had paid my wealth
It were as great, as I might combat thee!
I would through all the regions habitable 290
Search thee, and, having found thee, with my sword
Drive thee about the world, till I had met
Some place that yet man's curiosity
Had miss'd of; there, there would I strike thee dead:
Forgotten of mankind, such funeral rites 295
As beasts would give thee, thou shouldst have.
Bes. The King
Rages extremely: shall we slink away?
He'll strike us.
2nd Gent. Content.
Arb. There I would make you know, 'twas this sole arm. 300
I grant, you were my instruments, and did
As I commanded you; but 'twas this arm
Moved you like wheels; it moved you as it pleased.
Whither slip you now? what, are you too good
To wait on me? Puff! I had need have temper, 305
That rule such people; I have nothing left
At my own choice: I would I might be private!
Mean men enjoy themselves; but 'tis our curse
To have a tumult, that, out of their loves,
Will wait on us, whether we will or no. 310
Go, get you gone! Why, here they stand like death;

277 *command, too*] So all old edds. except Q1, "command *mee*." Weber, "command ye." 289 *as great, as*] Great enough to allow that, etc. 305 *Puff!*] So Q2, 7. Q1 omits it. QQ3—6 print it as a stage direction. See above, line 237, note.

My words move nothing.
1st Gent. Must we go?
Bes. I know not.
Arb. I pray you, leave me, sirs. I'm proud of this,
That you will be intreated from my sight.
[*Exeunt all but* ARBACES *and* MARDONIUS; *as the latter is going out—*
Why, now they leave me all!—Mardonius! 315
Mar. Sir?
Arb. Will you leave me quite alone? methinks,
Civility should teach you more than this,
If I were but your friend. Stay here, and wait.
Mar. Sir, shall I speak?
Arb. Why, you would now think much
To be denied; but I can scarce intreat 320
What I would have. Do, speak.
Mar. But will you hear me out?
Arb. With me you article, to talk thus! Well,
I will hear you out.
Mar. [*kneels.*] Sir, that I have ever loved you
My sword hath spoken for me; that I do,
If it be doubted, I dare call an oath, 325
A great one, to my witness; and were
You not my King, from amongst men I should
Have chose you out, to love above the rest:
Nor can this challenge thanks; for my own sake
I should have done it, because I would have loved 330
The most deserving man, for so you are.
Arb. Alas, Mardonius, rise! you shall not kneel:
We all are soldiers, and all venture lives;
And where there is no difference in men's worths,
Titles are jests. Who can outvalue thee? 335
Mardonius, thou hast loved me, and hast wrong;
Thy love is not rewarded; but believe
It shall be better: more than friend in arms,
My father and my tutor, good Mardonius!
Mar. Sir, you did promise you would hear me out. 340

322 *With me . . . talk thus!*] i.e. is it *I* on whom you would impose conditions how to converse! Cf. "You will not article." *Wom. Prize*, I. iii. 126.
323 kneels] Added by Weber.
323–31 *Sir, . . . so you are.*] Theobald first printed the passage as verse: Dyce's arrangement (slightly the better) is here followed.
330 *done it*] So Q7, F: Q1 "doted." QQ2—6 simply "done."

Arb. And so I will: speak freely, for from thee
Nothing can come but worthy things and true.
Mar. Though you have all this worth, you hold some qualities
That do eclipse your virtues.
Arb. Eclipse my virtues!
Mar. Yes,
Your passions, which are so manifold, that they 345
Appear even in this: when I commend you,
You hug me for that truth; but when I speak your faults,
You make a start, and fly the hearing o't.
Arb. When you commend me! Oh, that I should live
To need such commendations! If my deeds 350
Blew not my praise themselves about the earth,
I were most wretched. Spare your idle praise:
If thou didst mean to flatter, and shouldst utter
Words in my praise that thou thought'st impudence,
My deeds should make 'em modest. When you praise, 355
I hug you! 'tis so false, that, wert thou worthy,
Thou shouldst receive a death, a glorious death,
From me. But thou shalt understand thy lies;
For, shouldst thou praise me into heaven, and there
Leave me inthrōned, I would despise thee though 360
As much as now, which is as much as dust,
Because I see thy envy.
Mar. However you will use me after, yet,
For your own promise-sake, hear me the rest.
Arb. I will; and after call unto the winds, 365
For they shall lend as large an ear as I
To what you utter. Speak.
Mar. Would you but leave
These hasty tempers, which I do not say
Take from you all your worth, but darken 'em,

344–8 *Eclipse my . . . . . hearing o't*] I have rearranged Theobald's order for these irregular lines, which Dyce gave as prose, following all old eds.

347 *but when . . . faults*] So QQ2—7, F. Q1 omits "but" and inserts "of" before "your."

348 *hearing o't.*] So I amend Theobald's "hearing out" for "hearing. But" of QQ, "hearing but." of F.

360 *though*] i. e. then, as in Middle English, and in Spenser. Theobald altered it to "then."

369 *darken 'em*] As though "worths" had preceded. Theobald needlessly corrected this slight grammatical error by printing "it" for "'em."

Then you would shine indeed.
Arb. Well.
Mar. Yet I would have 370
You keep some passions, lest men should take you
For a god, your virtues are such.
Arb. Why, now you flatter.
Mar. I never understood the word. Were you
No king, and free from these wild moods, should I
Choose a companion for wit and pleasure, 375
It should be you; or for honest to interchange
My bosom with, it should be you; or wisdom
To give me counsel, I would pick out you;
Or valour to defend my reputation,
Still I would find out you, for you are fit 380
To fight for all the world, if it could come
In question. Now I have spoke: consider
To yourself, find out a use; if so, then what
Shall fall to me is not material.
Arb. Is not material! more than ten such lives 385
As mine, Mardonius. It was nobly said;
Thou has spoke truth, and boldly such a truth
As might offend another. I have been
Too passionate and idle; thou shalt see
A swift amendment. But I want those parts 390
You praise me for: I fight for all the world!
Give thee a sword, and thou wilt go as far
Beyond me as thou art beyond in years;
I know thou dar'st and wilt. It troubles me
That I should use so rough a phrase to thee: 395
Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt,
So thou wilt pardon me. That thou and I
Should differ thus!
Mar. Why 'tis no matter, sir.
Arb. Faith, but it is: but thou dost ever take
All things I do thus patiently; for which 400
I never can requite thee but with love,
And that thou shalt be sure of. Thou and I
Have not been merry lately: pray thee, tell me,

370 *would*] QQ1, 2, 7: the others "will."
370–84 *Yet I would . . . . material*] I have arranged these metrically, feeling convinced that the prose is not resumed till after they become "merry," line 403. Theobald, while versifying other speeches of Mardonius, left these as prose. See note on III. iii. 1. 376 *honest*] Q1: rest "honesty."
382 *question*] as trisyllable.

Where hadst thou that same jewel in thine ear.
Mar. Why, at the taking of a town.
Arb. A wench, 405
Upon my life, a wench, Mardonius,
Gave thee that jewel.
Mar. Wench! they respect not me;
I'm old and rough, and every limb about me,
But that which should, grows stiffer. I' those businesses
I may swear I am truly honest; for I pay 410
Justly for what I take, and would be glad
To be at a certainty.
Arb. Why, do the wenches encroach upon thee?
Mar. Ay, by this light, do they.
Arb. Didst thou sit at an old rent with 'em? 415
Mar. Yes, faith.
Arb. And do they improve themselves?
Mar. Ay, ten shillings to me, every new young fellow they come acquainted with.
Arb. How canst live on't? 420
Mar. Why, I think I must petition to you.
Arb. Thou shalt take 'em up at my price.

Enter two Gentlemen *and* BESSUS.

Mar. Your price!
Arb. Ay, at the King's price.
Mar. That may be more than I'm worth. 425
1st Gent. Is he not merry now?
2nd Gent. I think not.
Bes. He is, he is: we'll shew ourselves.
Arb. Bessus! I thought you had been in Iberia by this; I bade you haste; Gobrias will want entertainment for me. 430

404 *jewel in thine ear*] Earrings were worn by men at the time this was written (1607-11), and even much later. Several of Rembrandt's portraits of himself have them. Dyce quotes Wycherley's *Plain Dealer* (acted 1674), II. ii., where Manly asks Olivia, "Was it the gunpowder-spot on his hand, or the jewel in his ear, that purchased your heart?"

407-12 *Wench! they . . . certainty*] Against my preference and all editions old and new I print according to the metrical tendency I feel in these lines.

412 *a certainty*] A fixed rate. See below, "sit at an old rent."

415 *sit at an old rent*] stick out for old rates.

417 *improve themselves*] Raise their charge. "Improue" was a technical term for raising rents. Cf. Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, iv. 2. "*Stell.* Poor wench, thy wit is improued to the vttermost. *Half.* I, tis an hard matter to haue a wit of the olde rent; euerie one rackes his commons so high."

Bes. An't please your majesty, I have a suit.
Arb. Is't not lousy, Bessus? what is't?
Bes. I am to carry a lady with me—
Arb. Then thou hast two suits. 435
Bes. And if I can prefer her to the lady Panthea, your majesty's sister, to learn fashions, as her friends term it, it will be worth something to me.
Arb. So many nights' lodgings as 'tis thither; will't not?
Bes. I know not that, sir; but gold I shall be sure of. 440
Arb. Why, thou shalt bid her entertain her from me, so thou wilt resolve me one thing.
Bes. If I can.
Arb. Faith, 'tis a very disputable question; and yet I think thou canst decide it. 445
Bes. Your majesty has a good opinion of my understanding.
Arb. I have so good an opinion of it: 'tis whether thou be valiant.
Bes. Somebody has traduced me to you. Do you 450 see this sword, sir? [*Draws.*
Arb. Yes.
Bes. If I do not make my back-biters eat it to a knife within this week, say I am not valiant.

Enter Messenger *with a packet.*

Mes. Health to your majesty! 455
Arb. From Gobrias?
Mes. Yes, sir.
Arb. How does he? is he well?
Mes. In perfect health.
Arb. Take that for thy good news.
A trustier servant to his prince there lives not
Than is good Gobrias. [*Reads.*
1st Gent. The King starts back.
Mar. His blood goes back as fast. 460
2nd Gent. And now it comes again.
Mar. He alters strangely.
Arb. The hand of Heaven is on me: be it far
From me to struggle! If my secret sins
Have pull'd this curse upon me, lend me tears
Enough to wash me white; that I may feel 465

454 with a packet] In Q7 only. 459 Reads] Weber's addition.
465 *Enough*] So Q1. QQ2—6 "I 'now." Q7 "Enow." F. "now."

A child-like innocence within my breast:
Which once perform'd, oh, give me leave to stand
As fixed as Constancy herself: my eyes
Set here unmoved, regardless of the world,
Though thousand miseries encompass me! 470
Mar. This is strange!—Sir, how do you?
Arb. Mardonius, my mother——
Mar. Is she dead?
Arb. Alas, she's not so happy! Thou dost know
How she hath labour'd, since my father died,
To take by treason hence this loathed life, 475
That would but be to serve her. I have pardon'd,
And pardon'd, and by that have made her fit
To practise new sins, not repent the old.
She now had hired a slave to come from thence,
And strike me here; whom Gobrias, sifting out, 480
Took, and condemn'd, and executed there:
The carefull'st servant! Heaven, let me but live
To pay that man! Nature is poor to me,
That will not let me have as many deaths
As are the times that he hath saved my life, 485
That I might die 'em over all for him.
Mar. Sir, let her bear her sins on her own head;
Vex not yourself.
Arb. What will the world
Conceive of me? with what unnatural sins
Will they suppose me laden, when my life 490
Is sought by her that gave it to the world?
But yet he writes me comfort here: my sister,
He says, is grown in beauty and in grace,
In all the innocent virtues that become
A tender spotless maid: she stains her cheeks 495
With mourning tears, to purge her mother's ill;
And 'mongst that sacred dew she mingles prayers,
Her pure oblations, for my safe return.—
If I have lost the duty of a son,
If any pomp or vanity of state 500
Made me forget my natural offices,
Nay, farther, if I have not every night
Expostulated with my wandering thoughts,

469 *here*] i.e. on heaven, but perhaps simply "set motionless in his head. So QQ1, 2, 7, F. QQ3—6 "her."

If aught unto my parent they have err'd,
And call'd 'em back; do you direct her arm 505
Unto this foul dissembling heart of mine:
But if I have been just to her, send out
Your power to compass me, and hold me safe
From searching treason! I will use no means
But prayer: for, rather suffer me to see 510
From mine own veins issue a deadly flood,
Than wash my danger off with mother's blood.
Mar. I ne'er saw such sudden extremities. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Camp.

Enter TIGRANES *and* SPACONIA.

Tigr. Why, wilt thou have me fly, Spaconia?
What should I do?
Spa. Nay, let me stay alone;
And when you see Armenia again,
You shall behold a tomb more worth than I:
Some friend, that either loves me or my cause, 5
Will build me something to distinguish me
From other women; many a weeping verse
He will lay on, and much lament those maids
That place their loves unfortunately high,
As I have done, where they can never reach. 10
But why should you go to Iberia?
Tigr. Alas, that thou wilt ask me! Ask the man
That rages in a fever, why he lies
Distemper'd there, when all the other youths
Are coursing o'er the meadows with their loves: 15
Can I resist it? am I not a slave
To him that conquer'd me?
Spa. That conquer'd thee!

505 *do you direct*] Addressed to the gods, though unnamed, as in iii. 1. "Why should you, that have made me stand in war," etc. (Mason).
1 *fly*] Weber's alteration, proposed in Mason's notes. Old eds. "die."
5 *either loves*] QQ1, 2, 7, Theo. Dyce: the rest "ever loved," except Weber "ever loves." 9 *place*] So all QQ.: F "plac'd."
9 *unfortunately high*] So all; except Q1 "unfortunately too light," and Weber "unf. too high."
17–23 *That conquer'd thee . . . Oh, Tigranes*] Metre as cured by Theobald.

Tigranes, he has won but half of thee——
Thy body; but thy mind may be as free
As his; his will did never combat thine, 20
And take it prisoner.
Tigr. But if he by force
Convey my body hence, what helps it me,
Or thee, to be unwilling?
Spa. Oh, Tigranes!
I know you are to see a lady there;
To see, and like, I fear: perhaps the hope 25
Of her makes you forget me ere we part.
Be happier than you know to wish! farewell.
Tigr. Spaconia, stay, and hear me what I say.
In short, destruction meet me, that I may
See it, and not avoid it, when I leave 30
To be thy faithful lover! Part with me
Thou shalt not; there are none that know our love;
And I have given gold unto a captain,
That goes unto Iberia from the king,
That he would place a lady of our land 35
With the king's sister that is offer'd me;
Thither shall you, and, being once got in,
Persuade her, by what subtle means you can,
To be as backward in her love as I.
Spa. Can you imagine that a longing maid, 40
When she beholds you, can be pull'd away
With words from loving you?
Tigr. Dispraise my health,
My honesty, and tell her I am jealous.
Spa. Why, I had rather loose you. Can my heart
Consent to let my tongue throw out such words? 45
And I, that ever yet spoke what I thought,
Shall find it such a thing at first to lie!
Tigr. Yet, do thy best.

Enter BESSUS.

Bes. What, is your majesty ready?
Tigr. There is the lady, captain. 50
Bes. Sweet lady, by your leave. I could wish myself more full of courtship for your fair sake.

20 *his will, etc.*] Cf. *Rich. II.* V. i. 27, Hath Bolingbroke deposed / Thine intellect? hath he been in thine heart?"
26 *makes*] F. "make."
52 *courtship*] courtly breeding (Weber).

Spa. Sir, I shall feel no want of that.

Bes. Lady, you must haste; I have received new letters from the king, that require more speed than I expected: he will follow me suddenly himself; and begins to call for your majesty already.

Tigr. He shall not do so long.

Bes. Sweet lady, shall I call you my charge hereafter?

Spa. I will not take upon me to govern your tongue, sir; you shall call me what you please. [*Exeunt.*

59 *call you my charge*] In accord with the courtly affectation for which Arcadianism would be a better term than Euphuism: cf. Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, ii. 1, where Hedon says, "I call Madam Philautia my Honour, and she calls me her Ambition."

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Capital of Iberia. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter GOBRIAS, BACURIUS, ARANE, PANTHEA, Waiting-women, *and* Attendants.

Gob. My Lord Bacurius, you must have regard
Unto the queen; she is your prisoner;
'Tis at your peril, if she make escape.
Bac. My Lord, I know't; she is my prisoner,
From you committed: yet she is a woman; 5
And, so I keep her safe, you will not urge me
To keep her close. I shall not shame to say,
I sorrow for her.
Gob. So do I, my lord:
I sorrow for her, that so little grace
Doth govern her, that she should stretch her arm 10
Against her King; so little womanhood
And natural goodness, as to think the death
Of her own son.
Ara. Thou know'st the reason why,
Dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speak.
Gob. There is a lady takes not after you; 15
Her father is within her; that good man,
Whose tears paid down his sins. Mark how she weeps;
How well it does become her! and if you
Can find no disposition in yourself
To sorrow, yet by gracefulness in her 20
Find out the way, and by your reason weep:
All this she does for you, and more she needs,
When for yourself you will not lose a tear.
Think how this want of grief discredits you;
And you will weep, because you cannot weep. 25

12 *think*] i. e. intend.
17 *paid down*] Q1, Web. Dyce: the rest "weigh'd down." The meaning is the same in either case—outweighed.

Ara. You talk to me, as having got a time
Fit for your purpose; but you know, I know
You speak not what you think.
Pan. I would my heart
Were stone, before my softness should be urged
Against my mother! A more troubled thought 30
No virgin bears about her: should I excuse
My mother's fault, I should set light a life,
In losing which a brother and a King
Were taken from me; if I seek to save
That life so loved, I lose another life, 35
That gave me being,—I shall lose a mother,
A word of such a sound in a child's ear,
That it strikes reverence through it. May the will
Of Heaven be done, and if one needs must fall,
Take a poor virgin's life to answer all! 40
Ara. But Gobrias, let us talk. You know, this fault
Is not in me as in another woman. [*They walk apart.*
Gob. I know it is not.
Ara. Yet you make it so.
Gob. Why, is not all that's past beyond your help?
Ara. I know it is.
Gob. Nay, should you publish it 45
Before the world, think you 'twould be believed?
Ara. I know, it would not.
Gob. Nay, should I join with you,
Should we not both be torn, and yet both die
Uncredited?
Ara. I think we should.
Gob. Why, then,
Take you such violent courses? As for me, 50
I do but right in saving of the king
From all your plots.
Ara. The King!
Gob. I bade you rest
With patience, and a time would come for me
To reconcile all to your own content;

32 *set*] So all except Q1 "let."
42 *woman*] Q1: the other old eds. "mother," which Weber rightly disliked for the jingle with "another."
48 *torn*] i. e. tortured or torn to death.—Dyce. Theobald printed, on Sympson's suggestion, "should we both be *sworn*, yet should we not both die uncredited?"

But by this way you take away my power; 55
And what was done, unknown, was not by me,
But you, your urging: being done,
I must preserve mine own; but time may bring
All this to light, and happily for all.

Ara. Accursed be this over-curious brain, 60
That gave that plot a birth! accursed this womb,
That after did conceive to my disgrace!

Bac. My Lord-protector, they say there are divers letters come from Armenia, that Bessus has done good service, and brought again a day by his particular 65 valour: received you any to that effect?

Gob. Yes; 'tis most certain.

Bac. I'm sorry for't; not that the day was won, but that 'twas won by him. We held him here a coward: he did me wrong once, at which I laugh'd, and so did 70 all the world; for nor I, nor any other, held him worth my sword.

Enter BESSUS *and* SPACONIA.

Bes. Health to my Lord-protector! from the king these letters,—and to your grace, madam, these.

[*To* PANTHEA.

Gob. How does his majesty? 75

Bes. As well as conquest, by his own means and his valiant commanders, can make him: your letters will tell you all.

Pan. I will not open mine, till I do know
My brother's health: good captain, is he well? 80

Bes. As the rest of us that fought are.

Pan. But how's that? is he hurt?

Bes. He's a strange soldier that gets not a knock.

Pan. I do not ask how strange that soldier is
That gets no hurt, but whether he have one. 85

Bes. He had divers.

Pan. And is he well again?

Bes. Well again, an't please your grace! Why, I was run twice through the body, and shot i' the head with a cross arrow, and yet am well again. 90

58 *mine own*] i. e. him who is my own.—Dyce.

68–72 *I'm sorry . . . sword*] Colman following all 4tos. rightly printed this as prose, in spite of the folio. The signal for prose having been given by the mention of Bessus, there is no reason to revert to metre. Theobald printed it as verse, though he left the preceding speech of Bacurius in prose.

Pan. I do not care how thou dost: is he well?

Bes. Not care how I do! Let a man, out of the mightiness of his spirit, fructify foreign countries with his blood, for the good of his own, and thus he shall be answer'd. Why, I may live to relieve, with spear and shield, such a lady as you distress'd.

Pan. Why, I will care: I'm glad that thou art well; I prithee, is he so?

Gob. The King is well, and will be here to-morrow.

Pan. My prayers are heard. Now will I open mine. [*Reads.*

Gob. Bacurius, I must ease you of your charge.—
Madam, the wonted mercy of the King,
That overtakes your faults, has met with this,
And struck it out; he has forgiven you freely:
Your own will is your law; be where you please.

Ara. I thank him.

Gob. You will be ready to wait
Upon his majesty to-morrow?

Ara. I will.

Bac. Madam, be wise hereafter. I am glad
I have lost this office. [*Exit* ARANE.

Gob. Good Captain Bessus, tell us the discourse
Betwixt Tigranes and our King, and how
We got the victory.

Pan. I prithee, do;
And if my brother were in any danger,
Let not thy tale make him abide there long
Before thou bring him off, for all that while
My heart will beat.

Bes. Madam, let what will beat, I must tell truth; and thus it was. They fought single in lists, but one to one. As for my own part, I was dangerously hurt but three days before; else perhaps we had been two to two,—I cannot tell, some thought we had;—and the occasion of my hurt was this; the enemy had made trenches——

Gob. Captain, without the manner of your hurt
Be much material to this business,

96 *as you*] Omitted in Q1.
100 *prayers are heard*] QQ1, 2, 7, Dyce: the rest "prayer is heard."
110 *discourse*] "transaction, not conversation," Mason, whom Weber quotes with approval.

We'll hear 't some other time.

Pan. Ay, prithee leave it,
And go on with my brother.

Bes. I will: but 'twould be worth your hearing. To the lists they came, and single-sword and gauntlet was their fight.

Pan. Alas!

Bes. Without the lists there stood some dozen captains of either side mingled, all which were sworn, and one of those was I; and 'twas my chance to stand next a captain of the enemies' side, called Tiribasus; valiant, they said, he was. Whilst these two kings were stretching themselves, this Tiribasus cast something a scornful look on me, and ask'd me, who I thought would overcome. I smiled, and told him, if he would fight with me, he should perceive by the event of that, whose king would win. Something he answer'd; and a scuffle was like to grow, when one Zipetus offer'd to help him: I——

Pan. All this is of thyself: I prithee, Bessus,
Tell something of my brother; did he nothing?

Bes. Why, yes; I'll tell your grace. They were not to fight till the word given; which for my own part, by my troth, I confess, I was not to give.

Pan. See, for his own part!

Bac. I fear, yet, this fellow's abused with a good report.

Bes. Ay, but I——

Pan. Still of himself!

Bes. Cried, "Give the word!" when, as some of them say, Tigranes was stooping; but the word was not given then; yet one Cosroes, of the enemies' part, held up his finger to me, which is as much with us martialists, as, "I will fight with you;" I said not a word, nor made sign during the combat; but that once done——

Pan. He slips o'er all the fight!

Bes. I called him to me; "Cosroes," said I——

126 *Ay, prithee*] Q1 has "I [Ay], I prethee." Dyce "I prithee,".

129 *gauntlet*] There seems no reason to adopt Theobald's *facilior lectio* "target" against all the old eds. Dyce quotes *Honor, Military and Civill*, by W. Segar, fol. 1602, p. 130, "the gauntlet armeth the hand, without which member no fight can be performed."

138 *who*] F.: the QQ read "whom."

Pan. I will hear no more.
Bes. No, no, I lie.
Bac. I dare be sworn thou dost.
Bes. "Captain," said I; so 'twas. 165
Pan. I tell thee, I will hear no further
Bes. No? Your grace will wish you had.
Pan. I will not wish it. What, is this the lady
My brother writes to me to take?
Bes. An't please your grace, this is she.—Charge, 170
will you come nearer the princess?
Pan. You're welcome from your country; and this land
Shall show unto you all the kindnesses
That I can make it. What's your name?
Spa. Thalestris.
Pan. You're very welcome: you have got a letter 175
To put you to me, that has power enough
To place mine enemy here; then much more you,
That are so far from being so to me,
That you ne'er saw me.
Bes. Madam, I dare pass my word for her truth. 180
Spa. My truth!
Pan. Why, captain, do you think I am afraid she'll steal?
Bes. I cannot tell; servants are slippery; but I dare give my word for her and for her honesty: she came 185 along with me, and many favours she did me by the way; but, by this light, none but what she might do with modesty to a man of my rank.
Pan. Why, captain, here's nobody thinks otherwise.
Bes. Nay, if you should, your grace may think your 190 pleasure; but I am sure I brought her from Armenia, and in all that way, if ever I touch'd any bare of her above her knee, I pray God I may sink where I stand.
Spa. Above my knee?
Bes. No, you know I did not; and if any man will 195 say I did, this sword shall answer. Nay, I'll defend

170 *Charge*] See i. 2. 59.
171 *nearer*] QQ1, 2, 7 Dyce: the rest "near."
172–79 *You're welcome . . . ne'er saw me*] Arranged as metre by Theobald.
173 *kindnesses*] Q1, mod. edd.: the rest "kindness."
174 *Thalestris*] QQ1, 7: the other old eds. "Thalectris."
185 *her honesty*] Q1, Dyce: the rest omit "her," printing "word for her; and or honesty, she came," etc.

the reputation of my charge, whilst I live. Your grace shall understand I am secret in these businesses, and know how to defend a lady's honour.

Spa. I hope your grace knows him so well already, 200
I shall not need to tell you he's vain and foolish.

Bes. Ay, you may call me what you please, but I'll defend your good name against the world.—And so I take my leave of your grace,—and of you, my Lord-protector.—I am likewise glad to see your lordship 205
well.

Bac. Oh, Captain Bessus, I thank you. I would speak with you anon.

Bes. When you please, I will attend your lordship.
[*Exit.*

Bac. Madam, I'll take my leave too.

Pan. Good Bacurius! 210
[*Exit* BACURIUS.

Gob. Madam, what writes his majesty to you?

Pan. Oh, my lord,
The kindest words! I'll keep 'em whilst I live,
Here in my bosom; there's no art in 'em;
They lie disorder'd in this paper, just 215
As hearty nature speaks 'em.

Gob. And to me
He writes, what tears of joy he shed, to hear
How you were grown in every virtuous way;
And yields all thanks to me for that dear care
Which I was bound to have in training you. 220
There is no princess living that enjoys
A brother of that worth.

Pan. My lord, no maid
Longs more for anything, or feels more heat
And cold within her breast, than I do now
In hope to see him.

Gob. Yet I wonder much 225
At this: he writes, he brings along with him
A husband for you, that same captive prince:
And if he love you, as he makes a show,
He will allow you freedom in your choice.

Pan. And so he will, my lord, I warrant you; 230

223 *or*] Q1, Dyce: the rest "and."
228 *And if*] for "An if" = "if."

He will but offer, and give me the power
To take or leave.
Gob. Trust me, were I a lady,
I could not like that man were bargain'd with
Before I choose him.
Pan. But I am not built
On such wild humours ; if I find him worthy, 235
He is not less because he's offered.
Spa. (*aside*). 'Tis true, he is not: would he would seem less!
Gob. I think there is no lady can affect
Another prince, your brother standing by ;
He doth eclipse men's virtues so with his. 240
Spa. (*aside*). I know a lady may, and more, I fear,
Another lady will.
Pan. Would I might see him!
Gob. Why, so you shall. My businesses are great:
I will attend you when it is his pleasure
To see you, madam.
Pan. I thank you, good my lord. 245
Gob. You will be ready, madam?
Pan. Yes. [*Exit* GOBRIAS *with* Attendants.
Spa. I do beseech you, madam, send away
Your other women, and receive from me
A few sad words, which, set against your joys,
May make 'em shine the more.
Pan. Sirs, leave me all. 250
[*Exeunt* women.
Spa. I kneel, a stranger here, to beg a thing
Unfit for me to ask, and you to grant:
'Tis such another strange ill-laid request,
As if a beggar should intreat a king
To leave his sceptre and his throne to him, 255
And take his rags to wander o'er the world,
Hungry and cold.
Pan. That were a strange request.
Spa. As ill is mine.
Pan. Then do not utter it.

232–6 *Trust me . . . offered*] Metre re-arranged by Theobald.
234 *choose*] So all old eds. Theobald read "chose."
235 *him*] Q1 "time," corrected in the rest. 240 *his*] So all, except Q1 "this."
250 *Sirs*] Used not infrequently in speaking to women, *e. g.* to Arethusa and Bellario in *Philaster* iv. 3. "Sirs, feel my pulse."

Spa. Alas! 'tis of that nature, that it must
Be utter'd, ay, and granted, or I die! 260
I am ashamed to speak it; but where life
Lies at the stake, I cannot think her woman,
That will not talk something unreasonably
To hazard saving of it. I shall seem
A strange petitioner, that wish all ill 265
To them I beg of, ere they give me aught;
Yet so I must. I would you were not fair
Nor wise, for in your ill consists my good:
If you were foolish, you would hear my prayer;
If foul, you had not power to hinder me,— 270
He would not love you.
Pan. What's the meaning of it?
Spa. Nay, my request is more without the bounds
Of reason yet: for 'tis not in the power
Of you to do what I would have you grant.
Pan. Why, then, 'tis idle. Prithee, speak it out. 275
Spa. Your brother brings a prince into this land
Of such a noble shape, so sweet a grace,
So full of worth withal, that every maid
That looks upon him gives away herself
To him for ever; and for you to have, 280
He brings him: and so mad is my demand,
That I desire you not to have this man,
This excellent man; for whom you needs must die,
If you should miss him. I do now expect
You should laugh at me.
Pan. Trust me, I could weep 285
Rather; for I have found in all thy words
A strange disjointed sorrow.
Spa. 'Tis by me
His own desire too, that you would not love him.
Pan. His own desire! Why, credit me. Thalestris,
I am no common wooer: if he shall woo me, 290
His worth may be such, that I dare not swear
I will not love him: but, if he will stay
To have me woo him, I will promise thee
He may keep all his graces to himself,
And fear no ravishing from me.

263 *talk*] Theobald's correction for "take" of all the old eds.
270 *foul*] ugly. 288 *too*] So Q1, Dyce: the rest "so."

Spa. 'Tis yet
His own desire; but when he sees your face,
I fear it will not be. Therefore I charge you,
As you have pity, stop those tender ears
From this enchanting voice; close up those eyes:
That you may neither catch a dart from him,
Nor he from you: I charge you, as you hope
To live in quiet; for when I am dead,
For certain I shall walk to visit him,
If he break promise with me: for as fast
As oaths, without a formal ceremony,
Can make me, I am to him.
Pan. Then be fearless;
For if he were a thing 'twixt god and man,
I could gaze on him, (if I knew it sin
To love him,) without passion. Dry your eyes:
I swear you shall enjoy him still for me;
I will not hinder you. But I perceive
You are not what you seem: rise, rise, Thalestris,
If your right name be so.
Spa. Indeed, it is not:
Spaconia is my name; but I desire
Not to be known to others.
Pan. Why, by me
You shall not; I will never do you wrong;
What good I can, I will: think not my birth
Or education such, that I should injure
A stranger-virgin. You are welcome hither.
In company you wish to be commanded;
But when we are alone, I shall be ready
To be your servant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Fields in the Neighbourhood of the City. A great Crowd.

Enter three Shop-Men *and a* Woman.

1*st Shop-M.* Come, come, run, run, run.
2*nd Shop-M.* We shall outgo her.

308 *if I . . . love him*] Among old eds. the sense is rightly indicated only by Q1, which places these words in a parenthesis.

SCENE II.

Fields . . . City] Dyce thus alters Weber's "An open Place before the City." Cf. l. 24.

3rd Shop-M. One were better be hang'd than carry women out fiddling to these shows.

Wom. Is the King hard by? 5

1st Shop-M. You heard, he with the bottles said he thought we should come too late. What abundance of people here is!

Wom. But what had he in those bottles?

3rd Shop-M. I know not. 10

2nd Shop-M. Why, ink, goodman fool.

3rd Shop-M. Ink! what to do?

1st Shop-M. Why the King, look you, will many times call for those bottles, and break his mind to his friends. 15

Wom. Let's take our places quickly; we shall have no room else.

2nd Shop-M. The man told us, he would walk o'foot through the people.

3rd Shop-M. Ay, marry, did he. 20

1st Shop-M. Our shops are well look'd to now.

2nd Shop-M. 'Slife, yonder's my master, I think.

1st Shop-M. No, 'tis not he.

Enter two Citizens' Wives, *and* PHILIP.

1st Cit. W. Lord, how fine the fields be! what sweet living 'tis in the country! 25

2nd Cit. W. Ay, poor souls, God help 'em, they live as contentedly as one of us.

1st Cit. W. My husband's cousin would have had me gone into the country last year. Wert thou ever there? 30

2nd Cit. W. Ay, poor souls, I was amongst 'em once.

1st Cit. W. And what kind of creatures are they, for love of God?

2nd Cit. W. Very good people, God help 'em.

1st Cit. W. Wilt thou go down with me this summer, 35 when I am brought to bed?

2nd Cit. W. Alas, 'tis no place for us!

1st Cit. W. Why, prithee?

2nd Cit. W. Why, you can have nothing there; there's nobody cries brooms. 40

1st Cit. W. No!

16 *quickly*] Only in Q1.

2nd Cit. W. No, truly, nor milk.

1st Cit. W. Nor milk! how do they?

2nd Cit. W. They are fain to milk themselves i' the country.

1st Cit. W. Good lord! But the people there, I think, will be very dutiful to one of us.

2nd Cit. W. Ay, God knows, will they; and yet they do not greatly care for our husbands.

1st Cit. W. Do they not? alas! in good faith, I cannot blame them, for we do not greatly care for them ourselves.—Philip, I pray, choose us a place.

Phil. There's the best, forsooth.

1st Cit. W. By your leave, good people, a little.

1st Shop-M. What's the matter?

Phil. I pray you, my friend, do not thrust my mistress so; she's with child.

2nd Shop-M. Let her look to herself, then. Has she not had thrusting enough yet? if she stay shouldering here, she may hap to go home with a cake in her belly.

3rd Shop-M. How now, goodman squitter-breech! why do you lean so on me.

Phil. Because I will.

3rd Shop-M. Will you, Sir Sauce-box? [*Strikes him.*

1st Cit. W. Look, if one ha' not struck Philip!—Come hither, Philip; why did he strike thee?

Phil. For leaning on him.

1st Cit. W. Why didst thou lean on him?

Phil. I did not think he would have struck me.

1st Cit. W. As God save me, la, thou'rt as wild as a buck; there's no quarrel, but thou'rt at one end or other on't.

3rd Shop-M. It's at the first end, then, for he'll ne'er stay the last.

1st Cit. W. Well, slip-string, I shall meet with you.

56 *you*] In all but Q1.
60 *hap to go*] Q1, Web. Dyce: the rest "haps go."
62 *so*] Only in Q1, Dyce.
75 *slip-string*] truant. It occurs in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, ii. 1. 60. Halliwell's *Dictionary* quotes MS. Bright 170, f. 1.

"Hee's runne away even in the very nick
Of this dayes businesse; such a slip-string trick," etc.

Q1 alone reads "stripling."
75 *meet with*] be even with. So *Night Walker*, i. 1, Lurcher of Algripe against whom he has a grudge, "I may meet with him yet e'er I die."

3rd Shop-M. When you will.
1st Cit. W. I'll give a crown to meet with you.
3rd Shop-M. At a bawdy-house.
1st Cit. W. Ay, you're full of your roguery; but if I do meet you, it shall cost me a fall. [*Flourish.* 80

Enter a Man *running.*

Man. The King, the King, the King, the King!
Now, now, now, now! [*Flourish.*

Enter ARBACES, TIGRANES, MARDONIUS, *and* Soldiers.

All. God preserve your majesty!
Arb. I thank you all. Now are my joys at full,
When I behold you safe, my loving subjects. 85
By you I grow; 'tis your united love
That lifts me to this height:
All the account that I can render you
For all the love you have bestow'd on me,
All your expenses to maintain my war, 90
Is but a little word: you will imagine
'Tis slender payment; yet 'tis such a word
As is not to be bought without our bloods:
'Tis peace!
All. God preserve your majesty!
Arb. Now you may live securely in your towns, 95
Your children round about you; you may sit
Under your vines, and make the miseries
Of other kingdoms a discourse for you,
And lend them sorrows; for yourselves, you may
Safely forget there are such things as tears: 100
And may you all, whose good thoughts I have gain'd,
Hold me unworthy, when I think my life
A sacrifice too great to keep you thus
In such a calm estate!

82 and *Soldiers*] Added by Weber.
88–94 *All the account . . . peace*] Theobald needlessly tampered with the metrical arrangement of Q1, which is here followed.
93 *without our*] So Q1: Q2, 7 "but with our": QQ3—6, F. "but with your." 93 *bloods*] Q7 "blood."
96 *you may*] "you" omitted in QQ5, 6, F.
101–2 *may you all . . . when I think . . .*] So QQ1, 2, 7: QQ3, 4, F. "you may all . . . where I think . . .": and the worthless QQ5, 6 "you may fall . . where," etc.

All. God bless your majesty!
Arb. See, all good people, I have brought the man, 105
Whose very name you fear'd, a captive home:
Behold him; 'tis Tigranes. In your hearts
Sing songs of gladness and deliverance.
1st Cit. W. Out upon him!
2nd Cit. W. How he looks! 110
Wom. Hang him, hang him!
Mar. These are sweet people.
Tigr. Sir, you do me wrong,
To render me a scorned spectacle
To common people.
Arb. It was far from me
To mean it so.—If I have aught deserved, 115
My loving subjects, let me beg of you
Not to revile this prince, in whom there dwells
All worth, of which the nature of a man
Is capable; valour beyond compare;
The terror of his name has stretch'd itself 120
Wherever there is sun: and yet for you
I fought with him single, and won him too;
I made his valour stoop, and brought that name,
Soared to so unbelieved a height, to fall
Beneath mine: this, inspired with all your loves, 125
I did perform; and will, for your content,
Be ever ready for a greater work.
All. The Lord bless your majesty!
Tigr. [*aside*] So, he has made me
Amends now with a speech in commendation
Of himself; I would not be so vain-glorious. 130
Arb. If there be any thing in which I may
Do good to any creature here, speak out;
For I must leave you: and it troubles me,
That my occasions, for the good of you,
Are such as call me from you; else my joy 135
Would be to spend my days amongst you all.
You show your loves in these large multitudes
That come to meet me. I will pray for you:

114 *was far*] QQ1, 2, 7, and mod. edd.: the rest "was *so* far."
134 *my occasions*] The nature of these is left unexplained. Probably the authors intended in this announced departure a fresh illustration of his restlessness, cf. iii. 1, 107, "yet the time is short, / And my affairs are great."

Heaven prosper you, that you may know old years,
And live to see your children's children 140
Sit at your boards with plenty! When there is
A want of any thing, let it be known
To me, and I will be a father to you:
God keep you all!

All. God bless your majesty, God bless your majesty! 145
[*Flourish. Exeunt* Kings *and their train.*

1*st Shop-M.* Come, shall we go? all's done.

Wom. Ay, for God's sake; I have not made a fire yet.

2*nd Shop-M.* Away, away! all's done.

3*rd Shop-M.* Content.—Farewell, Philip. 150

1*st Cit. W.* Away, you halter-sack, you!

1*st Shop-M.* Philip will not fight; he's afraid on's face.

Phil. Ay, marry, am I afraid of my face?

3*rd Shop-M.* Thou wouldst be, Philip, if thou sawest 155 it in a glass; it looks so like a visor.

1*st Cit. W.* You'll be hang'd, sirrah. [*Exeunt three* Shop-Men *and* Woman.] Come, Philip, walk afore us homewards.—Did not his majesty say he had brought us home peas for all our money? 160

2*nd Cit. W.* Yes, marry, did he.

1*st Cit. W.* They're the first I heard on this year, by my troth: I long'd for some of 'em. Did he not say we should have some?

2*nd Cit. W.* Yes, and so we shall anon, I warrant 165 you, have every one a peck brought home to our houses.
[*Exeunt.*

141 *Sit*] So all, except Q1 "eat."
145 *God bless your majesty*] All eds. but Q1 give this twice.
151 *halter-sack*] Sack fitted with strings for hanging up, used as equivalent to "gallows-bird," here and in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, i. 4.
156 *so*] Omitted in Q1 only.
156 *visor*] mask, painted grotesquely.
160 *peas*] the pun on "peace" is found in *Every Man Out of his Humour*, iv. 1 (Dyce).

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter ARBACES *and* GOBRIAS.

Arb. My sister take it ill!
Gob. Not very ill;
Something unkindly she does take it, sir,
To have her husband chosen to her hands.
Arb. Why, Gobrias, let her: I must have her know,
My will, and not her own, must govern her. 5
What, will she marry with some slave at home?
Gob. Oh, she is far from any stubbornness!
You much mistake her; and no doubt will like
Where you will have her: but, when you behold her,
You will be loth to part with such a jewel. 10
Arb. To part with her! why, Gobrias, art thou mad?
She is my sister.
Gob. Sir, I know she is;
But it were pity to make poor our land,
With such a beauty to enrich another.
Arb. Pish! will she have him?
Gob. (*aside*) I do hope she will not.—— 15
(*Aloud*) I think she will, sir.
Arb. Were she my father and my mother too,
And all the names for which we think folks friends,
She should be forced to have him, when I know
'Tis fit: I will not hear her say she's loth. 20
Gob. (*Aside*) Heaven, bring my purpose luckily to pass!
You know 'tis just.—Sir, she'll not need constraint,
She loves you so.
Arb. How does she love me? speak.
Gob. She loves you more than people love their health,

9 *will*] QQ1—4, 7: QQ5, 6, F. "would."
15 *I do hope she will not*] Q1 alone omits these words.
22 *Sir, she'll*] Q1, Dyce: the rest "she will."

That live by labour; more than I could love 25
A man that died for me, if he could live
Again.
Arb. She is not like her mother, then.
Gob. Oh, no! When you were in Armenia,
I durst not let her know where you were hurt;
For at the first, on every little scratch, 30
She kept her chamber, wept, and could not eat
Till you were well; and many times the news
Was so long coming, that, before we heard,
She was as near her death as you your health.
Arb. Alas, poor soul! but yet she must be ruled: 35
I know not how I shall requite her well.
I long to see her: have you sent for her,
To tell her I am ready?
Gob. Sir, I have.

Enter First Gentleman *and* TIGRANES.

1*st Gent.* Sir, here is the Armenian King.
Arb. He's welcome.
Gent. And the queen-mother and the princess wait 40
Without.
Arb. Good Gobrias, bring 'em in.——[*Exit* GOBRIAS.
Tigranes, you will think you are arrived
In a strange land, where mothers cast to poison
Their only sons: think you, you shall be safe?
Tig. Too safe I am, sir. 45

Re-enter GOBRIAS, *with* ARANE, PANTHEA, SPACONIA, BACURIUS, MARDONIUS, BESSUS, *and two* Gentlemen, Attendants *and* Guards.

Ara. [*Kneels.*] As low as this I bow to you; and would
As low as my grave, to show a mind
Thankful for all your mercies.
Arb. Oh, stand up,
And let me kneel! the light will be ashamed
To see observance done to me by you. 50
Ara. You are my King.
Arb. You are my mother: rise.

34 *you*] Omitted in QQ3—6. 43 *cast*] plot.
45 Attendants and Guards] Added by Q7.

As far be all your faults from your own soul
As from my memory! then you shall be
As white as Innocence herself.
Ara. I came
Only to show my duty, and acknowledge 55
My sorrow for my sins: longer to stay,
Were but to draw eyes more attentively
Upon my shame. That power, that kept you safe
From me, preserve you still!
Arb. Your own desires
Shall be your guide. [*Exit* ARANE.
Pan. Now let me die! 60
Since I have seen my lord the King return
In safety, I have seen all good that life
Can shew me: I have ne'er another wish
For Heaven to grant; nor were it fit I should;
For I am bound to spend my age to come 65
In giving thanks that this was granted me.
Gob. Why does not your majesty speak?
Arb. To whom?
Gob. To the princess.
Pan. Alas, sir, I am fearful you do look
On me as if I were some loathed thing,
That you were finding out a way to shun! 70
Gob. Sir, you should speak to her.
Arb. Ha!
Pan. I know I am unworthy, yet not ill
Arm'd with which innocence, here I will kneel
Till I am one with earth, but I will gain
Some words and kindness from you.
Tigr. Will you speak, sir? 75
Arb. [*aside*] Speak! am I what I was?
What art thou, that dost creep into my breast,
And dar'st not see my face? show forth thyself.
I feel a pair of fiery wings display'd
Hither, from thence. You shall not tarry there; 80
Up, and begone; if thou be'st love, begone!

56 *sorrow*] QQ1, 2, 7, Dyce: the rest "sorrows."
75 Tigr.] Dyce against all old and modern eds. gave this speech to Gobrias.
80 *Hither, from thence*] QQ1—7 and mod. edd.: Q1 also reading "here" for "there" at end of line. The rest read "Hither from hence." The "pair of fiery wings display'd *hither*" are blushes mantling *in his cheeks*; "from thence" meaning from Cupid's resting-place in his breast.

Or I will tear thee from my wounded flesh,
Pull thy loved down away, and with a quill,
By this right arm drawn from thy wanton wing,
Write to thy laughing mother in thy blood, 85
That you are powers belied, and all your darts
Are to be blown away by men resolved,
Like dust. I know thou fear'st my words: away!

Tigr. [*aside*] Oh, misery! why should he be so slow?
There can no falsehood come of loving her: 90
Though I have given my faith, she is a thing
Both to be loved and served beyond my faith.
I would he would present me to her quickly.

Pan. Will you not speak at all? are you so far
From kind words? Yet, to save my modesty, 95
That must talk till you answer, do not stand
As you were dumb; say something, though it be
Poison'd with anger, that may strike me dead.

Mar. Have you no life at all? for manhood sake,
Let her not kneel, and talk neglected thus: 100
A tree would find a tongue to answer her,
Did she but give it such a loved respect.

Arb. You mean this lady: lift her from the earth;
Why do you let her kneel so long?—Alas,
[*They raise* PANTHEA.
Madam, your beauty uses to command, 105
And not to beg! what is your suit to me?
It shall be granted; yet the time is short,
And my affairs are great.—But where's my sister?
I bade she should be brought.

Mar. (*aside*) What, is he mad?

Arb. Gobrias, where is she?

Gob. Sir?

Arb. Where is she, man? 110

Gob. Who, sir?

Arb. Who! hast thou forgot? my sister.

Gob. Your sister, sir!

82 *flesh*] Adopting with Dyce the reading of Q1. The rest have "breast," which occurs five lines back.

84 *wanton*] QQ1, 2, 3, 7, and mod. edd.: the rest "wonted."

98 *that may*] QQ3—6, F. have "that *it* may."

107 *yet the time . . . . are great*] See ii. 2, 134, note.

111 *forgot? my sister*] So pointed in Q1 and Dyce:—The rest "forgot my sister?"

Arb. Your sister, sir! Some one that hath a wit,
Answer where is she.
Gob. Do you not see her there?
Arb. Where?
Gob. There.
Arb. There! where?
Mar. 'Slight, there: are you blind? 115
Arb. Which do you mean? that little one?
Gob. No, sir.
Arb. No, sir! why, do you mock me? I can see
No other here but that petitioning lady.
Gob. That's she.
Arb. Away!
Gob. Sir, it is she.
Arb. 'Tis false.
Gob. Is it?
Arb. As hell! by Heaven, as false as hell! 120
My sister!—is she dead? if it be so,
Speak boldly to me, for I am a man,
And dare not quarrel with divinity;
And do not think to cozen me with this.
I see you all are mute, and stand amazed, 125
Fearful to answer me: it is too true,
A decreed instant cuts off every life,
For which to mourn is to repine: she died
A virgin though, more innocent than sleep,
As clear as her own eyes; and blessedness 130
Eternal waits upon her where she is:
I know she could not make a wish to change
Her state for new; and you shall see me bear
My crosses like a man. We all must die;
And she hath taught us how.
Gob. Do not mistake, 135
And vex yourself for nothing; for her death
Is a long life off yet, I hope. 'Tis she;
And if my speech deserve not faith, lay death
Upon me, and my latest words shall force
A credit from you.
Arb. Which, good Gobrias? 140
That lady dost thou mean?

129 *sleep*] So Q1 and mod. edd.: the rest "sheep."
137 *yet*] Omitted, to the destruction of metre, in all but Q1 and mod. edd.

Gob. That lady, sir:
She is your sister; and she is your sister
That loves you so; 'tis she for whom I weep,
To see you use her thus.
Arb. It cannot be.
Tigr. (*aside*) Pish! this is tedious: 145
I cannot hold; I must present myself;
And yet the sight of my Spaconia
Touches me as a sudden thunder-clap
Does one that is about to sin.
Arb. Away!
No more of this. Here I pronounce him traitor, 150
The direct plotter of my death, that names
Or thinks her for my sister: 'tis a lie,
The most malicious of the world, invented
To mad your King. He that will say so next,
Let him draw out his sword, and sheathe it here; 155
It is a sin fully as pardonable.
She is no kin to me, nor shall she be;
If she were ever, I create her none:
And which of you can question this? My power
Is like the sea, that is to be obey'd, 160
And not disputed with: I have decreed her
As far from having part of blood with me
As the naked Indians. Come and answer me,
He that is boldest now: is that my sister?
Mar. (*aside*) Oh, this is fine! 165
Bes. No, marry, she is not, an't please your majesty;
I never thought she was; she's nothing like you.
Arb. No; 'tis true, she is not.
Mar. (*to* BESSUS) Thou shouldst be hang'd.
Pan. Sir, I will speak but once. By the same power
You make my blood a stranger unto yours, 170
You may command me dead; and so much love
A stranger may importune; pray you, do.
If this request appear too much to grant,
Adopt me of some other family
By your unquestion'd word; else I shall live 175
Like sinful issues, that are left in streets
By their regardless mothers, and no name
Will be found for me.

142–4 *She is . . . . . her thus*] Q1 alone omits these lines.

Arb. I will hear no more.
Why should there be such music in a voice,
And sin for me to hear it? all the world 180
May take delight in this; and 'tis damnation
For me to do so.—You are fair and wise,
And virtuous, I think; and he is blest
That is so near you as your brother is;
But you are nought to me but a disease, 185
Continual torment without hope of ease.
Such an ungodly sickness I have got,
That he that undertakes my cure must first
O'erthrow divinity, all moral laws,
And leave mankind as unconfined as beasts 190
Allowing them to do all actions
As freely as they drink, when they desire.
Let me not hear you speak again; yet so
I shall but languish for the want of that,
The having which would kill me.—No man here 195
Offer to speak for her; for I consider
As much as you can say. I will not toil
My body and my mind too; rest thou there;
[*Sinking into his chair of state.*
Here's one within will labour for you both.
Pan. I would I were past speaking!
Gob. Fear not, madam; 200
The King will alter: 'tis some sudden rage,
And you will see it end some other way.
Pan. Pray Heaven it do!
Tigr. (*aside*) Though she to whom I swore be here,
I cannot
Stifle my passion longer; if my father 205
Should rise again, disquieted with this,
And charge me to forbear, yet it would out.—
(*Aloud*) Madam, a stranger and a prisoner begs
To be bid welcome.
Pan. You are welcome, sir,
I think; but if you be not, 'tis past me 210

181 *and*] i.e. and yet. Theobald substituted "yet" (Dyce).
184 *your*] QQ1, 2, 7: QQ3—6, F. "my."
198–9 *rest thou there . . . . . for you both*] Addressed to his body, as, in sudden physical weakness, he sinks into his chair of state. I supply the stage-directions. Cf. his words to Mardonius, l. 331, "My legs / Refuse to bear my body." The "one within" is his mind, which is so betossed as to be doing double "labouring." Cf. iv. 1. 15, "labour out this tempest."

To make you so; for I am here a stranger
Greater than you: we know from whence you come;
But I appear a lost thing, and by whom
Is yet uncertain; found here in the court,
And only suffer'd to walk up and down, 215
As one not worth the owning.
Spa. (*aside*) Oh, I fear
Tigranes will be caught! he looks, methinks,
As he would change his eyes with her. Some help
There is above for me, I hope!
Tigr. Why do you turn away, and weep so fast, 220
And utter things that misbecome your looks?
Can you want owning?
Spa. (*aside*) Oh, 'tis certain so!
Tigr. Acknowledge yourself mine.
Arb. How now?
Tigr. And then
See if you want an owner.
Arb. (*aside*) They are talking!
Tigr. Nations shall own you for their queen. 225
Arb. Tigranes, art not thou my prisoner?
Tigr. I am.
Arb. And who is this?
Tigr. She is your sister.
Arb. She is so.
Mar. (*aside*) Is she so again? that's well.
Arb. And how, then, dare you offer to change words with her?
Tigr. Dare do it! why, you brought me hither, sir, 230
To that intent.
Arb. Perhaps I told you so:
If I had sworn it, had you so much folly
To credit it? The least word that she speaks
Is worth a life. Rule your disorder'd tongue,
Or I will temper it.
Spa. (*aside*) Blest be that breath! 235
Tigr. Temper my tongue! Such incivilities
As these no barbarous people ever knew:
You break the law of nature, and of nations;
You talk to me as if I were a prisoner
For theft. My tongue be temper'd! I must speak, 240

235 *that*] QQ1, 2, 7, and mod. edd.: the rest "the."

If thunder check me, and I will.
Arb. You will!
Spa. (*aside*) Alas, my fortune!
Tigr. Do not fear his frown.
Dear madam, hear me.
Arb. Fear not my frown! but that 'twere base in me
To fight with one I know I can o'ercome, 245
Again thou shouldst be conquered by me.
Mar. (*aside*) He has one ransom with him already; methinks, 'twere good to fight double or quit.
Arb. Away with him to prison!—Now, sir, see
If my frown be regardless.—Why delay you? 250
Seize him, Bacurius.—You shall know my word
Sweeps like a wind, and all it grapples with
Are as the chaff before it.
Tigr. Touch me not.
Arb. Help there!
Tigr. Away!
1st Gent. It is in vain to struggle.
2nd Gent. You must be forced.
Bac. Sir, you must pardon us; 255
We must obey.
Arb. Why do you dally there?
Drag him away by any thing.
Bac. Come, sir.
Tigr. Justice, thou ought'st to give me strength enough
To shake all these off.—This is tyranny,
Arbaces, subtler than the burning bull's, 260
Or that famed tyrant's bed. Thou might'st as well
Search i' the depth of winter through the snow
For half-starved people, to bring home with thee
To show 'em fire, and send 'em back again,
As use me thus.
Arb. Let him be close, Bacurius. 265
[*Exit* TIGRANES, *with* BACURIUS *and* Guards.
Spa. (*aside*) I ne'er rejoiced at any ill to him
But this imprisonment. What shall become
Of me forsaken?

257 *by any thing*] By any means.
260 *burning bull's*] i. e. the brazen bull of Phalaris.
261 *tyrant's*] i. e. Procrustes. F. "Titans."
262 *depth*] QQ1, 2, whose authority must not be disregarded for the more attractive reading of the rest "deep."
268 *forsaken*] here follows in Q7 the stage-direction, "Exit Spaconia": all the other old eds. reserve her exit till l. 315.

Gob. You will not let your sister
Depart thus discontented from you, sir?
Arb. By no means, Gobrias: I have done her wrong, 270
And made myself believe much of myself
That is not in me.—You did kneel to me,
Whilst I stood stubborn and regardless by
And, like a god incensed, gave no ear
To all your prayers. Behold, I kneel to you: [*Kneels.* 275
Show a contempt as large as was my own,
And I will suffer it; yet, at the last,
Forgive me.
Pan. Oh, you wrong me more in this
Than in your rage you did! you mock me now. [*Kneels.*
Arb. Never forgive me, then; which is the worst 280
Can happen to me.
Pan. If you be in earnest,
Stand up, and give me but a gentle look
And two kind words, and I shall be in Heaven.
Arb. Rise you, then, too. Here I acknowledge thee,
[*Rising, and raising* PANTHEA.
My hope, the only jewel of my life, 285
The best of sisters, dearer than my breath,
A happiness as high as I could think;
And when my actions call thee otherwise,
Perdition light upon me!
Pan. This is better
Than if you had not frown'd; it comes to me 290
Like mercy at the block: and when I leave
To serve you with my life, your curse be with me!
Arb. Then, thus I do salute thee; and again,
To make this knot the stronger.—Paradise
Is there!—It may be you are yet in doubt; 295
This third kiss blots it out.—(*Aside*) I wade in sin,
And foolishly entice myself along!—
Take her away; see her a prisoner
In her own chamber, closely, Gobrias.
Pan. Alas, sir, why?
Arb. I must not stay the answer. 300
Do it.
Gob. Good sir!
Arb. No more: do it, I say.

284 *Rise . . . Here I*] So QQ1, 2, 7, and mod. edd.: the rest "Rise you then to hear: I" etc.

Mar. (*aside*) This is better and better.
Pan. Yet hear me speak.
Arb. I will not hear you speak.
Away with her! Let no man think to speak
For such a creature; for she is a witch, 305
A poisoner, and a traitor!
Gob. Madam, this office grieves me.
Pan. Nay, 'tis well;
The King is pleased with it.
Arb. Bessus, go you too with her. I will prove
All this that I have said, if I may live 310
So long: but I am desperately sick;
For she has given me poison in a kiss,—
She had it 'twixt her lips,—and with her eyes
She witches people. Go, without a word.
[*Exeunt* GOBRIAS, PANTHEA, BESSUS, *and* SPACONIA.
Why should you, that have made me stand in war 315
Like Fate itself, cutting what threads I pleased,
Decree such an unworthy end of me
And all my glories? What am I, alas,
That you oppose me? If my secret thoughts
Have ever harbour'd swellings against you, 320
They could not hurt you; and it is in you
To give me sorrow, that will render me
Apt to receive your mercy: rather so
Let it be rather so, than punish me
With such unmanly sins. Incest is in me 325
Dwelling already; and it must be holy,
That pulls it thence.—Where art, Mardonius?
Mar. Here, sir.
Arb. I prithee, bear me, if thou canst.
Am I not grown a strange weight?
Mar. As you were.
Arb. No heavier?
Mar. No, sir.
Arb. Why, my legs 330

306 *poisoner*] QQ1, 2, 3, 7, and mod. edd.: rest "prisoner."
314 and Spaconia] Omitted by Q7, which has placed her exit at l. 268 above.
315 *you*] The gods are here apostrophized, though unnamed; cf. i. 1, "do you direct" etc.
326 *it must be holy, That pulls it thence*] i. e. "no power short of holy will suffice to expel it," implying that to punish him by making him actually commit "such unmanly sins" will not be "holy," and so will effect no purification. Theobald's difficulty, unfelt by Dyce, was real enough.

Refuse to bear my body. Oh, Mardonius,
Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou know'st
I could have gone, though I could never run!
Mar. And so I shall again.
Arb. Oh, no, 'tis past!
Mar. Pray you, go rest yourself. 335
Arb. Wilt thou hereafter, when they talk of me,
As thou shalt hear, nothing but infamy,
Remember some of those things?
Mar. Yes, I will.
Arb. I prithee, do;
For thou shalt never see me so again. 340
Mar. I warrant ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A Room in the House of BESSUS.

Enter BESSUS.

Bes. They talk of fame; I have gotten it in the wars, and will afford any man a reasonable pennyworth. Some will say, they could be content to have it, but that it is to be achieved with danger: but my opinion is otherwise: for if I might stand still in 5 cannon-proof, and have fame fall upon me, I would refuse it. My reputation came principally by thinking to run away; which nobody knows but Mardonius, and I think he conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the wars, I came to the town a young fellow, without 10 means or parts to deserve friends; and my empty guts persuaded me to lie, and abuse people, for my meat; which I did, and they beat me: then would I fast two days, till my hunger cried out on me, "Rail still!" then, methought, I had a monstrous stomach to abuse 'em 15 again; and did it. In this state I continued, till they hung me up by the heels, and beat me with hazel-sticks, as if they would have baked me, and have cozen'd

332–3 *Thou hast . . . never run*] Thou hast seen me immovable in battle, not from lack of power, but of will: now this is reversed.
341 *I warrant ye*] Only found in Q1, Theob. and Dyce.
SCENE II.
3 *it*] Omitted in QQ2, 7.
17 *beat . . hazel-sticks*] i. e. to make him tender before baking in the pasty.

somebody with me for venison. After this I rail'd, and ate quietly; for the whole kingdom took notice of me for a baffled whipp'd fellow, and what I said was remember'd in mirth, but never in anger; of which I was glad,—I would it were at that pass again! After this, Heaven call'd an aunt of mine, that left two hundred pounds in a cousin's hand for me; who, taking me to be a gallant young spirit, raised a company for me with the money, and sent me into Armenia with 'em. Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no company; and alone I durst not run. I was never at battle but once, and there I was running, but Mardonius cudgell'd me: yet I got loose at last, but was so afraid that I saw no more than my shoulders do, but fled with my whole company amongst my enemies, and overthrew 'em. Now the report of my valour is come over before me, and they say I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improved,—a plague of their eloquence! 'twill cost me many a beating: and Mardonius might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get honour on me, and all the men I have abused call me freshly to account, (worthily as they call it,) by the way of challenge.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Good morrow, Captain Bessus.

Bes. Good morrow, sir.

Gent. I come to speak with you——

Bes. You're very welcome.

Gent. From one that holds himself wrong'd by you some three years since. Your worth, he says, is famed,

20 *quietly*] unmolested.

21 *baffled*] Punished as a recreant knight by hanging up by the heels. Dyce quotes in illustration *Faerie Queene*, VI. vii. 27—

> "He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,
> And baffuld so, that all which passed by
> The picture of his punishment might see."

Cf. *Custom of Country*, ii. 3, "Kick and baffle you"; and in 1 *Henry* IV. "call me villain and baffle me." Again in *The Woman's Prize*, II. i. 7, and often.

36 *plague of*] So all old eds., except F. "plague on," and Q7 "pox of."

40 *to account*] Only found in Q1 and mod. eds.

41 *the*] Omitted in QQ2, 7.

42 Gent.] Q1: all the other old eds. after printing "Enter a Gent." prefix to his speeches "3 Gent."

and he doth nothing doubt but you will do him right, as beseems a soldier.

Bes. (*aside*) A pox on 'em, so they cry all.

Gent. And a slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me: it is an office that friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you, since I desire but right on both sides.

Bes. 'Tis a challenge, sir, is it not?

Gent. 'Tis an inviting to the field.

Bes. An inviting! Oh, cry you mercy!—(*Aside*) What a compliment he delivers it with! he might as agreeably to my nature present me poison with such a speech. [*Reads*] Um, um, um—reputation—um, um, um—call you to account—um, um, um—forced to this —um, um, um—with my sword—um, um, um—like a gentleman—um, um, um—dear to me—um, um, um—satisfaction—'Tis very well, sir; I do accept it; but he must await an answer this thirteen weeks.

Gent. Why, sir, he would be glad to wipe off his stain as soon as he could.

Bes. Sir, upon my credit, I am already engaged to two hundred and twelve; all which must have their stains wiped off, if that be the word, before him.

Gent. Sir, if you be truly engaged but to one, he shall stay a competent time.

Bes. Upon my faith, sir, to two hundred and twelve: and I have a spent body too, much bruised in battle; so that I cannot fight, I must be plain with you, above three combats a-day. All the kindness I can show him, is to set him resolvedly in my roll the two hundred and thirteenth man, which is something; for, I tell you, I think there will be more after him than before him; I think so. Pray you, commend me to him, and tell him this.

Gent. I will, sir. Good morrow to you.

Bes. Good morrow, good sir. [*Exit* Gentleman.]—Certainly my safest way were to print myself a coward,

60 *Um, um, um*] So all but Q1, which gives "um" only once between each phrase. 75 *with you*] Only in Q1 and Dyce.

77 *resolvedly*] Q1 alone reads "resolutely."

80 *I think so*] Dyce supposed this had crept in from "I think" in the line above; not perceiving that this feigned hesitation about accuracy is Bessus' usual cover for a lie. Cf. ii. 1. 121, "perhaps we had been two to two—I cannot tell, some thought we had."

with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post. I have received above thirty challenges within this two hours. Marry, all but the first I put off with engagement; and, by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting than I; so that that's referred: the place where it must be ended is four days' journey off, and our arbitrators are these; he has chosen a gentleman in travel, and I have a special friend with a quartan ague, like to hold him this five year, for mine; and when his man comes home, we are to expect my friend's health. If they would send me challenges thus thick, as long as I lived, I would have no other living: I can make seven shillings a-day o' the paper to the grocers. Yet I learn nothing by all these, but a little skill in comparing of styles: I do find evidently that there is some one scrivener in this town, that has a great hand in writing of challenges, for they are all of a cut, and six of 'em in a hand; and they all end, "My reputation is dear to me, and I must require satisfaction."—Who's there? more paper, I hope. No; 'tis my Lord Bacurius: I fear all is not well betwixt us.

Enter BACURIUS.

Bac. Now, Captain Bessus; I come about a frivolous matter, caused by as idle a report. You know you were a coward.

Bes. Very right.

Bac. And wrong'd me.

Bes. True, my lord.

Bac. But now people will call you valiant,—desertlessly, I think; yet, for their satisfaction, I will have you fight with me.

Bes. Oh, my good lord, my deep engagements——

Bac. Tell not me of your engagements, Captain Bessus: it is not to be put off with an excuse. For my own part, I am none of the multitude that believe your conversion from coward.

Bes. My lord, I seek not quarrels, and this belongs not to me; I am not to maintain it.

91 *these*] Q1 by mistake "there."
93 *this five year*] QQ2, 3, 7: Q4 "these five years": QQ5, 6, F. "this five years": Q1 "this time here." 95 *send*] Q1: the rest "find."

Bac. Who, then, pray?

Bes. Bessus the coward wrong'd you.

Bac. Right. 125

Bes. And shall Bessus the valiant maintain what Bessus the coward did?

Bac. I prithee, leave these cheating tricks. I swear thou shalt fight with me, or thou shalt be beaten extremely and kick'd. 130

Bes. Since you provoke me thus far, my lord, I will fight with you; and, by my sword, it shall cost me twenty pounds but I will have my leg well a week sooner purposely.

Bac. Your leg! why, what ails your leg? I'll do a 135 cure on you. Stand up! [*Kicks him.*

Bes. My lord, this is not noble in you.

Bac. What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth? I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee. [*Kicks him.* 140

Bes. My lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a coward.

Bac. When thou wert! confess thyself a coward still, or, by this light, I'll beat thee into sponge.

Bes. Why, I am one. 145

Bac. Are you so, sir? and why do you wear a sword, then? Come unbuckle; quick!

Bes. My lord!

Bac. Unbuckle, I say, and give it me; or, as I live, thy head will ache extremely. 150

Bes. It is a pretty hilt; and if your lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you, for a new-year's gift.

[*Gives his sword with a knife hanging from the belt*]

Bac. I thank you very heartily. Sweet captain, farewell. 155

Bes. One word more: I beseech your lordship to render me my knife again.

Bac. Marry, by all means, captain. [*Gives back the knife.*] Cherish yourself with it, and eat hard, good

133 *well*] Not in Q1.

153 Gives his . . . belt] This stage-direction was inserted by Weber, who printed "in the scabbard" for "hanging from the belt," and explained in a note that the dagger was worn "in a sheath attached to the scabbard of the sword." Surely the dagger was worn on the right side, the sword on the left.

captain; we cannot tell whether we shall have any more such. Adieu, dear captain. [*Exit.*

Bes. I will make better use of this than of my sword. A base spirit has this vantage of a brave one; it keeps always at a stay, nothing brings it down, not beating. I remember I promised the King, in a great audience, that I would make my backbiters eat my sword to a knife: how to get another sword I know not; nor know any means left for me to maintain my credit but impudence: therefore I will outswear him and all his followers, that this is all that's left uneaten of my sword. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter MARDONIUS.

Mar. I'll move the King; he is most strangely alter'd:
I guess the cause, I fear, too right; Heaven has
Some secret end in't, and 'tis a scourge, no question,
Justly laid upon him. He has followed me
Through twenty rooms; and ever, when I stay
To await his command, he blushes like a girl,

1 Mar. *I'll move, etc.*] In spite of the vigorous protest of the Editors of 1778, we follow Theobald in printing this and nearly all the following speeches of Mardonius as verse; though without always accepting his arrangement, or ever "throwing out," as he did, "here and there some few trifling monosyllables." In defence of the weakness that the lines, as thus arranged, too often present, both in this and the first scene (i. 1), we may urge the probable aim of the playwrights at increased fluidity and, perhaps, their disregard, in writing dramatic poetry, of the effect of the lines to the eye. Light endings, awkward enjambements, and superfluous syllables may be glided over in delivery so as to leave but slight impression of irregularity, and to relieve by a nearer approach to a prose cadence the harmony and sonority of more regular passages: and we think, in opposition apparently to some of our modern dramatists, that lines of such fluid irregularity are preferable to professed prose which abounds continually in metrical suggestion, and can in a moment of heightened emotion be even guilty of ten blank lines in succession! I counted this number in a passage in the Third Act (I think) of Mr. Sydney Grundy's *The Greatest of These*—, and shorter passages elsewhere. Can it be that the exclusive reign of the popgun and the cracker in dramatic dialogue is over, and that these are now to be supplemented by a return to the music and the poetry that helped to make English drama great? At least in some of the songs of our popular comic operas we may hope we have touched the nadir of tastelessness and bathos!

And looks upon me as if modesty
Kept in his business; so turns away from me;
But, if I go on, he follows me again.

Enter ARBACES.

(*Aside*) See, here he is. I do not use this, yet, 10
I know not how, I cannot choose but weep
To see him: his very enemies, I think,
Whose wounds have bred his fame, if they should see him now,
Would find tears in their eyes.
Arb. I cannot utter it. Why should I keep 15
A breast to harbour thoughts I dare not speak?
Darkness is in my bosom; and there lie
A thousand thoughts that cannot brook the light.
How wilt thou vex me, when this deed is done,
Conscience, that art afraid to let me name it! 20
Mar. How do you, sir?
Arb. Why, very well, Mardonius:
How dost thou do?
Mar. Better than you, I fear.
Arb. I hope thou art; for to be plain with thee,
Thou art in hell else. Secret scorching flames,
That far transcend earthly material fires, 25
Are crept into me, and there is no cure:
Is it not strange, Mardonius, there's no cure?
Mar. Sir, either I mistake, or there is something hid,
That you would utter to me.
Arb. So there is:
But yet I cannot do it.
Mar. Out with it, sir. 30
If it be dangerous, I will not shrink
To do you service. I shall not esteem
My life a weightier matter than indeed
It is: I know 'tis subject to more chances
Than it has hours; and I were better lose it 35
In my king's cause than with an ague
Or a fall, or, sleeping, to a thief; as all these
Are probable enough. Let me but know
What I shall do for you.
Arb. It will not out. Were you with Gobrias, 40
And bade him give my sister all content

The place affords, and gave her leave to send
And speak to whom she please?
Mar. Yes, sir, I was.
Arb. And did you to Bacurius say as much
About Tigranes?
Mar. Yes.
Arb. That's all my business. 45
Mar. Oh, say not so!
You had an answer of all this before:
Besides, I think this business might be utter'd
More carelessly.
Arb. Come, thou shalt have it out. I do beseech thee, 50
By all the love thou hast profess'd to me,
To see my sister from me.
Mar. Well; and what?
Arb. That's all.
Mar. That's strange: shall I say nothing to her?
Arb. Not a word: but if thou lov'st me, find
Some subtle way to make her understand 55
By signs.
Mar. But what should I make her understand?
Arb. Oh, Mardonius, for that I must be pardon'd.
Mar. You may; but I can only see her then.
Arb. 'Tis true.
Bear her this ring, then; and, on more advice,
Thou shalt speak to her: tell her I do love 60
My kindred all: wilt thou?
Mar. Is there no more?
Arb. Oh, yes! And her the best:
Better than any brother loves his sister:
That's all.
Mar. Methinks, this need not have been
Deliver'd with such caution. I'll do it. 65
Arb. There is more yet: wilt thou be faithful to me?
Mar. Sir, if I take upon me to deliver it,
After I hear it, I'll pass through fire to do it.
Arb. I love her better than a brother ought.
Dost thou conceive me?

47 *all*] This word, required by the metre, is only in Q1, Theo. and Dyce.
56 *But what should*] QQ2, 7: Q1 "But what, what should": QQ3—6, F., Dyce "But what shall." 59 *on*] QQ1, 2, 7: the other old eds. "one."
65 *such caution*] Q1, Dyce: the other old eds. "such a caution." "Caution" is a trisyllable.

Mar. I hope I do not, sir. 70
Arb. No! thou art dull. Kneel down before her,
And never rise again, till she will love me.
Mar. Why, I think she does.
Arb. But better than she does
Another way; as wives love husbands.
Mar. Why,
I think there are few wives that love their husbands 75
Better than she does you.
Arb. Thou wilt not understand me. Is it fit
This should be utter'd plainly? Take it, then,
Naked as it is: I would desire her love
Lasciviously, lewdly, incestuously, 80
To a sin that needs must damn us both,
And thee too. Dost thou understand me now?
Mar. Yes; there's your ring again. What have I done
Dishonestly in my whole life, name it,
That you should put so base a business to me? 85
Arb. Did'st thou not tell me thou wouldst do it?
Mar. Yes, if I undertook it: but if all
My hairs were lives, I would not be engaged
In such a cause to save my last life.
Arb. O guilt, how poor and weak a thing art thou! 90
This man that is my servant, whom my breath
Might blow about the world, might beat me here,
Having his cause; whilst I, press'd down with sin,
Could not resist him.—Dear Mardonius,
It was a motion misbeseeming man, 95
And I am sorry for it.
Mar. Pray God you may be so! You must under-

70 *I*] QQ1, 2, 7, Th. Dy.: rest "you."
89 *last life*] Theobald printed "last of life," for the sake of the metre, though of no authority.
92 *about*] QQ1, 2, 3, 7, mod. eds.: rest "upon."
93 *his*] QQ1, 2, 7: rest "this." 94 *Dear*] Q1, Th. Dy.: rest "hear."
97 *Pray God*] QQ1, 2, 7: Q. 1631 and the other old eds. read "Heaven grant." Cp. notes on iv. 4. 4, v. 4, 211, etc. The licenser's authority in such matters rested on the Act of 1606 (3rd Jac. I, c. 21) passed "for the preventing and avoiding the great abuse of the holy name of God in stage-plays, interludes, may-games, shewes and such like." The growing strictness of surveillance over the language of plays is illustrated by the Star Chamber's action in 1633 in regard to Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*, wherein the players had interpolated sundry oaths after it had received the sanction of the Master of the Revels. Sir Henry Herbert was able in this case to clear himself of all

stand, nothing that you can utter can remove my love and service from my prince; but otherwise, I think I shall not love you more, for you are sinful; and, if you do this crime, you ought to have no laws, for, after this, it will be great injustice in you to punish any offender for any crime. For myself, I find my heart too big; I feel I have not patience to look on, whilst you run these forbidden courses. Means I have none but your favour; and I am rather glad that I shall lose 'em both together, than keep 'em with such conditions. I shall find a dwelling amongst some people, where, though our garments perhaps be coarser, we shall be richer far within, and harbour no such vices in 'em. God preserve you, and mend you!

Arb. Mardonius! stay, Mardonius! for, though
My present state require nothing but knaves
To be about me, such as are prepared
For every wicked act, yet who does know
But that my loathed fate may turn about,
And I have use for honest men again?
I hope I may: I prithee, leave me not.

Enter BESSUS *to them.*

Bes. Where is the King?
Mar. There.
Bes. An't please your majesty, there's the knife.
Arb. What knife?
Bes. The sword is eaten.
Mar. Away you fool! the King is serious,
And cannot now admit your vanities.
Bes. Vanities! I'm no honest man, if my enemies have not brought it to this. What, do you think I lie?
Arb. No, no; 'tis well, Bessus; 'tis very well:
I'm glad on't.

---

complicity; but the added caution thus induced made him strike out, in Jan. 1634, many expressions such as "faith," "death," "slight," in Davenant's *Wits*, which upon the latter's appeal to the King were pronounced by Charles excusable "as asseverations and no oaths."—(Collier's *History of Dram. Poetry*, i. 356, 480, 483.)

110 *God . . . mend you*] QQ1, 2, 7: QQ3—6, F. "the Gods," also omitting "you" after "mend," which Weber follows, placing a dash after "mend" to mark an unfinished sentence: Th. Col. "The Gods preserve and mend you": Dyce, "The gods preserve you and mend you."

113 *require*] QQ1, 2, 7: rest "requires."

Mar. If your enemies brought it to that, your enemies are cutlers. Come, leave the King. 130

Bes. Why, may not valour approach him?

Mar. Yes; but he has affairs. Depart, or I shall be something unmannerly with you.

Arb. No; let him stay, Mardonius, let him stay; 135
I have occasions with him very weighty,
And I can spare you now.

Mar. Sir?

Arb. Why, I can spare you now.

Bes. Mardonius, give way to the state-affairs.

Mar. Indeed, you are fitter for his present purpose. [*Exit.*

Arb. Bessus, I should employ thee: wilt thou do't? 140

Bes. Do't for you! by this air, I will do anything, without exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing.

Arb. Do not swear.

Bes. By this light, but I will; any thing whatsoever. 145

Arb. But I shall name a thing
Thy conscience will not suffer thee to do.

Bes. I would fain hear that thing.

Arb. Why, I would have thee get my sister for me,—
Thou understand'st me,—in a wicked manner. 150

Bes. Oh, you would have a bout with her? I'll do't, I'll do't, i'faith.

Arb. Wilt thou? dost thou make no more on't?

Bes. More! no. Why, is there any thing else? if there be, tell me; it shall be done too. 155

Arb. Hast thou no greater sense of such a sin?
Thou art too wicked for my company,
Though I have hell within me, and mayst yet
Corrupt me further. Pray thee, answer me,
How do I show to thee after this motion? 160

Bes. Why, your majesty looks as well, in my opinion, as ever you did since you were born.

Arb. But thou appear'st to me, after thy grant,
The ugliest, loathed, detestable thing,
That I have ever met with. Thou hast eyes 165

136 *occasions*] QQ1, 2, 7, Dyce: rest "occasion."
138 *the*] QQ1, 2, 3, 7: Q4 "those": QQ5, 6, F. "these."
139 *his*] So all, except QQ5, 6, F. "this."
146 *a*] QQ1, 2, 7, Dyce: rest "the."

Like flames of sulphur, which, methinks, do dart
Infection on me; and thou hast a mouth
Enough to take me in, where there do stand
Four rows of iron teeth.

Bes. I feel no such thing. But 'tis no matter how I look; I'll do your business as well as they that look better: and when this is dispatch'd, if you have a mind to your mother, tell me, and you shall see I'll set it hard.

Arb. My mother!—Heaven forgive me, to hear this!
I am inspired with horror.—Now I hate thee
Worse than my sin; which, if I could come by,
Should suffer death eternal, ne'er to rise
In any breast again. Know, I will die
Languishing mad, as I resolve I shall,
Ere I will deal by such an instrument.
Thou art too sinful to employ in this:
Out of the world, away! [*Beats him.*

Bes. What do you mean, sir?

Arb. Hung round with curses, take thy fearful flight
Into the deserts; where, 'mongst all the monsters,
If thou find'st one so beastly as thyself,
Thou shalt be held as innocent.

Bes. Good sir——

Arb. If there were no such instruments as thou,
We kings could never act such wicked deeds.
Seek out a man that mocks divinity,
That breaks each precept both of God and man,
And nature's too, and does it without lust,
Merely because it is a law and good,
And live with him; for him thou canst not spoil;
Away, I say!— [*Exit* BESSUS.
I will not do this sin:
I'll press it here till it do break my breast.
It heaves to get out; but thou art a sin,
And, spite of torture, I will keep thee in. [*Exit.*

166–9 *sulphur . . iron teeth*] The description seems reminiscent of the miracle plays, not extinct till 1600; but possibly of *Faerie Queene*, I. xi. 12—14, where the rows of teeth are three.

183 Beats him] Weber did rightly to insert this stage-direction. This is the occasion referred to in his interview with the Swordmen, Act iv. sc. 3. ll. 12, 23.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Room in the House of GOBRIAS.

Enter GOBRIAS, PANTHEA, *and* SPACONIA.

Gob. Have you written, madam?
Pan. Yes, good Gobrias.
Gob. And with a kindness and such winning words
As may provoke him, at one instant, feel
His double fault; your wrong, and his own rashness?
Pan. I have sent words enough, if words may win him 5
From his displeasure; and such words, I hope,
As shall gain much upon his goodness, Gobrias.
Yet fearing, since they are many, and a woman's,
A poor belief may follow, I have woven
As many truths within 'em to speak for me, 10
That, if he be but gracious and receive 'em——
Gob. Good lady, be not fearful: though he should not
Give you your present end in this, believe it,
You shall feel, if your virtue can induce you
To labour out this tempest (which, I know, 15
Is but a poor proof 'gainst your patience),
All these contents your spirit will arrive at,
Newer and sweeter to you. Your royal brother,
When he shall once collect himself, and see
How far he has been asunder from himself, 20
What a mere stranger to his golden temper,
Must, from those roots of virtue, never dying,
Though somewhat stopt with humour, shoot again
Into a thousand glories, bearing his fair branches

ACT IV., SC. I.

Scene I. A Room, etc.] Dyce's correction, for Weber's "The Apartment of the Princess in the Palace," a correction he supports by Act iv. sc. 4. ll. 45–6, which show that Panthea was not confined in the Palace, and by Arbaces' words near the end, v. 4. 271, "One call the queen [*i. e.* Panthea] . . . she is in Gobrias' house." 8 *since*] Omitted in QQ4, 5, 6, F.

15 *labour out*] i. e. ride out, Q1 and mod. eds.: rest have "labour on't, this tempest" in sense, I suppose, of "reflect on it." But cf. iii. 1. 199 note.

High as our hopes can look at, straight as justice, 25
Loaden with ripe contents. He loves you dearly;
I know it, and I hope I need not further
Win you to understand it.
Pan. I believe it:
Howsoever, I am sure I love him dearly;
So dearly, that if any thing I write 30
For my enlarging should beget his anger,
Heaven be a witness with me, and my faith,
I had rather live entombed here.
Gob. You shall not feel a worse stroke than your grief;
I am sorry 'tis so sharp. I kiss your hand, 35
And this night will deliver this true story
With this hand to your brother.
Pan. Peace go with you!
You are a good man.— [*Exit* GOBRIAS.
My Spaconia,
Why are you ever sad thus?
Spa. Oh, dear lady!
Pan. Prithee, discover not a way to sadness, 40
Nearer than I have in me. Our two sorrows
Work, like two eager hawks, who shall get highest.
How shall I lessen thine? for mine, I fear,
Is easier known than cured.
Spa. Heaven comfort both,
And give yours happy ends, however I 45
Fall in my stubborn fortunes.
Pan. This but teaches
How to be more familiar with our sorrows,
That are too much our masters. Good Spaconia,
How shall I do you service?
Spa. Noblest lady,
You make me more a slave still to your goodness, 50
And only live to purchase thanks to pay you;
For that is all the business of my life now.
I will be bold, since you will have it so,
To ask a noble favour of you.
Pan. Speak it; 'tis yours; for from so sweet a virtue 55

27 *not*] So all but Q6—"no."
29 *Howsoever,*] All eds. but Q1 and Dy. prefix to this word a needless "But," spoiling the metre. 46 *This*] This mood of resignation.
51 *live*] Constructed with "you make me" in preceding line.

No ill demand has issue.
Spa. Then, ever-virtuous, let me beg your will
In helping me to see the Prince Tigranes,
With whom I am equal prisoner, if no more.
Pan. Reserve me to a greater end, Spaconia; 60
Bacurius cannot want so much good manners
As to deny your gentle visitation,
Though you came only with your own command.
Spa. I know they will deny me, gracious madam,
Being a stranger, and so little famed, 65
So utter empty of those excellences
That have authority: but in you, sweet lady,
All these are natural; beside, a power
Derived immediate from your royal brother,
Whose least word in you may command the kingdom. 70
Pan. More than my word, Spaconia, you shall carry,
For fear it fail you.
Spa. Dare you trust a token?
Madam, I fear I am grown too bold a beggar.
Pan. You are a pretty one; and, trust me, lady,
It joys me I shall do a good to you, 75
Though to myself I never shall be happy.
Here, take this ring, and from me as a token [*Gives ring.*
Deliver it: I think they will not stay you.
So, all your own desires go with you, lady!
Spa. And sweet peace to your grace!
Pan. Pray Heaven, I find it! 80
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Prison.

TIGRANES *discovered.*

Tigr. Fool that I am! I have undone myself,
And with my own hand turn'd my fortune round,

59 *no*] Q1: the rest "not."
67 *have*] Q1: the rest "tame," a rare instance of improvement on the first ed.

SCENE II.

A Prison] This note of locality first appears in Q2—"*Enter Tigranes in prison*," a somewhat rare instance of any such note in the old eds.

1 *Fool that I am, etc.*] This rather difficult speech represents the transition in Tigranes from a sense of the failure of his passion for Panthea (who is in-

That was a fair one: I have childishly
Play'd with my hope so long, till I have broke it,
And now too late I mourn for't. Oh, Spaconia, 5
Thou hast found an even way to thy revenge now!
Why didst thou follow me, like a faint shadow,
To wither my desires? But, wretched fool,
Why did I plant thee 'twixt the sun and me,
To make me freeze thus? why did I prefer her 10
To the fair princess? Oh, thou fool, thou fool,
Thou family of fools, live like a slave still,
And in thee bear thine own hell and thy torment!
Thou hast deserved it. Could'st thou find no lady,
But she that has thy hopes, to put her to, 15
And hazard all thy peace? none to abuse,
But she that loved thee ever, poor Spaconia?
And so much loved thee, that in honesty
And honour thou art bound to meet her virtues!
She, that forgot the greatness of her griefs, 20
And miseries that must follow such mad passions,
Endless and wild as woman's! she, that for thee,
And with thee, left her liberty, her name,
And country! You have paid me, equal Heavens,
And sent my own rod to correct me with, 25
A woman! For inconstancy I'll suffer;
Lay it on, justice, till my soul melt in me,
For my unmanly, beastly, sudden doting
Upon a new face, after all my oaths,
Many and strange ones. 30
I feel my old fire flame again, and burn
So strong and violent, that, should I see her
Again, the grief and that would kill me.

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tended by "the sun," "the lady . . . that has thy hopes") to a realization and a repentance of his infidelity to Spaconia. Its opening lines allude to his action in bringing the latter, whose "even way to her revenge" is of course the dissuasion of Panthea from loving him. "Played with my hope so long" (line 4) means that by changing from one woman to the other he has forfeited happiness altogether. In line 25 "my own rod" means Panthea, the rod he had laid upon Spaconia, which is made the cause of his own imprisonment.

10 *prefer*] present, recommend. 14 *it*] Only in QQ1, 2, 7. mod. eds.

20 *griefs*] Q1, Dy.: the rest "grief."

22 *Endless . . . . woman's*] Q1: *i.e.* being so endless and wild as they are in women. QQ2—5, 7, F. "as women": Q6 "as woman." Theobald, Colman, and Weber all read "in women," which Coleridge, ignorant of Q1, approved (*Remains*, ii. 295). 24 *equal*] just.

Enter BACURIUS *and* SPACONIA.

Bac. Lady,
Your token I acknowledge; you may pass:
There is the king.
Spa. I thank your lordship for it. [*Exit* BACURIUS. 35
Tigr. She comes, she comes! Shame hide me ever from her!
Would I were buried, or so far removed,
Light might not find me out! I dare not see her.
Spa. Nay, never hide yourself; for, were you hid
Where earth hides all her riches, near her centre, 40
My wrongs, without more day, would light me to you.
I must speak ere I die. Were all your greatness
Doubled upon you, you're a perjured man,
And only mighty in the wickedness
Of wronging women. Thou art false, false prince! 45
I live to see him; poor Spaconia lives
To tell thee thou art false, and then no more:
She lives to tell thee thou art more unconstant
Than all ill women ever were together;
Thy faith as firm as raging overflows, 50
That no bank can command; and as lasting
As boys' gay bubbles, blown i' the air and broken:
The wind is fix'd to thee; and sooner shall
The beaten mariner with his shrill whistle
Calm the loud murmurs of the troubled main, 55
And strike it smooth again, than thy soul fall
To have peace in love with any: thou art all
That all good men must hate; and if thy story
Shall tell succeeding ages what thou wert,
Oh, let it spare me in it, lest true lovers, 60
In pity of my wrongs, burn thy black legend,
And with their curses shake thy sleeping ashes!
Tigr. Oh! oh!
Spa. The Destinies, I hope, have pointed out
Our ends alike, that thou mayst die for love, 65
Though not for me; for, this assure thyself,

39 *for*] Q1, Dy.: the rest "or." 44 *the*] Q1, Dy.: rest "your."
47 *then no more*] i. e. lives no more, as Dyce; not "tells no more" as Seward. 51 *and*] only in Q1, Dyce.
53 *fix'd to thee*] fixed compared to thee (Dyce).
55 *murmurs*] Q1 and Dy.: the rest "murmur."

The princess hates thee deadly, and will sooner
Be won to marry with a bull, and safer,
Than such a beast as thou art.—(*Aside*) I have struck,
I fear, too deep; beshrow me for it!—Sir, 70
This sorrow works me, like a cunning friendship,
Into the same piece with it.—(*Aside*) He's ashamed:
Alas, I have been too rugged!—Dear my lord,
I am sorry I have spoken any thing,
Indeed I am, that may add more restraint 75
To that too much you have. Good sir, be pleased
To think it was a fault of love, not malice,
And do as I will do,—forgive it, prince:
I do, and can, forgive the greatest sins
To me you can repent of. Pray, believe me. 80

Tigr. Oh, my Spaconia! oh, thou virtuous woman!

Spa. No more, the King, sir.

Enter ARBACES, BACURIUS *and* MARDONIUS.

Arb. Have you been careful of our noble prisoner,
That he want nothing fitting for his greatness?

Bac. I hope his grace will quit me for my care, sir. 85

Arb. 'Tis well,—Royal Tigranes, health!

Tigr. More than the strictness of this place can give, sir,
I offer back again to great Arbaces.

Arb. We thank you, worthy prince; and pray, excuse us;
We have not seen you since your being here. 90
I hope your noble usage has been equal
With your own person: your imprisonment,
If it be any, I dare say, is easy;
And shall not outlast two days.

Tigr. I thank you:
My usage here has been the same it was, 95
Worthy a royal conqueror. For my restraint,
It came unkindly, because much unlook'd-for;
But I must bear it.

Arb. What lady's that, Bacurius?

70 *beshrow*] QQ3, 4 have "beshrew."

71–2 *works me . . . same piece with it*] makes me harsh and cruel like itself, even as close friends become alike.

72 *He's*] Q1, Theo. Web. Dyce: rest "'tis."

80 *me*] Only in Q1, Dyce.

Bac. One of the princess' women, sir.
Arb. I feared it.
Why comes she hither?
Bac. To speak with the Prince Tigranes.
Arb. From whom, Bacurius?
Bac. From the princess, sir.
Arb. I knew I had seen her.
Mar. (*aside*) His fit begins to take him now again: 'tis a strange fever, and 'twill shake us all anon, I fear. Would he were well cured of this raging folly! Give me the wars, where men are mad, and may talk what they list, and held the bravest fellows; this pelting, prattling peace is good for nothing; drinking's a virtue to't.
Arb. I see there's truth in no man, nor obedience,
But for his own ends. Why did you let her in?
Bac. It was your own command to bar none from him:
Besides, the princess sent her ring, sir, for my warrant.
Arb. A token to Tigranes, did she not?
Sirrah, tell truth.
Bac. I do not use to lie, sir;
'Tis no way I eat or live by; and I think
This is no token, sir.
Mar. (*aside*) This combat has undone him: if he had been well beaten, he had been temperate. I shall never see him handsome again, till he have an horseman's staff poked through his shoulders, or an arm broke with a bullet.
Arb. I am trifled with.
Bac. Sir?
Arb. I know it, as I know thee to be false.
Mar. (*aside*) Now the clap comes.
Bac. You never knew me so, sir, I dare speak it;
And durst a worse man tell me, though my better——
Mar. (*aside*) 'Tis well said, by my soul.
Arb. Sirrah, you answer as you had no life.
Bac. That I fear, sir, to lose nobly.
Arb. I say, sir, once again——

103 Mar. (aside)] Dyce prints this speech as verse; but the metrical accent of the first two lines cannot overbear the prosaic sentiment and accent of the rest.
107 *pelting*] paltry. 107 *prattling*] Q1, Dyce: rest "prating."
114 *Sirrah*] Q1, Dyce: rest "Sir."
120 *poked through*] Q1, Dyce: rest "yoked through."

Bac. You may say what you please, sir. 130
Mar. (*aside*) Would I might do so!
Arb. I will, sir; and say openly,
This woman carries letters: by my life,
I know she carries letters; this woman does it.
Mar. Would Bessus were here, to take her aside and search her! he would quickly tell you what she carried, 135 sir.
Arb. I have found it out, this woman carries letters.
Mar. (*aside*) If this hold, 'twill be an ill world for bawds, chambermaids, and post-boys. I thank Heaven, I have none but his letters-patents, things of his own 140 inditing.
Arb. Prince, this cunning cannot do't.
Tigr. Do what, sir? I reach you not.
Arb. It shall not serve your turn, prince.
Tigr. Serve my turn, sir! 145
Arb. Ay, sir, it shall not serve your turn.
Tigr. Be plainer, good sir.
Arb. This woman shall carry no more letters back to your love, Panthea; by Heaven she shall not; I say she shall not. 150
Mar. (*aside*) This would make a saint swear like a soldier, and a soldier like Termagant.
Tigr. This beats me more, King, than the blows you gave me.
Arb. Take 'em away both, and together let 'em be prisoners, strictly and closely kept; or, sirrah, your life 155 shall answer it; and let nobody speak with 'em hereafter.
Tigr. Well, I am subject to you,
And must endure these passions.
Spa. (*aside*) This is th' imprisonment I have look'd for always,

131 Mar.] Q1, Dyce: the rest annex it to Bacurius' speech.
134 *Would Bessus*, etc.] spoken perhaps satirically of Bessus' servile complaisance, but more probably as coarse humour to divert Arbaces' jealous mood.
152 *and a . . . Termagant*] Only in Q1 and mod. eds. Termagant was a violent deity, supposed Saracenic, that figured in Miracle-plays. Hamlet (III. ii. 12) would have a ranting actor "whipped for o'erdoing Termagant."
154 *'em be prisoners*] Dyce, follg. Q1, "vm be p.": the rest "them prisoners be."
157 Tigr.] So all, except Q1 "Bac."
159 Spac.] So QQ1, 7 and mod. eds.: the rest print the two lines as the continuation of Tigranes' speech.

And the dear place I would choose.

[*Exeunt* BACURIUS, TIGRANES, *and* SPACONIA.

Mar. Sir, have you done well now? 160

Arb. Dare you reprove it?

Mar. No.

Arb. You must be crossing me.

Mar. I have no letters, sir, to anger you,
But a dry sonnet of my corporal's
To an old sutler's wife; and that I'll burn, sir.
'Tis like to prove a fine age for the ignorant. 165

Arb. How darest thou so often forfeit thy life?
Thou knowest it is in my power to take it.

Mar. Yes, and I know you wo'not; or if you do,
You'll miss it quickly.

Arb. Why?

Mar. Who shall then tell you of these childish follies, 170
When I am dead? who shall put-to his power
To draw those virtues out of a flood of humours,
Where they are drown'd, and make 'em shine again?
No, cut my head off:
Then you may talk, and be believed, and grow worse, 175
And have your too self-glorious temper rock'd
Into a dead sleep, and the kingdom with you,
Till foreign swords be in your throats, and slaughter
Be every where about you, like your flatterers.
Do, kill me. 180

Arb. Prithee, be tamer, good Mardonius.
Thou know'st I love thee; nay, I honour thee;
Believe it, good old soldier, I am all thine;
But I am rack'd clean from myself; bear with me;
Wo't thou bear with me, good Mardonius? 185

Enter GOBRIAS.

Mar. There comes a good man; love him too; he's temperate;

160 *dear*] QQ1, 2, 3, 7 and mod. eds.: rest "dearer."
160 *have you*] QQ1, 2, 3, 7, Col. Web. Dyce: rest "you have."
164 *sutler's*] camp-victualler's; so all, except Q1, "saddler's."
170 *then*] Only in Q1, Dyce.
171 *put-to his power*] So all. It means "set to work."
173 *Where*] Q1, Dyce: rest "when."
174 *head off:*] After these words Q1 (alone) prints "doe, kill me," as well as at the end of speech, where all the old eds. have them.
176 *rock'd*] Seward's correction for "rott" of all the old eds.
183 *all*] Only in Q1, Dyce. 185 *good*] Q1, Dyce: rest "my."

You may live to have need of such a virtue;
Rage is not still in fashion.
Arb. Welcome, good Gobrias.
Gob. My service and this letter to your grace.
Arb. From whom?
Gob. From the rich mine of virtue and all beauty, 190
Your mournful sister.
Arb. She is in prison, Gobrias, is she not?
Gob. [*kneels.*] She is, sir, till your pleasure do enlarge her,
Which on my knees I beg. Oh, 'tis not fit
That all the sweetness of the world in one, 195
The youth and virtue that would tame wild tigers,
And wilder people that have known no manners,
Should live thus cloistered up! For your love's sake,
If there be any in that noble heart
To her, a wretched lady and forlorn, 200
Or for her love to you, which is as much
As nature and obedience ever gave,
Have pity on her beauties!
Arb. Prithee, stand up. 'Tis true, she is too fair,
And all these commendations but her own: 205
Would thou hadst never so commended her,
Or I ne'er lived to have heard it, Gobrias!
If thou but knew'st the wrong her beauty does her,
Thou would'st, in pity of her, be a liar.
Thy ignorance has drawn me, wretched man, 210
Whither myself nor thou canst well tell. Oh my fate!
I think she loves me, but I fear another
Is deeper in her heart: how think'st thou, Gobrias?
Gob. I do beseech your grace, believe it not;
For, let me perish, if it be not false. 215
Good sir, read her letter. [ARBACES *reads.*
Mar. (*aside*) This love, or what a devil it is, I know not, begets more mischief than a wake. I had rather be well beaten, starved, or lousy, than live within the air on't. He that had seen this brave fellow charge through 220 a grove of pikes but t'other day, and look upon him now, will ne'er believe his eyes again. If he continue

190 *all*] Only in QQ1, 2, 7, Theo. Dyce.
193 *do*] Q1 and mod. eds: rest "to."
208 *knew'st*] QQ5, 6, F. "know'st."

thus but two days more, a tailor may beat him with one hand tied behind him.

Arb. Alas, she would be at liberty! 225
And there be thousand reasons, Gobrias,
Thousands, that will deny it;
Which if she knew, she would contentedly
Be where she is, and bless her virtue for it,
And me, though she were closer: she would, Gobrias; 230
Good man, indeed she would.

Gob. Then, good sir, for her satisfaction,
Send for her, and with reason let her know
Why she must live thus from you.

Arb. I will. Go, bring her to me. [*Exeunt.* 235

SCENE III.

A Room in the House of BESSUS.

Enter BESSUS, *two* Sword Men, *and* Boy.

Bes. You're very welcome, both!—Some stools there, boy;
And reach a table.—Gentlemen o' the sword,
Pray sit, without any more compliment.—Begone, child. [*Exit* Boy.
I have been curious in the searching of you,
Because I understand you wise and valiant persons. 5

1st Sw. M. We understand ourselves, sir.

Bes. Nay, gentlemen, and my dear friends o' the sword,
No compliment, I pray; but to the cause
I hang upon, which, in few, is my honour.

225 *she would*] Theobald without authority printed "she fain would."
229 *virtue*] QQ1, 2, 7, Dyce; rest "virtues."
230 *closer*] confined more closely.
SCENE III.] Theobald and Colman followed the old eds. in printing this scene as a mixture of prose and verse. Weber, followed by Dyce, arranged it all as metre. Though prose throughout might have been preferable, the verse in places is unmistakable. It was probably intended to suggest the mock-heroic, and the dialogue presents no reason for varying the vehicle.
Sword Men] Bullies who posed as masters of fence and in questions of honour. 7 *my*] Only in QQ1, 2, 7, Th., Dy.
8 *cause*] Dyce's alteration to "case" here, and in l. 11, seems needless.
9 *few*] i. e. in few words.

2nd Sw. M. You cannot hang too much, sir, for your honour. 10
But to your cause: be wise, and speak the truth.
Bes. My first doubt is, my beating by my prince.
1st Sw. M. Stay there a little, sir: do you doubt a beating?
Or have you had a beating by your prince?
Bes. Gentlemen o' the sword, my prince has beaten me. 15
2nd Sw. M. Brother, what think you of this case?
1st Sw. M. If he have beaten him, the case is clear.
2nd Sw. M. If he have beaten him, I grant the case.—
But how?—we cannot be too subtle in this business—
I say, but how?
Bes. Even with his royal hand. 20
1st Sw. M. Was it a blow of love or indignation?
Bes. 'Twas twenty blows of indignation, gentlemen,
Besides two blows o' the face.
2nd Sw. M. Those two blows o' the face have made a new case on't;
The rest were but an honourable rudeness. 25
1st Sw. M. Two blows o' the face, and given by a worse man,
I must confess, as we sword-men say, had turn'd
The business: mark me, brother, by a worse man;
But being by his prince, had they been ten,
And those ten drawn ten teeth, besides the hazard 30
Of his nose for ever, all these had been but favours.
This is my flat opinion, which I'll die in.
2nd Sw. M. The King may do much, captain, believe it;
For had he crack'd your skull through, like a bottle,
Or broke a rib or two with tossing of you, 35
Yet you had lost no honour. This is strange,
You may imagine, but this is truth now, captain.
Bes. I will be glad to embrace it, gentlemen.
But how far may he strike me?

11 *be wise . . . truth*] These words are assigned to Bessus in all but Q1 and Dyce. 13 *doubt*] dread.
24 *case*] Q1, Dyce: rest "cause."
25 *honourable*] QQ1, 2, 7 and mod. eds.: rest "horrible."
27 *we*] QQ1, 2, 7, Dy.: rest "the."

1st Sw. M. There's another,
A new cause rising from the time and distance, 40
In which I will deliver my opinion.
He may strike, beat, or cause to be beaten;
For these are natural to man:
Your prince, I say, may beat you so far forth
As his dominion reacheth; that's for the distance; 45
The time, ten miles a-day, I take it.
2nd Sw. M. Brother, you err, 'tis fifteen miles a-day;
His stage is ten, his beatings are fifteen.
Bes. 'Tis the longest, but we subjects must——
1st Sw. M. Be subject to it: you are wise and virtuous. 50
Bes. Obedience ever makes that noble use on't,
To which I dedicate my beaten body.
I must trouble you a little further, gentlemen o' the sword.
2nd Sw. M. No trouble at all to us, sir, if we may
Profit your understanding: we are bound, 55
By virtue of our calling, to utter our opinions
Shortly and discreetly.
Bes. My sorest business is, I have been kick'd.
2nd Sw. M. How far, sir?
Bes. Not to flatter myself in it, all over:
My sword lost, but not forced; for discreetly 60
I render'd it, to save that imputation.
1st Sw. M. It show'd discretion, the best part of valour.
2nd Sw. M. Brother, this is a pretty case; pray, ponder on't:
Our friend here has been kick'd.
1st Sw. M. He has so, brother.
2nd Sw. M. Sorely, he says. Now, had he sit down here 65
Upon the mere kick, 't had been cowardly.
1st Sw. M. I think it had been cowardly indeed.
2nd Sw. M. But our friend has redeem'd it, in delivering

40 *cause*] So all eds., old and modern, except Dyce, who by a mistake very rare with him reports Q1 as reading "case," and reads that himself.
60 *lost, but not forced*] Theobald's alteration for "forced but not lost," of all the old eds. 63 *case*] QQ5, 6, F. "cause."
65 *sit*] Q1: QQ2—6, F. "set": Q7 "sat."

His sword without compulsion; and that man
That took it of him, I pronounce a weak one, 70
And his kicks nullities;
He should have kick'd him after the delivery,
Which is the confirmation of a coward.

1st Sw. M. Brother, I take it you mistake the question;
For say, that I were kick'd.

2nd Sw. M. I must not say so; 75
Nor I must not hear it spoke by the tongue of man:
You kick'd, dear brother! you are merry.

1st Sw. M. But put the case, I were kick'd.

2nd Sw. M. Let them put it,
That are things weary of their lives, and know not
Honour! put the case, you were kick'd!

1st Sw. M. I do not say 80
I was kick'd.

2nd Sw. M. Nor no silly creature that wears his head
Without a case, his soul in a skin-coat:
You kick'd, dear brother!

Bes. Nay, gentlemen, let us do what we shall do.
Truly and honestly! good sirs, to the question. 85

1st Sw. M. Why, then, I say suppose your boy kick'd, captain.

2nd Sw. M. The boy may be supposed, he's liable:
But, kick my brother!

1st Sw. M. A foolish, forward zeal, sir, in my friend!
But to the boy: suppose the boy were kick'd. 90

Bes. I do suppose it.

1st Sw. M. Has your boy a sword?

Bes. Surely, no; I pray, suppose a sword too.

1st Sw. M. I do suppose it. You grant, your boy was kick'd, then.

2nd Sw. M. By no means, captain; let it be supposed still:
The word "grant" makes not for us.

1st Sw. M. I say, this must 95
Be granted.

72 *delivery*] QQ5, 6, F. read "delivering."

81–2 *that wears . . . skin-coat*] i. e. that has an unprotected head and skin to be beaten. Halliwell's *Dictionary* quotes the phrase "to curry one's skin-coat," *i. e.* beat severely.

87 *he's*] Q1, Th., Dy.: the rest "is" by ellipse of subject.

2nd Sw. M. This must be granted, brother!
1st Sw. M. Ay,
This must be granted.
2nd Sw. M. Still, the must!
1st Sw. M. I say,
This must be granted.
2nd Sw. M. Give me the must again!
Brother, you palter.
1st Sw. M. I will not hear you, wasp.
2nd Sw. M. Brother, I say, you palter; the must three times
Together! I wear as sharp steel as another man,
And my fox bites as deep, musted, my dear brother!
But to the cause again.
Bes. Nay, look you, gentlemen—
2nd Sw. M. In a word, I ha' done.
1st Sw. M. A tall man, but intemperate;
'Tis great pity. Once more, suppose the boy kick'd.
2nd Sw. M. Forward.
1st Sw. M. And, being thoroughly kick'd, laughs at the kicker.
2nd Sw. M. So much for us. Proceed.
1st Sw. M. And in this beaten scorn, as I may call it,
Delivers up his weapon; where lies the error?
Bes. It lies i' the beating, sir; I found it four days since.
2nd Sw. M. The error, and a sore one, as I take it,
Lies in the thing kicking.
Bes. I understand that well; 'tis sore indeed, sir.
1st Sw. M. That is, according to the man that did it.
2nd Sw. M. There springs a new branch: whose was the foot?
Bes. A lord's.
1st Sw. M. The case is mighty; but, had it been two lords,
And both had kick'd you, if you laugh'd, 'tis clear.

97 *the*] Q1, Dy.: rest "this."
98 *Give me*] QQ5, 6, F. print "I, give me."
102 *fox*] A familiar term for the old English broadsword. Cf. *Mad Lover*, i. 1, "All the old foxes hunted to their holes" (speaking of the conclusion of a peace). 103 *cause*] Dyce alters to "case."
104 *tall man*] man of mettle.
115 *A lord's*] Q1 misprints "Ah, Lords."

Bes. I did laugh; but how will that help me, gentlemen?
2nd Sw. M. Yes, it shall help you, if you laugh'd aloud.
Bes. As loud as a kick'd man could laugh, I laugh'd, sir. 120
1st Sw. M. My reason now: the valiant man is known
By suffering and contemning; you have
Enough of both, and you are valiant.
2nd Sw. M. If he be sure he has been kick'd enough;
For that brave sufferance you speak of, brother, 125
Consists not in a beating and away,
But in a cudgell'd body, from eighteen
To eight and thirty; in a head rebuked
With pots of all size, daggers, stools, and bed-staves:
This shows a valiant man. 130
Bes. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proudest;
For these are all familiar things to me;
Familiar as my sleep or want of money;
All my whole body's but one bruise with beating:
I think I have been cudgell'd with all nations, 135
And almost all religions.
2nd Sw. M. Embrace him, brother: this man is valiant;
I know it by myself, he's valiant.
1st Sw. M. Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman;
To abide upon 't, a very valiant man. 140
Bes. My equal friends o' the sword, I must request
Your hands to this.
2nd Sw. M. 'Tis fit it should be.

122 *you have*] Dyce added "had": Theobald added "it" after "contemning." Probably the latter word was sounded as a quadrisyllable.

127 *from eighteen*, etc.] i. e. during those twenty years when offences are most commonly resented.

128 *head rebuked*, etc.] Sympson quotes Plautus' *Persa*, i. 2. 8: "His cognomentum erat duris capitonibus" of parasites called "hard-heads" because accustomed to have utensils thrown at them.

129 *bed-staves*] Wooden pins in the side of the bedstead for holding the bedclothes in position (Nares).

140 *to abide upon 't*] Q1, Th.: rest "to bide upon." Dyce "Abide upon 't," omitting "to" and explained "Depend upon it": but in his Addenda he accepted the old reading, in the sense of "my abiding opinion is," and compared *Winter's Tale*, I. ii. 242, "to bide upon 't,—thou art not honest."

Bes. [*calling*] Boy,
Get me some wine, and pen and ink, within.—
Am I clear, gentlemen?
1st Sw. M. Sir, when the world has taken notice what 145
We have done, make much of your body; for I'll pawn
My steel, men will be coyer of their legs
Hereafter.
Bes. I must request you go along,
And testify to the Lord Bacurius,
Whose foot has struck me, how you find my case. 150
2nd Sw. M. We will; and tell that lord he must be ruled,
Or there be those abroad will rule his lordship.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter ARBACES *at one door*, GOBRIAS *and* PANTHEA *at another.*

Gob. Sir, here's the princess.
Arb. Leave us, then, alone;
For the main cause of her imprisonment
Must not be heard by any but herself.—
[*Exit* GOBRIAS.
You're welcome, sister; and I would to God
I could so bid you by another name!— 5
If you above love not such sins as these,
Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow,
To quench these rising flames that harbour here,
Pan. Sir, does it please you I should speak?
Arb. Please me!
Ay, more than all the art of music can, 10
Thy speech doth please me; for it ever sounds
As thou brought'st joyful, unexpected news:
And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard;
I prithee, think so.

142–3 *Boy, Get me*] The reading of QQ4, 5, F., which metre requires us to support. QQ1, 2, 3, 7, printed as one line, "Boy, get some etc." Q6 commits one of its gratuitous stupidities—"*Both* get some etc."

4 *God*] QQ1, 2, 7: Q3 "heaven," omitting 'and": QQ4, 5, 6, F. "heaven," omitting "I." See note on iii. 3. 97. 8 *these*] Q7 alone reads "the."

Pan. Be it so; I will.
I am the first that ever had a wrong 15
So far from being fit to have redress,
That 'twas unfit to hear it: I will back
To prison, rather than disquiet you,
And wait till it be fit.
Arb. No, do not go;
For I will hear you with a serious thought; 20
I have collected all that's man about me
Together strongly, and I am resolved
To hear thee largely: but I do beseech thee,
Do not come nearer to me, for there is
Something in that, that will undo us both. 25
Pan. Alas, sir, am I venom?
Arb. Yes, to me;
Though, of myself, I think thee to be in
As equal a degree of heat or cold
As nature can make; yet, as unsound men
Convert the sweetest and the nourishing'st meats 30
Into diseases, so shall I, distemper'd,
Do thee: I prithee, draw no nearer to me.
Pan. Sir, this is that I would: I am of late
Shut from the world; and why it should be thus
Is all I wish to know.
Arb. Why, credit me, 35
Panthea, credit me, that am thy brother,
Thy loving brother, that there is a cause
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,
That might undo thee everlastingly,
Only to hear. Wilt thou but credit this? 40
By Heaven, 'tis true; believe it, if thou canst.
Pan. Children and fools are ever credulous,
And I am both I think, for I believe.
If you dissemble, be it on your head!
I'll back unto my prison. Yet, methinks, 45
I might be kept in some place where you are;
For in myself I find, I know not what
To call it, but it is a great desire
To see you often.
Arb. Fie, you come in a step; what do you mean? 50

15 *I am*] QQ1 2, 7, Dyce: rest "am I."
27 *in, / As equal*] So arranged Q1: Q2 placed "in" at beginning of the second line. QQ3—6 omitted "as," which Q7 restored.

Dear sister, do not do so! Alas, Panthea;
Where I am would you be? why, that's the cause
You are imprison'd, that you may not be
Where I am.
Pan. Then I must endure it, sir.
Heaven keep you! 55
Arb. Nay, you shall hear the cause in short, Panthea;
And, when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for me,
And hang thy head down, like a violet
Full of the morning's dew. There is a way
To gain thy freeedom; but, 'tis such a one 60
As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know
Thou wouldst encounter fire, and make a proof
Whether the gods have care of innocence,
Rather than follow it. Know, I have lost,
The only difference betwixt man and beast, 65
My reason.
Pan. Heaven forbid!
Arb. Nay, it is gone;
And I am left as far without a bound
As the wild ocean, that obeys the winds;
Each sudden passion throws me as it lists,
And overwhelms all that oppose my will. 70
I have beheld thee with a lustful eye;
My heart is set on wickedness, to act
Such sins with thee as I have been afraid
To think of. If thou dar'st consent to this,
(Which, I beseech thee, do not,) thou mayst gain 75
Thy liberty, and yield me a content:
If not, thy dwelling must be dark and close,
Where I may never see thee: for God knows,
That laid this punishment upon my pride,
Thy sight at some time will enforce my madness 80
To make a start e'en to thy ravishing.
Now spit upon me, and call all reproaches
Thou canst devise together, and at once
Hurl 'em against me; for I am a sickness,
As killing as the plague, ready to seize thee. 85
Pan. Far be it from me to revile the King!

63 *innocence*] So all except Q7 "innocents."
64 *Know, I*] QQ1, 2, 7, Dyce: rest "Know *that* I."
69 *as*] QQ1, 2, 7: rest "where."
78 *God*] QQ1, 2, 7: rest "heaven." 81 *e'en*] Q1 alone reads "eye."

But it is true that I shall rather choose
To search out death, that else would search out me,
And in a grave sleep with my innocence,
Than welcome such a sin. It is my fate; 90
To these cross accidents I was ordain'd,
And must have patience; and, but that my eyes
Have more of woman in 'em than my heart,
I would not weep. Peace enter you again!
Arb. Farewell; and, good Panthea, pray for me, 95
(Thy prayers are pure,) that I may find a death,
However soon, before my passions grow,
That they forget what I desire is sin;
For thither they are tending. If that happen,
Then I shall force thee, though thou wert a virgin 100
By vow to Heaven, and shall pull a heap
Of strange yet-uninvented sins upon me.
Pan. Sir, I will pray for you; yet you shall know
It is a sullen fate that governs us:
For I could wish, as heartily as you, 105
I were no sister to you; I should then
Embrace your lawful love, sooner than health.
Arb. Couldst thou affect me, then?
Pan. So perfectly,
That, as it is, I ne'er shall sway my heart
To like another.
Arb. Then, I curse my birth. 110
Must this be added to my miseries,
That thou art willing too? is there no stop
To our full happiness but these mere sounds,
Brother and sister?
Pan. There is nothing else:
But these, alas! will separate us more 115
Than twenty worlds betwixt us.
Arb. I have lived
To conquer men, and now am overthrown
Only by words, brother and sister. Where
Have those words dwelling? I will find 'em out,
And utterly destroy 'em; but they are 120
Not to be grasp'd: let 'em be men or beasts,
And I will cut 'em from the earth; or towns,
And I will raze 'em, and then blow 'em up:

102 *sins*] QQ1, 2, 7: rest "sin."

Let 'em be seas, and I will drink 'em off,
And yet have unquench'd fire left in my breast; 125
Let 'em be anything but merely voice.
Pan. But 'tis not in the power of any force
Or policy to conquer them.
Arb. Panthea,
What shall we do? shall we stand firmly here,
And gaze our eyes out?
Pan. Would I could do so! 130
But I shall weep out mine.
Arb. Accursed man!
Thou bought'st thy reason at too dear a rate;
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in
With curious rules, when every beast is free:
What is there that acknowledges a kindred 135
But wretched man? Who ever saw the bull
Fearfully leave the heifer that he liked,
Because they had one dam?
Pan. Sir, I disturb you
And myself too; 'twere better I were gone.
Arb. I will not be so foolish as I was; 140
Stay, we will love just as becomes our births,
No otherwise: brothers and sisters may
Walk hand in hand together; so will we.
Come nearer: is there any hurt in this?
Pan. I hope not.
Arb. Faith, there is none at all: 145
And tell me truly now, is there not one
You love above me?
Pan. No, by Heaven.
Arb. Why, yet
You sent unto Tigranes, sister.
Pan. True,
But for another: for the truth——
Arb. No more:
I'll credit thee; I know thou canst not lie, 150
Thou art all truth.
Pan. But is there nothing else

134 *curious*] nice, minute.
140 *I will not . . . . was*] Q1 appends this line to Panthea's speech. I have followed the other old eds. in assigning it to Arbaces, who makes a similar remark below, ll. 155–6.
147 *Why*] Omitted only in Q1.

That we may do, but only walk? Methinks
Brothers and sisters lawfully may kiss.
Arb. And so they may, Panthea; so will we;
And kiss again too: we were scrupulous 155
And foolish, but we will be so no more. [*They embrace.*
Pan. If you have any mercy, let me go
To prison, to my death, to anything:
I feel a sin growing upon my blood,
Worse than all these, hotter, I fear, than yours. 160
Arb. That is impossible: what should we do?
Pan. Fly, sir, for Heaven's sake.
Arb. So we must: away!
Sin grows upon us more by this delay.
[*Exeunt several ways.*

155 *were scrupulous*] QQ1, 2, 7, Dyce: rest "were too scrupulous."
163 Exeunt . . . ways] So QQ3, 4, 5, 6, F.: QQ1, 2, 7 simply "Exeunt."

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter MARDONIUS *and* LYGONES.

Mar. Sir, the King has seen your commission, and
believes it;
And freely, by this warrant, gives you power
To visit Prince Tigranes, your noble master.
Lyg. I thank his grace, and kiss his hand.
Mar. But is the main of all your business 5
Ended in this?
Lyg. I have another, but a worse:
I am ashamed: it is a business——
Mar. You seem a worthy person, and a stranger
I am sure you are: you may employ me,
If you please, without your purse; such offices 10
Should ever be their own rewards.
Lyg. I am bound
To your nobleness.
Mar. I may have need of you, and then this courtesy,
If it be any, is not ill bestow'd.
But may I civilly desire the rest? 15
I shall not be a hurter, if no helper.
Lyg. Sir, you shall know I have lost a foolish
daughter,
And with her all my patience; pilfer'd away
By a mean captain of your King's.
Mar. Stay there, sir:
If he have reach'd the noble worth of captain, 20
He may well claim a worthy gentlewoman,
Though she were yours and noble.

ACT V., SC. I.

1–12 Mar. *Sir . . . nobleness*] Again the metrical tendency makes me think the old editions wrong in printing this as prose, though followed by all the moderns. The quartos' occasional use of a capital for a word in the middle of a sentence but at the beginning of a line, in this and other passages, shews that the metrical tendency was not unfelt.

8 *seem*] Dyce's emendation on Mason's suggestion for "serve" of all the old eds. 10 *offices*] Q1 alone by mistake reads "officers."

Lyg. I grant all that too. But this wretched fellow
Reaches no further than the empty name
That serves to feed him : were he valiant, 25
Or had but in him any noble nature,
That might hereafter promise him a good man,
My cares were so much lighter, and my grave
A span yet from me.
Mar. I confess, such fellows
Be in all royal camps, and have and must be, 30
To make the sin of coward more detested
In the mean soldier, that with such a foil
Sets off much valour. By description,
I should now guess him to you ; it was Bessus,
I dare almost with confidence pronounce it. 35
Lyg. 'Tis such a scurvy name as Bessus ;
And now I think 'tis he.
Mar. Captain do you call him ?
Believe me, sir, you have a misery
Too mighty for your age : a pox upon him !
For that must be the end of all his service. 40
Your daughter was not mad, sir ?
Lyg. No ; would she had been !
The fault had had more credit. I would do something.
Mar. I would fain counsel you, but to what I know not.
He's so below a beating, that the women
Find him not worthy of their distaves ; and 45
To hang him were to cast away a rope.
He's such an airy, thin, unbodied coward,
That no revenge can catch him.
I'll tell you, sir, and tell you truth ; this rascal
Fears neither God nor man ; has been so beaten, 50
Sufferance has made him wainscot ; he has had,
Since he was first a slave,
At least three hundred daggers set in's head,
As little boys do new knives in hot meat ;
Theres not a rib in's body, o' my conscience, 55

32–3 *In the mean soldier . . . much valour*] in the rank and file, whose bravery is more conspicuous by contrast with poltroonery in a man of higher rank ; or the passage may merely mean that such mean-spirited soldiers as Bessus act as a foil to the valour of the rest.

53–4 *three hundred . . . hot meat*] i.e. his head is a mere block on which to test a weapon's edge.

That has not been thrice broken with dry-beating ;
And now his sides look like to wicker targets,
Every way bended :
Children will shortly take him for a wall,
And set their stone-bows in his forehead. He
Is of so low a sense, I cannot in
A week imagine what should be done to him.

Lyg. Sure, I have committed some great sin,
That this strange fellow should be made my rod :
I would see him ; but I shall have no patience.

Mar. 'Tis no great matter, if you have not. If a lamming of him, or such a toy, may do you pleasure, sir, he has it for you ; and I'll help you to him : 'tis no news to him to have a leg broken or a shoulder out, with being turn'd o' the stones like a tansy. Draw not your sword, if you love it ; for, on my conscience, his head will break it : we use him i' the wars like a ram, to shake a wall withal. Here comes the very person of him ; do as you shall find your temper ; I must leave you, but if you do not break him like a biscuit, you are much to blame, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter BESSUS *and two* Sword-men.

Lyg. Is your name Bessus ?

56 *dry-beating*] *Comedy of Errors*, II. ii. 64, "dry basting." Halliwell gives "dry-blow," hard, severe blow. The prefix is intensive, though "dry-foundered" in V. 3. 91 of this play, and in *Custom of the Country*, iii. 3, contains the idea of thirst as well. 57 *to*] QQ1, 2, 7 : rest "two."

58 *Every way bended*] i. e. with small facets at different angles ; and this suggests the following comparison to a rough-built wall, whose jutting stones present the same variety of surface.

60 *stone-bows*] Cross-bows which shot stones (Dyce), and which might be leant on a low wall-top to steady their aim.

61 *low*] Q1 also omitting "He" : rest "base."

62 *should*] Q1, Dyce : rest "shall."

64 *strange*] Only found in QQ1, 2, 7, Dyce : Th., Col., Web. substituted "base."

66–76 *'Tis no great matter . . . blame, sir.*] As prose in old eds., Col., Web. : Theobald alone printed the whole speech as verse ; Dyce only the last four lines. I can feel no metrical tendency here, and the omissions and additions by which Theobald strove to support his arrangement are too unconscionable.

67 *lamming*] i. e. beating. Dyce's suggestion for "laming" of all old eds. ; and of all but Q1 in V. 3. 12. "To lam" and "to lame," originally the same, have acquired their specific meanings before this. Cf. *The Famous Victories* (bef. 1588) :

"*Receiuer* . . . I am sure I so *belambd him about the shoulders*, that he wil feele it this month."

70 *turn'd o' the stones like a tansy*] As a tansy-cake would be in the making of it. Nares gives a recipe from the *Closet of Rarities*, 1706.

Bes. Men call me Captain Bessus.
Lyg. Then, Captain Bessus, you are a rank rascal, without more exordiums, a dirty, frozen slave! and with the favour of your friends here, I will beat you. 80
2nd Sw. M. Pray, use your pleasure, sir; you seem to be
A gentleman.
Lyg. Thus, Captain Bessus, thus!
Thus twinge your nose, thus kick you, [*Kicks him, &c.*] and thus tread you.
Bes. I do beseech you, yield your cause, sir, quickly.
Lyg. Indeed, I should have told you that first.
Bes. I take it so. 85
1st Sw. M. Captain, he should, indeed; he is mistaken.
Lyg. Sir, you shall have it quickly, and more beating:
You have stolen away a lady, Captain Coward,
And such an one——[*beats him*]
Bes. Hold, I beseech you, hold, sir!
I never yet stole any living thing 90
That had a tooth about it.
Lyg. Sir, I know you dare lie.
Bes. With none but summer-whores, upon my life, sir:
My means and manners never could attempt
Above a hedge or haycock.
Lyg. Sirrah, that quits not me. Where is this lady? 95
Do that you do not use to do, tell truth,
Or, by my hand, I'll beat your captain's brains out,
Wash 'em and put 'em in again that will.
Bes. There was a lady, sir, I must confess,
Once in my charge; The Prince Tigranes gave her 100
To my guard, for her safety. How I used her
She may herself report; she's with the prince now:
I did but wait upon her like a groom,
Which I will testify, I am sure; if not,
My brains are at your service, when you please, sir, 105
And glad I have 'em for you.

83 *you, and*] Only in Q1, Dyce: though Q2 retains "and."
89 beats him] This rare stage-direction appears in all old eds. except Q1.
98 *that will*] So Dyce, omitting the "I" that followed "will" in all the old eds., and much improving the sense.
106 *glad*] i. e. am glad.

Lyg. This is most likely. Sir, I ask your pardon,
And am sorry I was so intemperate.
Bes. Well I can ask no more. You would think it
strange now to have me beat you at first sight. 110
Lyg. Indeed I would; but I know your goodness can
forget twenty beatings: you must forgive me.
Bes. Yes; there's my hand. Go where you will, I
shall think you a valiant fellow, for all this.
Lyg. [*aside*] My daughter is a whore; 115
I feel it now too sensible; yet I will see her;
Discharge myself of being father to her,
And then back to my country, and there die.—
Farewell, captain.
Bes. Farewell, sir, farewell;
Commend me to the gentlewoman, I pray. 120
[*Exit* LYGONES.
1*st Sw. M.* How now, captain? bear up, man.
Bes. Gentlemen o' the sword, your hands once more:
I have
Been kick'd again; but the foolish fellow is penitent,
Has asked me mercy, and my honour's safe.
2*nd Sw. M.* We knew that, or the foolish fellow had
better 125
Have kick'd his grandsire.
Bes. Confirm, confirm, I pray.
1*st Sw. M.* There be our hands again.
2*nd Sw. M.* Now let him come,
And say he was not sorry, and he sleeps for it.
Bes. Alas, good, ignorant old man! let him go,
Let him go; these courses will undo him. [*Exeunt clear.* 130

SCENE II.—*A Prison.*

Enter LYGONES *and* BACURIUS.

Bac. My lord, your authority is good, and I am glad it is so; for my consent would never hinder you from seeing your own King: I am a minister, but not a governor of this state. Yonder is your King; I'll leave you. [*Exit.* 5

109 *would . . . now*] So QQ1, 2, 7. Q3 "will . . . now." QQ4, 5, 6, F. "will . . . not."
130 Exeunt clear] So QQ2—6, F. Q1 "Exeunt." Q7 "Exeunt omnes."

Enter TIGRANES *and* SPACONIA.

Lyg. There he is,
Indeed, and with him my disloyal child.
Tig. (*to* SPAC.) I do perceive my fault so much, that yet,
Methinks, thou shouldst not have forgiven me.
Lyg. Health to your majesty!
Tigr. What, good Lygones! 10
Welcome: what business brought thee hither?
Lyg. Several
Businesses: my public business will appear
By this; I have a message to deliver,
Which, if it please you so to authorize,
Is an embassage from the Armenian state 15
Unto Arbaces for your liberty: [*Hands paper.*
The offer's there set down; please you to read it.
Tigr. There is no alteration happen'd since
I came thence?
Lyg. None, sir; all is as it was.
Tigr. And all our friends are well? [TIGRANES *reads.*
Lyg. All very well. 20
Spa. [*aside.*] Though I have done nothing but what was good,
I dare not see my father: it was fault
Enough not to acquaint him with that good.
Lyg. Madam, I should have seen you.
Spa. Oh, good sir, forgive me!
Lyg. Forgive you! why, I am no kin to you, am I? 25
Spa. Should it be measured by my mean deserts,
Indeed you are not.
Lyg. Thou couldst prate unhappily
Ere thou couldst go; would thou couldst do as well!
And how does your custom hold out here?
Spa. Sir?
Lyg. Are you
In private still, or how? 30
Spa. What do you mean?
Lyg. Do you take money? are you come to sell sin yet?

27 *unhappily*] wantonly, mischievously.
31–42 Lyg. *Do you . . . fiddle thee*] QQ1, 5, 6, F. print the whole speech as prose. The other old eds., followed by Col., Dy., print last four lines as verse; Web. the last five lines; Theobald, whom we follow, the whole speech.

Perhaps I can help you to liberal clients:
Or has not the King cast you off yet? Oh, thou
Vile creature, whose best commendation is,
That thou art a young whore! I would thy mother 35
Had lived to see this; or, rather, that I had died
Ere I had seen it! Why didst not make me acquainted
When thou wert first resolved to be a whore?
I would have seen thy hot lust satisfied
More privately: I would have kept a dancer, 40
And a whole consort of musicians,
In my own house, only to fiddle thee.
Spa. Sir, I was never whore.
Lyg. If thou couldst not
Say so much for thyself, thou shouldst be carted.
Tigr. Lygones, I have read it, and I like it; 45
You shall deliver it.
Lyg. Well, sir, I will:
But I have private business with you.
Tigr. Speak, what is't?
Lyg. How has my age deserved so ill of you,
That you can pick no strumpets i' the land,
But out of my breed?
Tigr. Strumpets, good Lygones! 50
Lyg. Yes; and I wish to have you know, I scorn
To get a whore for any prince alive;
And yet scorn will not help: methinks, my daughter
Might have been spared; there were enow besides.
Tigr. May I not prosper but she's innocent 55
As morning light, for me! and, I dare swear,
For all the world.
Lyg. Why is she with you, then?
Can she wait on you better than your man?
Has she a gift in plucking off your stockings?
Can she make caudles well, or cut your corns? 60
Why do you keep her with you? For your queen,
I know, you do contemn her; so should I;
And every subject else think much at it.
Tigr. Let 'em think much; but 'tis more firm than earth.
Thou seest thy queen there. 65

41 *consort*] So all old eds., meaning "company." Colman read "concert."
45 *I*] Omitted in Q1 only. 60 *your*] Q1: the rest "a."

Lyg. Then have I made a fair hand: I call'd her whore. If I shall speak now as her father, I cannot choose but greatly rejoice that she shall be a queen; but if I shall speak to you as a statesman, she were more fit to be your whore. 70

Tigr. Get you about your business to Arbaces;
Now you talk idly.

Lyg. Yes, sir, I will go.
And shall she be a queen? she had more wit
Than her old father, when she ran away:
Shall she be a queen? now, by my troth, 'tis fine. 75
I'll dance out of all measure at her wedding;
Shall I not, sir?

Tigr. Yes, marry, shalt thou.

Lyg. I'll make these wither'd kexes bear my body
Two hours together above ground.

Tigr. Nay, go;
My business requires haste.

Lyg. Good Heaven preserve you! 80
You are an excellent King.

Spa. Farewell, good father.

Lyg. Farewell, sweet, virtuous daughter.
I never was so joyful in my life,
That I remember: shall she be a queen?
Now I perceive a man may weep for joy; 85
I had thought they had lied that said so. [*Exit.*

Tigr. Come, my dear love.

Spa. But you may see another,
May alter that again.

Tigr. Urge it no more:
I have made up a new strong constancy,
Not to be shook with eyes. I know I have 90
The passions of a man; but if I meet
With any subject that shall hold my eyes
More firmly than is fit, I'll think of thee,
And run away from it: let that suffice. [*Exeunt.*

75 *a*] Only in Q1 and Dyce.
78 *wither'd kexes*] Dry stalks, properly of hemlock. Cotgrave gives "Canon de suls, a kex or elder-stick."
92 *shall*] Q1: rest "should."

SCENE III.

A Room in the House of BACURIUS.

Enter BACURIUS *and a* Servant.

Bac. Three gentlemen without, to speak with me?
Serv. Yes, sir.
Bac. Let them come in.
Serv. They are enter'd, sir, already.

Enter BESSUS *with the two* Sword-men.

Bac. Now, fellows, your business?—Are these the gentlemen?
Bes. My lord, I have made bold to bring these gentlemen,
My friends o' the sword, along with me.
Bac. I am
Afraid you'll fight, then.
Bes. My good lord, I will not;
Your lordship is mistaken; fear not, lord.
Bac. Sir, I am sorry for't.
Bes. I ask no more in honour.—Gentlemen,
You hear my lord is sorry.
Bac. Not that I have
Beaten you, but beaten one that will be beaten;
One whose dull body will require a lamming,
As surfeits do the diet, spring and fall.
Now, to your sword-men:
What come they for, good Captain Stockfish?
Bes. It seems your lordship has forgot my name.
Bac. No, nor your nature neither; though they are
Things fitter, I must confess, for any thing
Than my remembrance, or any honest man's:
What shall these billets do? be piled up in my wood-yard?
Bes. Your lordship holds your mirth still; Heaven continue it!

12 *lamming*] Weber's correction for "laming" of all the old eds. except Q1 "launcing" omitting "a." See note on V. 1. 67.
13 *fall*] So all, except Q1 "full."
20 *these billets*] or logs, *i. e.* the Sword Men.

But, for these gentlemen, they come——
Bac. To swear
You are a coward: spare your book; I do believe it.
Bes. Your lordship still draws wide; they come to vouch,
Under their valiant hands, I am no coward. 25
Bac. That would be a show, indeed, worth seeing. Sirrah, be wise, and take money for this motion; travel with it; and where the name of Bessus has been known, or a good coward stirring, 'twill yield more than a tilting: this will prove more beneficial to you, if you 30 be thrifty, than your captainship, and more natural.—Men of most valiant hands, is this true?
2nd Sw. M. It is so, most renown'd.
Bac. 'Tis somewhat strange.
1st Sw. M. Lord, it is strange, yet true.
We have examined, from your lordship's foot there 35
To this man's head, the nature of the beatings;
And we do find his honour is come off
Clean and sufficient: this, as our swords shall help us!
Bac. You are much bound to your bilbo-men;
I am glad you are straight again, captain. 'Twere good 40
You would think on some way to gratify them:
They have undergone a labour for you, Bessus,
Would have puzzled Hercules with all his valour.
2nd Sw. M. Your lordship must understand we are no men
O' the law, that take pay for our opinions; 45
It is sufficient we have clear'd our friend.
Bac. Yet there is something due, which I, as touch'd
In conscience, will discharge.—Captain, I'll pay
This rent for you.
Bes. Spare yourself, my good lord;
My brave friends aim at nothing but the virtue. 50
Bac. That's but a cold discharge, sir, for their pains.
2nd Sw. M. O, lord! my good lord!
Bac. Be not so modest; I will give you something.
Bes. They shall dine with your lordship; that's sufficient.

27 *motion*] Show, properly puppet-show. *Every Man Out of his Humour*, ii. 1, "a new motion of the city of Nineveh."
39 *bilbo-men*] Sword-men; swords being manufactured at Bilboa.
41 *on some*] F. alone foll. by Th. and Dyce inserts "on" before "some."

Bac. Something in hand the while. You rogues, you apple-squires,
Do you come hither, with your bottled valour,
Your windy froth, to limit out my beatings?
[*Kicks them.*
1st Sw. M. I do beseech your lordship!
2nd Sw. M. Oh, good lord!
Bac. 'Sfoot, what a meiny of beaten slaves are here!—
Get me a cudgel, sirrah, and a tough one.
[*Exit* Servant.
2nd Sw. M. More of your foot, I do beseech your lordship!
Bac. You shall, you shall, dog, and your fellow beagle.
1st Sw. M. O' this side, good my lord.
Bac. Off with your swords; for if you hurt my foot,
I'll have you flead, you rascals.
1st Sw. M. Mine's off, my lord.
2nd Sw. M. I beseech your lordship, stay a little; my strap's
Tied to my cod-piece point: now, when you please.
[*They take off their swords.*
Bac. Captain, these are your valiant friends! you long
For a little too?
Bes. I am very well, I humbly thank your lordship.
Bac. What's that in your pocket hurts my toe, you mongrel?
Thy buttocks cannot be so hard; out with 't quickly.
2nd Sw. M. [*Takes out a pistol.*] Here 'tis, sir;
A small piece of artillery, that a gentleman,
A dear friend of your lordship's, sent me with
To get it mended, sir; for, if you mark,
The nose is somewhat loose.
Bac. A friend of mine, you rascal!—
I was never wearier of doing nothing
Than kicking these two foot-balls.

55 *apple-squires*] Kept gallants, pimps. Cf. *Every Man in his Humour*, iv. 10 (Nares).

59 *meiny*] so Q1 spelling "many," *i. e.* "train," "company," as in *K. Lear*, II. iv. 35. QQ2—5, 7, F., mod. edd. "beauie"—the hopeless Q6 "beautie." 65 *flead*] older form of "flay'd."

71 *hurts my toe*] The reading of QQ3—6, F. Q1 has "slaue, my key": Q2, 7 "slaue, my toe." 78 *nothing*] F. and Th. alone have "anything."

Re-enter Servant, *with a cudgel.*

Serv. Here's a good cudgel, sir.

Bac. It comes too late ; I am weary ; prithee, do thou beat them. 80

2nd Sw. M. My lord, this is foul play, i'faith, to put a fresh man upon us : men are but men, sir.

Bac. That jest shall save your bones.—Captain, rally up your rotten regiment, and begone.—I had rather thrash than be bound to kick these rascals till they cried 85 hold !—Bessus, you may put your hand to them now, and then you are quit.—Farewell : as you like this, pray visit me again ; 'twill keep me in good breath. [*Exit.*

2nd Sw. M. H'as a devilish hard foot ; I never felt the like.

1st Sw. M. Nor I ; and yet, I'm sure, I ha' felt a hundred. 90

2nd Sw. M. If he kick thus i' the dog-days, he will be dry-founder'd.—

What cure now, captain, besides oil of bays ?

Bes. Why, well enough, I warrant you ; you can go ?

2nd Sw. M. Yes, heaven be thank'd ! but I feel a shrewd ache ;

Sure, h'as sprung my huckle-bone.

1st Sw. M. I ha' lost a haunch. 95

Bes. A little butter, friend, a little butter ;

Butter and parsley is a sovereign matter :

Probatum est.

2nd Sw. M. Captain, we must request

Your hand now to our honours.

Bes. Yes, marry, shall ye ;

And then let all the world come ; we are valiant 100

To ourselves, and there's an end.

1st Sw. M. Nay, then, we must

Be valiant. Oh my ribs !

2nd Sw. M. Oh, my small guts !

A plague upon these sharp-toed shoes ! they are murderers. [*Exeunt.*

79 Re-enter Servant] Q2 has "Enter Seruant, Will. Adkinson."

83 *Captain, rally up your*] QQ2–5, 7, F. Q6 prints "upon" for "up." Q1 "up with your," omitting "Captain." 86 *hold*] Q1 : rest "ho."

88 *breath*] QQ1, 2, 7, and Dyce : rest "health."

91 *dry-founder'd*] Used of a horse, as in *Custom of the Country*, iii. 3. See note V. 1. 56.

93 *you can go ?*] You can still walk ? 95 *huckle-bone*] hip-bone.

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter ARBACES, *with his sword drawn.*

Arb. It is resolved: I bore it whilst I could;
I can no more. Hell, open all thy gates,
And I will thorough them: if they be shut,
I'll batter 'em, but I will find the place
Where the most damn'd have dwelling. Ere I end, 5
Amongst them all they shall not have a sin,
But I may call it mine: I must begin
With murder of my friend, and so go on
To an incestuous ravishing, and end
My life and sins with a forbidden blow 10
Upon myself!

Enter MARDONIUS.

Mar. What tragedy is near?
That hand was never wont to draw a sword,
But it cried "dead" to something.
Arb. Mardonius,
Have you bid Gobrias come?
Mar. How do you, sir?
Arb. Well. Is he coming?
Mar. Why, sir, are you thus? 15
Why does your hand proclaim a lawless war
Against yourself?
Arb. Thou answer'st me one question with another:
Is Gobrias coming?
Mar. Sir, he is.
Arb. 'Tis well:
I can forbear your questions, then; begone. 20
Mar. Sir, I have mark'd——
Arb. Mark less; it troubles you and me.
Mar. You are
More variable than you were.

2–7 *Hell, open . . . it mine*] These lines are omitted in all old eds. but Q1.
9 *an*] QQ3—6, F. "that."
16 *does your hand*] so all QQ. F. "do your hands."

Arb. It may be so.
Mar. To-day no hermit could be humbler
Than you were to us all.
Arb. And what of this? 25
Mar. And now you take new rage into your eyes,
As you would look us all out of the land.
Arb. I do confess it; will that satisfy?
I prithee, get thee gone.
Mar. Sir, I will speak.
Arb. Will ye?
Mar. It is my duty. 30
I fear you will kill yourself: I am a subject,
And you shall do no wrong in't; 'tis my cause,
And I may speak.
Arb. Thou art not train'd in sin,
It seems, Mardonius: kill myself! by Heaven,
I will not do it yet; and when I will, 35
I'll tell thee: then I shall be such a creature,
That thou wilt give me leave without a word.
There is a method in man's wickedness;
It grows up by degrees: I am not come
So high as killing of myself; there are 40
A hundred thousand sins 'twixt me and it,
Which I must do; I shall come to't at last,
But, take my oath, not now. Be satisfied,
And get thee hence.
Mar. I am sorry 'tis so ill.
Arb. Be sorry, then: 45
True sorrow is alone; grieve by thyself.
Mar. I pray you, let me see your sword put up
Before I go; I'll leave you then.
Arb. [*Sheathing his sword.*] Why, so. What folly
Is this in thee? is it not
As apt to mischief as it was before? 50
Can I not reach it, think'st thou? These are toys

24 *humbler*] Read as trisyllable, as Dyce points out. He thought the reading of Q1 "humblier" might possibly be right.
36 *thee: then*] The old eds. placed the colon after "then." The alteration was Dyce's.
39 *by degrees*] Theobald quotes Juvenal [*Sat.* ii. 83], "Nemo repente fuit turpissimus."
42 *I shall*] QQ3—6, F. prefix "and."
46 *True sorrow is alone*] Theobald quotes Martial, Epigr. i. 34, "Ille dolet vere qui sine teste dolet."

For children to be pleased with, and not men.
Now I am safe, you think: I would the book
Of Fate were here: my sword is not so sure
But I would get it out, and mangle that, 55
That all the Destinies should quite forget
Their fix'd decrees, and haste to make us new
Far other fortunes: mine could not be worse.
Wilt thou now leave me?

Mar. Heaven put into your bosom temperate thoughts! 60
I'll leave you, though I fear.

Arb. Go; thou art honest. [*Exit* MARDONIUS.
Why should the hasty errors of my youth
Be so unpardonable to draw a sin,
Helpless, upon me?

Enter GOBRIAS.

Gob. [*aside*] There is the King;
Now it is ripe.

Arb. Draw near, thou guilty man, 65
That art the author of the loathed'st crime
Five ages have brought forth, and hear me speak:
Curses incurable, and all the evils
Man's body or his spirit can receive,
Be with thee!

Gob. Why, sir, do you curse me thus? 70

Arb. Why do I curse thee! If there be a man
Subtle in curses, that exceeds the rest,
His worst wish on thee! thou hast broke my heart.

Gob. How, sir! have I preserved you, from a child,
From all the arrows malice or ambition 75
Could shoot at you, and have I this for pay?

Arb. 'Tis true, thou didst preserve me, and in that,
Wert crueller than harden'd murderers
Of infants and their mothers: thou didst save me,
Only till thou hadst studied out a way 80
How to destroy me cunningly thyself;
This was a curious way of torturing.

Gob. What do you mean?

Arb. Thou know'st the evils thou hast done to me:

58 *Far*] Q1, Th., Col.: rest "for."
68 *incurable*] All old eds. but QQ1, 2, 7 prefix "more."
76 *pay*] QQ5, 6, F. prefix "my."

Dost thou remember all those witching letters 85
Thou sent'st unto me to Armenia,
Fill'd with the praise of my beloved sister,
Where thou extol'dst her beauty?—what had I
To do with that? what could her beauty be
To me?—and thou didst write how well she loved me,— 90
Dost thou remember this?—so that I doted
Something before I saw her.
Gob. This is true.
Arb. Is it? and when I was return'd, thou know'st
Thou didst pursue it, till thou wound'st me in
To such a strange and unbelieved affection 95
As good men cannot think on.
Gob. This I grant:
I think I was the cause.
Arb. Wert thou? nay, more,
I think thou meant'st it.
Gob. Sir, I hate a lie:
As I love Heaven and honesty, I did;
It was my meaning.
Arb. Be thine own sad judge; 100
A further condemnation will not need:
Prepare thyself to die.
Gob. Why, sir, to die?
Arb. Why would'st thou live? was ever yet offender
So impudent, that had a thought of mercy
After confession of a crime like this? 105
Get out I cannot where thou hurl'st me in;
But I can take revenge; that's all the sweetness
Left for me.
Gob. [*aside*] Now is the time.—Hear me but speak.
Arb. No. Yet I will be far more merciful
Than thou wert to me: thou didst steal into me 110
And never gav'st me warning; so much time
As I give thee now, had prevented me
For ever. Notwithstanding all thy sins,
If thou hast hope that there is yet a prayer
To save thee, turn and speak it to thyself. 115

98 *a*] QQ4, 5, 6, F. "to."
103 *would'st*] QQ1, 2, 7; rest "should'st."
112 *me*] Theobald's correction for "thee" of the old eds.
115 *thyself*] Q1 alone reads "yourself."

Gob. Sir, you shall know your sins, before you do 'em :
If you kill me——
Arb. I will not stay, then.
Gob. Know,
You kill your father.
Arb. How!
Gob. You kill your father.
Arb. My father! Though I know it for a lie,
Made out of fear, to save thy stained life, 120
The very reverence of the word comes 'cross me,
And ties mine arm down.
Gob. I will tell you that
Shall heighten you again : I am thy father ;
I charge thee hear me.
Arb. If it should be so,
As 'tis most false, and that I should be found 125
A bastard issue, the despised fruit
Of lawless lust, I should no more admire
All my wild passions. But another truth
Shall be wrung from thee : if I could come by
The spirit of pain, it should be pour'd on thee, 130
Till thou allow'st thyself more full of lies
Than he that teaches thee.

Enter ARANE.

Ara. Turn thee about :
I come to speak to thee, thou wicked man ;
Hear me, thou tyrant!
Arb. I will turn to thee :
Hear me, thou strumpet! I have blotted out 135
The name of mother, as thou hast thy shame.
Ara. My shame! Thou hast less shame than any thing :
Why dost thou keep my daughter in a prison?
Why dost thou call her sister, and do this?
Arb. Cease, thou strange impudence, and answer quickly! [*Draws his sword.* 140
If thou contemn'st me, this will ask an answer,
And have it.

127 *admire*] wonder at.
128 *another truth*] i. e. truth of another kind than this (Mason).

Ara. Help me, gentle Gobrias!
Arb. Guilt dare not help guilt: though they grow together
In doing ill, yet at the punishment
They sever, and each flies the noise of other. 145
Think not of help; answer!
Ara. I will; to what?
Arb. To such a thing, as, if it be a truth,
Think what a creature thou hast made thyself,
That didst not shame to do what I must blush
Only to ask thee. Tell me who I am, 150
Whose son I am, without all circumstance;
Be thou as hasty as my sword will be,
If thou refusest.
Ara. Why you are his son.
Arb. His son! swear, swear, thou worse than woman damn'd!
Ara. By all that's good, you are!
Arb. Then art thou all 155
That ever was known bad. Now is the cause
Of all my strange misfortunes come to light.
What reverence expect'st thou from a child,
To bring forth which thou hast offended Heaven,
Thy husband, and the land? Adulterous witch, 160
I know now why thou wouldst have poison'd me;
I was thy lust, which thou wouldst have forgot:
Thou wicked mother of my sins and me,
Show me the way to the inheritance
I have by thee, which is a spacious world 165
Of impious acts, that I may soon possess it!
Plagues rot thee as thou liv'st, and such diseases
As use to pay lust recompense thy deed!
Gob. You do not know why you curse thus.
Arb. Too well.
You are a pair of vipers; and, behold, 170
The serpent you have got! There is no beast,
But, if he knew it, has a pedigree
As brave as mine, for they have more descents;
And I am every way as beastly got,
As far without the compass of a law, 175
As they.

163 *Thou*] Q1, Th.: rest "Then."

Ara. You spend your rage and words in vain.
And rail upon a guess: hear us a little.
Arb. No, I will never hear, but talk away
My breath, and die.
Gob. Why, but you are no bastard.
Arb. How's that?
Ara. Nor child of mine.
Arb. Still you go on 180
In wonders to me.
Gob. Pray you, be more patient;
I may bring comfort to you.
Arb. I will kneel, [*Kneels.*
And hear with the obedience of a child.
Good father, speak: I do acknowledge you,
So you bring comfort. 185
Gob, First know, our last King, your supposed father,
Was old and feeble when he married her,
And almost all the land, as she, past hope
Of issue from him.
Arb. Therefore she took leave
To play the whore, because the King was old: 190
Is this the comfort?
Ara. What will you find out
To give me satisfaction, when you find
How you have injured me? Let fire consume me,
If ever I were whore!
Gob. Forbear these starts,
Or I will leave you wedded to despair, 195
As you are now. If you can find a temper,
My breath shall be a pleasant western wind,
That cools and blasts not.
Arb. Bring it out, good father.
I'll lie, and listen here as reverently [*Lies down*
As to an angel: if I breathe too loud, 200
Tell me; for I would be as still as night.
Gob. Our King, I say, was old; and this our queen
Desired to bring an heir, but yet her husband

188 *as she, past*] So all QQ. F. has "land thought she was past."
191–3 *What . . . injured me?*] Cf. *Winter's Tale*, II. i. 96 (Hermione)—
"How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have published me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then to say
You did mistake."

She thought was past it; and to be dishonest,
I think she would not: if she would have been, 205
The truth is, she was watch'd so narrowly,
And had so slender opportunities,
She hardly could have been. But yet her cunning
Found out this way; she feign'd herself with child;
And posts were sent in haste throughout the land, 210
And God was humbly thank'd in every church,
That so had bless'd the queen, and prayers were made
For her safe going and delivery.
She feign'd now to grow bigger; and perceived
This hope of issue made her fear'd, and brought 215
A far more large respect from every man,
And saw her power increase, and was resolved,
Since she believed she could not have't indeed,
At least she would be thought to have a child.
Arb. Do I not hear it well? nay, I will make 220
No noise at all; but, pray you, to the point,
Quick as you can.
Gob. Now when the time was full
She should be brought to bed, I had a son
Born, which was you. This the queen hearing of,
Moved me to let her have you; and such reasons 225
She showed me, as she knew would tie
My secrecy; she swore you should be King;
And, to be short, I did deliver you
Unto her, and pretended you were dead,
And in mine own house kept a funeral, 230
And had an empty coffin put in earth.
That night the queen feign'd hastily to labour,
And by a pair of women of her own,
Whom she had charm'd, she made the world believe
She was deliver'd of you. You grew up 235
As the King's son, till you were six years old:
Then did the King die, and did leave to me
Protection of the realm; and, contrary
To his own expectation, left this queen
Truly with child, indeed, of the fair princess 240
Panthea. Then she could have torn her hair,
And did alone to me, yet durst not speak

211 *God was humbly thank'd*] QQ1, 2, 7, and mod. eds.: the rest "humble thanks were given."
212 *That . . . queen*] Omitted in all old eds. but QQ1, 2, 7.

In public, for she knew she should be found
A traitor, and her tale would have been thought
Madness, or any thing rather than truth. 245
This was the only cause why she did seek
To poison you, and I to keep you safe;
And this the reason why I sought to kindle
Some sparks of love in you to fair Panthea,
That she might get part of her right again. 250
Arb. And have you made an end now? is this all?
If not, I will be still till I be aged,
Till all my hairs be silver.
Gob. This is all.
Arb. [*Rising*] And is it true, say you too, madam?
Ara. Yes;
God knows, it is most true. 255
Arb. Panthea, then, is not my sister?
Gob. No.
Arb. But can you prove this?
Gob. If you will give consent,
Else who dares go about it?
Arb. Give consent!
Why, I will have 'em all that know it rack'd
To get this from 'em.—All that wait without, 260
Come in; whate'er you be, come in, and be
Partakers of my joy!—

Re-enter MARDONIUS, *with* BESSUS, Gentlemen, *and other* Attendants.

Oh, you are welcome!
Mardonius, the best news!—nay, draw no nearer;
They all shall hear it,—I am found no King.
Mar. Is that so good news?
Arb. Yes, the happiest news 265
That e'er was heard.
Mar. Indeed, 'twere well for you
If you might be a little less obey'd.
Arb. One call the queen.
Mar. Why, she is there.
Arb. The queen,
Mardonius! Panthea is the queen,

255 *God*] QQ1, 2, 7: rest "heaven."
260 *wait*] So F.: all QQ. "waits."

And I am plain Arbaces.—Go, some one; 270
She is in Gobrias' house. [*Exit* 1st Gentleman.
Since I saw you,
There are a thousand things deliver'd to me
You little dream of.
Mar. So it should seem.—My lord,
What fury's this?
Gob. Believe me, 'tis no fury;
All that he says is truth.
Mar. 'Tis very strange. 275
Arb. Why do you keep your hats off, gentlemen?
Is it to me? I swear, it must not be;
Nay, trust me, in good faith, it must not be:
I cannot now command you; but I pray you,
For the respect you bare me when you took 280
Me for your King, each man clap on his hat
At my desire.
Mar. We will: but you are not found
So mean a man but that you may be cover'd
As well as we; may you not?
Arb. Oh, not here!
You may, but not I, for here is my father 285
In presence.
Mar. Where?
Arb. Why, there. Oh, the whole story
Would be a wilderness, to lose thyself
For ever!—Oh, pardon me, dear father,
For all the idle and unreverent words
That I have spoke in idle moods to you!— 290
I am Arbaces; we all fellow-subjects;
Nor is the Queen Panthea now my sister.
Bes. Why, if you remember, fellow-subject Arbaces, I told you once she was not your sister; ay, and she look'd nothing like you. 295
Arb. I think you did, good Captain Bessus.
Bes. (*aside*) Here will arise another question now amongst the sword-men, whether I be to call him to account for beating me, now he is proved no king.

Enter LYGONES.

Mar. Sir, here's Lygones, the agent for the Armenian state, 300

282 *but*] Q1 Th., Dy. only.

Arb. Where is he?—I know your business, good Lygones.
Lyg. We must have our King again, and will.
Arb. I knew that was your business. You shall have
Your King again; and have him so again
As never King was had.—Go, one of you, 305
And bid Bacurius bring Tigranes hither;
And bring the lady with him, that Panthea,
The Queen Panthea, sent me word this morning
Was brave Tigranes' mistress. [*Exit* 2nd Gentleman.
Lyg. 'Tis Spaconia.
Arb. Ay, ay, Spaconia.
Lyg. She is my daughter. 310
Arb. She is so: I could now tell any thing
I never heard. Your King shall go so home
As never man went.
Mar. Shall he go on's head?
Arb. He shall have chariots easier than air,
That I will have invented; and ne'er think 315
He shall pay any ransom: and thyself,
That art the messenger, shalt ride before him
On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,
That shall be made to go with golden wheels,
I know not how yet.
Lyg. (*aside*) Why, I shall be made 320
For ever! They belied this King with us,
And said he was unkind.
Arb. And then thy daughter;
She shall have some strange thing: we'll have the kingdom
Sold utterly and put into a toy,
Which she shall wear about her carelessly, 325
Somewhere or other.

Enter PANTHEA *and* 1st Gentleman.

See, the virtuous queen!—
Behold the humblest subject that you have,
Kneel here before you. [*Kneels.*

309 Exit 2nd Gentleman.] So Dyce, correcting "Exit two Gent." of QQ2–6: "Exeunt two Gent." Q7, The., Web.: "Ex. two Gent." F., Col.: Q1 has no stage-direction here.
316 *He*] Q7, which usually follows Q1: Q2 "A": Q3 "An": the rest "One."

Pan. Why kneel you to me,
That am your vassal?
Arb. Grant me one request.
Pan. Alas; what can I grant you? what I can
I will. 330
Arb. That you will please to marry me,
If I can prove it lawful.
Pan. Is that all?
More willingly than I would draw this air.
Arb. [*Rising.*] I'll kiss this hand in earnest.

Re-enter 2nd Gentleman.

2nd Gent. Sir, Tigranes
Is coming, though he made it strange at first 335
To see the princess any more.
Arb. The queen
Thou mean'st.

Enter TIGRANES *and* SPACONIA.

Oh, my Tigranes, pardon me!
Tread on my neck; I freely offer it;
And, if thou be'st so given, take revenge,
For I have injured thee.
Tigr. No; I forgive, 340
And rejoice more that you have found repentance
Than I my liberty.
Arb. Mayst thou be happy
In thy fair choice, for thou art temperate!
You owe no ransom to the state! Know that
I have a thousand joys to tell you of, 345
Which yet I dare not utter, till I pay
My thanks to Heaven for 'em. Will you go
With me, and help me? pray you, do.
Tigr. I will.

334 2nd Gent. So QQ2, 3 and remaining eds. Q1 assigns the speech to "*Mar.*," who has of course been on the stage for some time past. Dyce suggests that, in accordance with l. 306 "Bid Bacurius bring Tigranes hither," this speech perhaps belongs really to Bac., the 2nd Gent entering just below with Tigranes and Spaconia. The stage-direction for his re-entry is only found in Dyce, preceding old and mod. eds. having merely the prefix "2 Gent."
335 *strange*] A matter of scruple.

Arb. Take, then, your fair one with you :—and you, queen
Of goodness and of us, oh, give me leave 350
To take your arm in mine!—Come, every one
That takes delight in goodness, help to sing
Loud thanks for me, that I am proved no King! [*Exeunt.*

349 *you*] so F. All QQ. "your."

FINIS

THE SCORNFUL LADY.

EDITED BY R. WARWICK BOND.

Stationers' Register, March 19, 1616. "Miles Patriche Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of Sir George Bucke and master warden Swynhowe A plaie called *The scornefull ladie* written by Ffrancis Beaumont and John Ffletcher . . . . vj^{d}." [Arber's Transcript, III. 585.]

(Q1) *The / Scornfvl / Ladie. / A Comedie. / As it was Acted (with great applause) by / the Children of Her Maiesties / Reuels in the Blacke / Fryers. / Written by / Fra. Beavmont and Io. Fletcher, Gent. / London / Printed for Myles Partrich, and are to be sold / at his Shop at the George neere St. Dunstons / Church in Fleet-streete.* 1616. 4to.

Stationers' Register, May 8, 1617, the play is assigned over by "Miles Patrich" to Thomas Jones, who in spite of the "M.P." of the title-page must have been the real publisher of the second edition. [Arber III. 608.]

(Q2) *The / Scornefvl / Ladie. / A Comedie. / As it was now lately Acted (with / great applause) by the Kings / Maiesties seruants, at the / Blacke Fryers. / Written by / Fra. Beavmont, and Io. Fletcher, / Gentlemen. / London, / Printed for M. P. and are to be sold by / Thomas Iones, at the blacke Rauen, in / the Strand.* 1625. 4to.

(Q3) *The / Scornefvll / Ladie. / A Comedie. / As it was now lately Acted (with great / applause) by the Kings Majesties Seruants, / at the Blacke-Fryers. / Written / By Fran: Beavmont, and Io. Fletcher, / Gentlemen. / The third Edition. / London. / Printed by B. A. and T. F. for T. Iones, and are to be sold at his / Shop in St. Dunstans Church-yard in Fleet-street. /* 1630. 4to.

Stationers' Register, Oct. 24, 1633, the play is assigned over by Thomas Jones to "Master Mathews," *i. e.* Augustine Mathews, the "A. M." of the following edition. [Arber IV. 307.]

(Q4) *The / Scornfvll / Ladie. / A Comedy. / As it was now lately Acted (with great / applause) by the Kings Majesties Servants, / at the Blacke-Fryers. /*

Written by { *Francis Beavmont, and John Fletcher,* } *Gentlemen.*

The fourth Edition. / London, / Printed by A. M. 1635. 4to.

(Q5) *The / Scornfvll / Lady. / A Comedy. / As it was now lately Acted (with great / applause) by the Kings Majesties Servants, / at the Blacke-Fryers.*

Written by { *Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher* } *Gentlemen.*

The fift Edition. / London, / Printed by M. P. for Robert Wilson, and are to be sold at / his shop in Holborne at Grayes-Inne Gate. / 1639. 4to.

The Stationers' Register contains no record of the transfer of the play from Augustine Mathews, to Robert Wilson.

(Q6) *The / Scornfull / Lady. / A Comedy. / As it was Acted (with great applause) by the late Kings Majesties Servants, / at the Black-Fryers. / Written by* etc. / *The sixt Edition / Corrected and / amended. / London: / Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his Shop / at the Princes Armes in St. Pauls Church-yard.* 1651. 4to.

(Ed. 7) The folio of 1679.

(Ed. 8) *The / Scornful / Lady: / A Comedy. / As it is now Acted at the Theatre Royal, / by / Their Majesties Servants. / Written by* etc. / *The Eighth Edition. / London: / Printed for Dorman Newman at the Kings-Arms in the Poultrey.* 1691.

THE SCORNFVL LADIE.

A Comedie.

As it was Acted (with great applauſe) by *the Children of Her Maieſties* Reuels in the BLACKE FRYERS.

Written by
FRA. BEAVMONT and Io. FLETCHER, Gent.

LONDON
¶ Printed for *Myles Partrich*, and are to be ſold at his Shop at the *George* neere S^t. *Dunſtons* Church in *Fleet-ſtreete*. 1616.

Whenever our notes make separate mention of this seventh quarto, it is referred to as Ed. 8.

(Ed. 10) *The / Scornful Lady: / A / Comedy. / As it is now Acted at the / Theatre Royal, / by / Her Majesty's Company of Comedians. / Written by* etc. / *The Tenth Edition. London: Printed for J. T. and are to be sold by G. Harris and J. Graves, / in St. James's-street. J. Barnes in Pall-Mall. D. Newman in / Leicester-fields. J. Harding in St. Martin's-lane. W. Lewis, and T. / Archer in Covent-Garden. B. Lintot and E. Sanger at Temple-Bar. / J. Knapton in St. Paul's Church-yard. R. Smith and G. Strahan, / at the Royal-Exchange. Price one Shilling Six Pence.* No date. 4to.

From the mention of "Her Majesty's Company of Comedians" this edition would seem to date either before 28 Dec. 1694, when Queen Mary died, or after Anne's accession in 1702. It contains a prologue not very appropriate, and a doggrel epilogue "spoken by Mr. Pinkethman, mounted on an Ass; a long Whig on the Ass's Head," which we have not thought it necessary to reproduce. Since this edition describes itself as the tenth, the ninth would appear to be lost; or else the publisher reckoned among previous editions the First Folio (1647), wherein the play does not really appear. We refer to this quarto as Ed. 10.

The / Capricious Lady: / A / Comedy, / (altered from / Beaumont and Fletcher) / As it is now Performing at the / New Theatre-Royal, / in / Covent-Garden. / Hoc amat, hoc spernat—/ Hor. De Art. Poet. / *London: / Printed for C. Dilly, in the Poultry. M.DCC.LXXXIII.* 8vo.

The / Scornful Lady, / A Comedy. / Written by / Beaumont and Fletcher. / Dublin: / Printed for William Williamson at / Mecænas's-Head in Bride-street, / MDCCLVIII. 12mo.

THE SCORNFUL LADY

TEXT.—In all the old editions the play, written (with the exception of Act I.) almost entirely in verse, is printed almost entirely as prose. The metrical character is best seen in the earliest quarto, before corruptions have crept in. We have given Acts II.—V. almost wholly in verse, after a careful consideration of the arrangement adopted respectively by Theobald and Dyce.

The first quarto (1616), published by Miles Partridge, presents on the whole the best text: it is that generally followed by Weber, and almost invariably by Dyce and by ourselves. As the book was transferred May 8, 1617, to Thomas Jones, it would appear (in spite of the "M. P." of the title-page) that he was the real publisher of the second quarto (1625). The differences are few. Q1 has some expressions in IV. 1 ("at prayers once," "as a father saith," "chapter with a," "with the great Book of Martyrs,") which are dropped in QQ2—5 or in all subsequent editions. Of the alterations found in Q2 some are necessary corrections, *e. g.* "drown'd" for "drown" (II. 2, 25), "Fed" for "Feede" (II. 3, 36), "calk'd" for "ralkt" (III. 1, 61), "Since a quiet" for "Suce a puiet" (the right reading is "Such" V. 2, 234); while others are mistaken, *e. g.* "Savil" made a prefix (I. 1, 7), "bear" for "beat" (I. 2, 2), "amine" for "amain" (III. 1, 215); or otiose, *e. g.* "women" for "the women" (I. 2, 336), "would" for "could" (III. 1, 295), "not so much" for "not much" (IV. 1, 190).

The third quarto (1630), published by Thomas Jones, is printed from Q2, but presents more departures from it than were made in that edition from the first. They are minute changes, almost all intentional, some spoiling sense and metre, and hardly one of them an improvement.

The fourth quarto (1635), "printed by A. M," *i. e.* by its publisher, Augustine Mathews, to whom it had been transferred 24 Oct. 1633, introduces about the same number of corruptions, perhaps its one change for the better being "God he knows" for "the God knowes" of Q3 (IV. 1, 181). Fol. D4 of the British Museum copy is mutilated. The few alterations of Q5 (1639) are necessary and intelligent with the exception of "Boot-maker" for "Boat-maker" (IV. 11, 68), and "Leave them to others" for "Leave to love others" (III. 1, 213).

Those of the sixth quarto (1651) are more numerous and varied in character: many of them are softenings of expression which ears of growing sensitiveness might consider profane, some are inept or idle alterations, a few are restorations of the true reading from Q1. Q6, the last before the folio of 1679, is generally followed by the two later ones, of 1691, and 1695 [?]; though each is capable of an occasional corruption on its own account, and the latter makes a rare reversion to Q1.

The number of passages in which the Folio agrees with QQ1, 2, 3, while differing from the rest, the number of other passages in which it agrees with QQ3—6 as against QQ1, 2, show that Q3 was its model. Rarely does it adopt a change that first appears in Q4, as "saw" for "see" (III. 1, 186), or "now" for "new" (V. 3, 10), though it introduces a few of little moment on its own account.

ARGUMENT.—The elder Loveless, sentenced by his mistress to a year's travel in penalty for saluting her too freely in public, leaves his spendthrift younger brother master of his house, with a commission to his steward, Savil, to check his extravagance. Returning in disguise after a brief absence, he finds him embarked on a course of riot and debauchery in disregard of Savil's

remonstrances; and his feigned report of his own death not only fails to elicit the ordinary expressions of regret, but converts the steward into the companion of his excesses. The estate is sold to the usurer Morecraft for the small sum of £6000; though the spendthrift is able to cross Morecraft's suit to a wealthy widow of social aspirations, who makes knighthood a condition of her consent. Later on the sale is made void by the return of Loveless in his own person; Morecraft losing both his money and the widow, who marries the ne'er-do-weel in spite of his refusal to dismiss two parasites, a braggart Captain and a brainless Poet.

Meanwhile the elder brother, visiting his mistress in his disguise, draws tears from her by the report of his death; but his consequent elation betrays him, and he is punished by a parade of her affection for a young rival, Welford,—though the latter, welcomed originally with far more cordiality by her sister Martha and waiting-woman Abigail than by herself, receives, when Loveless' back is turned, a frigid dismissal. The latter's next device is the assumption of complete indifference; but by a pretended swoon the Lady extorts from him a display of affectionate anxiety, and drives him amid a storm of ridicule from the house. His last ruse is more successful. He persuades Welford to sustain, in woman's dress, the part of his betrothed. The Lady, really deceived, employs all her art to detach him from this new love; and, when at length he shows signs of wavering, consents to his proposal of an immediate marriage. Her sister Martha, equally deceived, takes the supposed deserted bride to her own chamber for consolation. In the remaining scenes the imposture is declared. Welford is married to Martha: Abigail, scorned by Welford, reverts to her old admirer, Sir Roger the chaplain; Morecraft reappears under the somewhat improbable transformation of a liberal-handed pleasure-seeker; and Savil, disgraced since his master's return, is restored to his stewardship.

DATE.—The date of this comedy can be fixed with tolerable certainty as 1609 or 1610. The Cleve wars, alluded to in Act V. sc. iii. 66,

> "There will be no more talk of the Cleve wars
> While this lasts,"

broke out on the death of the last duke in 1609, the questions in debate not being settled until 1659. 1609 being the upward limit, a downward is inferred from the statement on the title-page of Q1 (1616), that the play was performed at the Blackfriars Theatre by the Children of the Queen's Revels. Two plays, of which there is a contemporary mention in 1611,—Nathaniel Field's *Woman is a Weathercock* and its sequel *Amends for Ladies*,—were produced by the Children at Whitefriars; and our play, performed at Blackfriars, must have been written before the transfer of their occasional performances to Whitefriars, not later therefore than 1610. (Collier's *History of Dramatic Poetry*, i. 339—342, and Fleay's *Biographical Chronicle*, i. 181.)

AUTHORSHIP.—The joint authorship of Beaumont and Fletcher is asserted on the title-page of the first and all subsequent quartos; an assertion of much more weight than the apparent attribution of the play to Fletcher only, in the commendatory verse of Edmund Waller and Thomas Stanley. Dyce agrees with Weber's attribution to Beaumont of the larger share in the comedy, which, says Weber, is "form'd upon the model of Ben Jonson. . . . It is written throughout with Beaumont's predilection for the legitimate comedy, unmingled with those serious and playful scenes which Fletcher so much delighted to engraft on every play he produced singly." Later criticism, however, allots a preponderance to Fletcher. Mr. Bullen gave Acts I. and II. to Beaumont, as being chiefly in prose; but Act II. is almost certainly

intended as verse, and it is not the verse of Beaumont. Messrs. Fleay and Boyle assigned only I. 1, and V. 2 to Beaumont, and the great majority of the rest to Fletcher. In his paper, read before the New Shakspere Society in 1886 (*Transactions* 1880—1886, No. xxvi), Mr. Boyle, who in *Englische Studien*, 1883, had thought that II. 3 might also be Beaumont's, considered that his hand was "not distinctly recognizable" except in V. 2. The arrangement of II. 3 as verse reveals the impossibility of assigning it to Beaumont, and we are inclined to reserve as his only I. 1 and V. 2. There is a strong suspicion of Massinger about the play, strongest perhaps in II. 1 and III. 1; moreover in *A Very Woman*, lic. June 6, 1634, Massinger, who is fond of playing variations on an old motif, recalls some of the circumstances of *The Scornful Lady* in Almira's rejection and banishment of her lover Antonio, in his return in disguise, in the retirement of his rival, and the gradual conversion of his mistress to his love. Yet 1610 is an early date for Massinger to be working with Fletcher, and the probable corruption of the text renders the general question of respective shares more than usually insoluble.

SOURCE.—We know of no source for the plot, save that the Captain is a poor copy of Shakespeare's Pistol, and that Morecraft is said to be suggested by Demea in the *Adelphi* of Terence. Dryden, who elsewhere admires the play, objects in his famous *Essay* to Morecraft's conversion as improbable; and so does Theobald (vol. i. p. 364 of his edition). The editors of 1778, pointing out the resemblance to the case of Demea, urged that the usurer's policy alone is altered, not his motive. He adopts extravagance because it has proved profitable to Young Loveless, while a grasping economy has only brought loss upon himself (cf. Act V. sc. iii. p. 463); and the awkwardness necessarily attendant upon such a change is intentional on the authors' part. The defence, however, is more ingenious than convincing.

Theobald in a note on I. 2 (vol. i. p. 294) says that Addison told him he had sketched the character of Vellum in his *Drummer* purely from the model of Savil. Dyce (Introd. p. xlii) thinks this must be a mistake for Abigail (in either play), who in *The Drummer* loves the old steward Vellum, while she is divested of licentiousness.

HISTORY.—"Till the suppression of the theatres, *The Scornful Lady* continued to be one of the most popular of our authors' dramas; and a droll taken from it, and called *The False Heire and Formal Curate*, may be found in *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport*. After the Restoration it again became a stock-play, and Langbaine mentions its being 'acted with good Applause even in these times, at the Theatre in Dorset-Garden' (*Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 214)."—DYCE. Pepys records witnessing it several times: on Nov. 27, 1660; on Jan. 4, 1661, "acted very well"; on Feb. 8, 1661, "by coach to the Theatre, and there saw *The Scornfull Lady*, now done by a woman, which makes the play much better than ever it did to me"; on Nov. 17, 1662, "well performed"; on Dec. 27, 1666, "well acted; Doll Common doing Abigail most excellently, and Knipp the widow very well, and will be an excellent actor, I think. In other parts the play not so well done as used to be by the old actors." On Sept. 16, 1667, he went with his wife and Mercer to see it at the King's house, "but it being now three o'clock there was not one soul in the pit; whereupon, for shame, we could not go in, but against our wills" repaired to another playhouse, and returning to the King's house later in the day "saw their dance at the end of the play." The last time he records witnessing it was on June 2, 1668: "To the King's house, and there saw good part of *The Scornfull Lady*, and that done, would have taken out Knipp, but she was engaged." The editors of 1778 observe that it has not "been performed in the course of many years past; though, in the lifetime of Mrs. Oldfield, who acted the

Lady, it used to be frequently represented." Genest (x. 133) outlines the plot of an *Obstinate Lady* by Sir Aston Cokaine, 1657, which may, we think, owe something to our play.—"Lucora seems obstinately determined not to marry—she perseveres in rejecting Carionil—he raises a report of his death, and reappears as an Ethiopian—Lucora immediately falls in love and is on the point of eloping with him—Carionil having reflected on the strangeness of her disposition, comes to a sudden resolution of rejecting her in his turn—at the conclusion of the play he marries Cleanthe, who had followed him as his page."—The resemblance is still stronger, as Langbaine saw, between our play and Massinger's *A Very Woman*.

"An alteration of it made by Cooke, the barrister, for Mrs. Abington, was brought out with great success at Covent Garden Theatre in 1783, under the title of *The Capricious Lady*."—DYCE. Three editions of *The Capricious Lady* were printed in the year of its first appearance. It is given entirely as prose; though the original diction is retained throughout with few alterations, and those in the directions of refinement and brevity. The part of Sir Roger the Curate is entirely cut out, and there is an attempt to infuse some point and wit into that of the Poet. The important changes are the omission of the Roger-Martha-Abigail part in II. 1, the rearrangement with addition of a song of the first fifty lines of II. 2, and the shortening and slight alteration of the conduct of Act V.

THE ACTORS ARE THESE.

ELDER LOVELESS, a Suitor to the Lady.

YOUNG LOVELESS, a Prodigal.

SAVIL, Steward to the ELDER LOVELESS.

WELFORD, a Suitor to the Lady.

SIR ROGER, Curate to the Lady.

MORECRAFT, an usurer.

A { Captain, Traveller, Poet, Tobacco-man, } Hangers-on to Young Loveless.

Page, Fiddlers, Attendants.

LADY, and MARTHA, } two Sisters.

YOUNGLOVE, or ABIGAIL, a waiting Gentlewoman.

A rich Widow.

Wenches.

SCENE, *London.*

The actors, etc.] The list is here given as in all the old editions after the first (which has none), only separating the sexes and adding the "Page."

SCENE, *London*] First added by Theobald 1750.

THE SCORNFUL LADY

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room in the LADY'S *House.*

Enter the two LOVELESSES, SAVIL *the Steward, and a* Page.

Eld. Love. Brother, is your last hope past, to mollify Morecraft's heart about your mortgage?

Young Love. Hopelessly past. I have presented the usurer with a richer draught than ever Cleopatra swallow'd; he hath suck'd in ten thousand pounds worth of my land more than he paid for, at a gulp, without trumpets.

E. Love. I have as hard a task to perform in this house.

Y. Love. Faith, mine was to make an usurer honest, or to lose my land.

E. Love. And mine is to persuade a passionate woman, or to leave the land.—Savil, make the boat

ACT I. SC. I. . . . LADY'S *House*] The Play is divided into Acts, and the 1st scene of each Act is marked in QQ., F. Web., 1812, completed the numbering of the scenes and marked their localities. In all the mod. eds. the whole scene is given as prose, except ll. 169—185, preceding the Lady's exit, which from the first appear as verse.

7 *without trumpets*] i. e. without a preliminary flourish, such as accompanied healths at a city banquet (Theo.). Web. quotes *Hamlet*, I. iv. 11—

"The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge."

13 *Savil, make the boat stay*] So Q1 followed by Web. Q2 prints *Savil*, not as part of the dialogue, but as prefix to the whole speech *Make the boat . . . unwilling man*, though repeating the same prefix before the next speech. QQ3, 4, 5 omit *Savil* altogether, assigning the whole speech *Make . . . man* to *Y. Love.* F. omits *Savil*, but rightly assigns the speech to *E. Love.* Edd. 1778 gave it to *Y. Love.* in the figurative sense of "don't be hasty."

stay. [*Exit* Page.]—I fear I shall begin my unfortunate journey this night, though the darkness of the night, and the roughness of the waters, might easily dissuade an unwilling man.

Savil. Sir, your father's old friends hold it the sounder course for your body and estate to stay at home, and marry and propagate—and govern in your country—than to travel for diseases, and return following the court in a night-cap, and die without issue.

E. Love. Savil, you shall gain the opinion of a better servant in seeking to execute, not alter, my will, howsoever my intents succeed.

Y. Love. Yonder's Mistress Younglove, brother, the grave rubber of your mistress' toes.

Enter ABIGAIL, *the waiting woman.*

E. Love. Mistress Younglove——

Abigail. Master Loveless, truly we thought your sails had been hoist: my mistress is persuaded you are sea-sick ere this.

E. Love. Loves she her ill-taken-up resolution so dearly? Didst thou move her for me?

Abig. By this light that shines, there's no removing her, if she get a stiff opinion by the end. I attempted her to-day, when they say a woman can deny nothing.

E. Love. What critical minute was that?

Abig. When her smock was over her ears; but she was no more pliant than if it hung about her heels.

E. Love. I prithee, deliver my service, and say, I desire to see the dear cause of my banishment: and then France.

Abig. I'll do 't. Hark hither; is that your brother?

21 *your*] So all QQ. except Q6 *your own*; F. *our*.

21 *travel for diseases . . . without issue*] So QQ1, 2. In Q2 the words *for diseases . . . nightcap* occupy exactly one line; hence they were probably omitted unintentionally by the compositor of Q3, and so in all subsequent eds. until Dyce's. The traveller follows the court as a suitor, his own property being all consumed, and *in a nightcap* because he is a chronic invalid.

27 *Mistress Younglove*] So QQ1, 2, 3, F., here, and in the stage-direction, and in E. Loveless' greeting; the other old eds. *Abigail* in all three cases.

34 *for me*] QQ1, 2, Ed. 10, Dyce: the rest *from me*.

40 *about*] So all old eds., which Colman and Weber altered to *above*.

E. Love. Yes: have you lost your memory? 45

Abig. As I live, he's a pretty fellow. [*Exit.*

Y. Love. Oh, this is a sweet brach!

E. Love. Why, she knows not you.

Y. Love. No, but she offer'd me once to know her. To this day she loves youth of eighteen. She heard a 50 tale how Cupid struck her in love with a great lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never saw her; yet she, in kindness, would needs wear a willow-garland at his wedding. She loved all the players in the last queen's time once over; she was struck when they acted lovers, 55 and forsook some when they played murtherers. She has nine spur-royals, and the servants say she hoards old gold; and she herself pronounces angerly, that the farmer's eldest son (or her mistress' husband's clerk that shall be) that marries her, shall make her a jointure 60 of fourscore pounds a year. She tells tales of the serving-men——

E. Love. Enough; I know her, brother. I shall entreat you only to salute my mistress, and take leave: we'll part at the stairs. 65

Enter LADY *and* ABIGAIL.

Lady. Now, sir, this first part of your will is perform'd: what's the rest?

E. Love. First, let me beg your notice for this gentleman, my brother: I shall take it as a favour done to me. 70

Lady. Though the gentleman hath received but an untimely grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would have been ready to have done him freer courtesies as a stranger, than upon those cold commendations.

47 *brach*] A hound-bitch.

50 *heard*] So all old eds.: qy? *had.*

56 *murtherers*] QQ1, 2, 5, 6, Eds. 8, 10; QQ3, 4, F. *murthers.*

57 *spur-royals*] Gold coins, worth 15*s.* each, so called because the star on the reverse resembled the rowel of a spur.

59 *clerk that shall be*] QQ1, 2, Web. and Dyce: rest omit *that.*

65 ABIGAIL] So Dyce. All QQ. *Waiting-woman.* F. *waiting-women* followed by Theo.

69 *I shall take . . . me*] All old eds., followed by Theo., Edd. 1778, Web., print this as the opening words of the Lady's following speech. We follow Dyce in assigning it to E. Love.

Y. Love. Lady, my salutations crave acquaintance and leave at once. 75

Lady. Sir, I hope you are the master of your own occasions.

[*Exeunt* YOUNG LOVELESS *and* SAVIL.

E. Love. Would I were so! Mistress, for me to praise over again that worth, which all the world and you yourself can see—— 80

Lady. It's a cold room this, servant.

E. Love. Mistress——

Lady. What think you if I have a chimney for't, out here? 85

E. Love. Mistress, another in my place, that were not tied to believe all your actions just, would apprehend himself wrong'd; but I, whose virtues are constancy and obedience——

Lady. Younglove, make a good fire above, to warm me after my servant's exordiums. 90

E. Love. I have heard and seen your affability to be such, that the servants you give wages to may speak.

Lady. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they speak to the purpose. 95

E. Love. Mistress, your will leads my speeches from the purpose. But as a man——

Lady. A simile, servant! This room was built for honest meaners, that deliver themselves hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time and place for exordiums, and similes, and metaphors? If you have aught to say, break into 't: my answers shall very reasonably meet you. 100

E. Love. Mistress, I came to see you.

Lady. That's happily despatch'd: the next? 105

E. Love. To take leave of you.

Lady. To be gone?

E. Love. Yes.

Lady. You need not have despair'd of that, nor have used so many circumstances to win me to give you leave to perform my command. Is there a third? 110

E. Love. Yes; I had a third, had you been apt to hear it.

90 *Younglove*] QQ1, 2, 3, F. and mod. eds.; QQ4—6, Eds. 8, 10 *Abigail.*

Lady. I! never apter. Fast, good servant, fast.

E. Love. 'Twas to entreat you to hear reason. 115

Lady. Most willingly: have you brought one can speak it?

E. Love. Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart love and forgiveness.

Lady. You would stay at home? 120

E. Love. Yes, lady.

Lady. Why, you may, and doubtlessly will, when you have debated that your commander is but your mistress, a woman, a weak one, wildly overborne with passions; but the thing by her commanded is, to see 125 Dover's dreadful cliff; passing, in a poor water-house, the dangers of the merciless channel 'twixt that and Calais, five long hours' sail, with three poor weeks' victuals.

E. Love. You wrong me.

Lady. Then to land dumb, unable to enquire for an 130 English host, to remove from city to city by most chargeable post-horse, like one that rode in quest of his mother-tongue.

E. Love. You wrong me much.

Lady. And all these (almost invincible) labours per- 135 form'd for your mistress, to be in danger to forsake her, and to put on new allegiance to some French lady, who is content to change language with you for laughter; and, after your whole year spent in tennis and broken speech, to stand to the hazard of being 140 laugh'd at, on your return, and have tales made on you by the chamber-maids.

E. Love. You wrong me much.

Lady. Louder yet.

E. Love. You know your least word is of force to 145 make me seek out dangers; move me not with toys. But in this banishment, I must take leave to say you are unjust. Was one kiss forced from you in public

126 *cliff; passing, in a poor water-house*] QQ1—6, F. Theo., Col., Web. place the semicolon at "water-house," and only a comma at "cliff", leaving the following substantives pendant. Dyce's transference of the semicolon to "cliff" was anticipated by Eds. 8, 10, which he did not examine.

138 *with you for laughter*] QQ1, 2, Web., Dyce: all other eds. *with your laughter*. The meaning is, "teach you French in return for the sport you afford her."

by me so unpardonable? why, all the hours of day and night have seen us kiss. 150

Lady. 'Tis true, and so you satisfied the company that heard me chide.

E. Love. Your own eyes were not dearer to you than I.

Lady. And so you told 'em. 155

E. Love. I did; yet no sign of disgrace need to have stain'd your cheek: you yourself knew your pure and simple heart to be most unspotted, and free from the least baseness.

Lady. I did; but if a maid's heart doth but once 160 think that she is suspected, her own face will write her guilty.

E. Love. But where lay this disgrace? The world, that knew us, knew our resolutions well: and could it be hoped that I should give away my freedom, and 165 venture a perpetual bondage with one I never kiss'd? or could I, in strict wisdom, take too much love upon me from her that chose me for her husband?

Lady. Believe me, if my wedding-smock were on;
Were the gloves bought and given, the licence come; 170
Were the rosemary-branches dipt, and all
The hippocras and cakes eat and drunk off;
Were these two arms encompass'd with the hands
Of bachelors, to lead me to the church;
Were my feet in the door; were "I John" said; 175
If John should boast a favour done by me,
I would not wed that year. And you, I hope,

151 *satisfied*] Web. restored the reading of QQ1, 2: all intervening eds. *told*, as below.

171 *rosemary-branches*] Dyce refers to *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, V. i. 4, where Venturewell suggests for a wedding-feast "a good piece of beef stuck with rosemary" which Web. says was used as an emblem of remembrance at weddings as well as funerals. See the first stage-direction in *The Woman's Prize*, I. i., "*Enter . . . with rosemary, as from a wedding*," on which Weber quotes Randolph's *Milkmaid's Epithalamium*.

> "Love quickly send the time may be
> When I shall deale my rosemary!"

172 *hippocras*] QQ5, 6, Eds. 8, 10; Q1 *Hipochrists*; QQ2, 3, 4, F. *Hipochrist*; wine spiced and strained through a flannel-bag, in much request at weddings, wakes, etc., such a straining-bag being called by apothecaries "Hippocrates' sleeve" (Theo.).

When you have spent this year commodiously,
In achieving languages, will, at your return,
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eyes, 180
Than such a friend. More talk I hold not now:
If you dare, go.

E. Love. I dare, you know. First let me kiss.

Lady. Farewell, sweet servant. Your task perform'd,
On a new ground, as a beginning suitor,
I shall be apt to hear you.

E. Love. Farewell, cruel mistress. 185

[*Exeunt* LADY *and* ABIGAIL.

Re-enter YOUNG LOVELESS *and* SAVIL.

Y. Love. Brother, you'll hazard the losing your tide to Gravesend; you have a long half-mile by land to Greenwich.

E. Love. I go. But, brother, what yet-unheard-of course to live doth imagination flatter you with? your 190 ordinary means are devour'd.

Y. Love. Course! why, horse-coursing, I think. Consume no time in this; I have no estate to be mended by meditation: he that busies himself about my fortunes, may properly be said to busy himself 195 about nothing.

E. Love. Yet some course you must take, which, for my satisfaction, resolve and open. If you will shape none, I must inform you, that that man but persuades himself he means to live, that imagines not the means. 200

Y. Love. Why, live upon others, as others have lived upon me.

E. Love. I apprehend not that. You have fed others, and consequently disposed of 'em; and the same measure must you expect from your maintainers, 205 which will be too heavy an alteration for you to bear.

178 *this*] So all, except QQ1, 2 *his*.

182 *If you dare, go*] The note of exclamation after "go" in QQ1, 2, 3, the comma after "dare" in QQ5, 6, Eds. 8, 10, show Dyce to be right in altering the punctuation of 1778, *If you dare go*—.

185 and ABIGAIL] Added by Dyce to "*Exit Lady*" of all preceding eds.

192 *horse-coursing*] Horse-dealing, properly *horse-scorsing*, to "scorse" being to "change": so twice in Spenser (Nares' *Gloss.*).

198 *resolve and open*] Determine on and declare (Mason).

204 *Consequently*] subsequently.

Y. Love. Why, I'll purse; if that raise me not, I'll bet at bowling-alleys, or man whores: I would fain live by others. But I'll live whilst I am unhang'd, and after the thought's taken. 210

E. Love. I see you are tied to no particular employment, then!

Y. Love. Faith, I may choose my course: they say Nature brings forth none but she provides for them; I'll try her liberality. 215

E. Love. Well, to keep your feet out of base and dangerous paths, I have resolved you shall live as master of my house.—It shall be your care, Savil, to see him fed and clothed, not according to his present estate, but to his birth and former fortunes. 220

Y. Love. If it be referred to him, if I be not found in carnation Jersey-stockings, blue devils' breeches, with three guards down, and my pocket i' the sleeves, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again.

Savil. A comelier wear, I wus, it is than those 225 dangling slops.

207 *purse . . . man whores*] Take purses or turn bully (Theo.). *Man*, to attend or escort. "Mann'd, horsed, and wived" 2 *Henry IV.*, I. ii. 60. Conversely Lyly's *Gallathea*, I. iv. (song) 'well man'd', in good service.

210 *after the thought's taken*] Not as Web. *according to the thought that first strikes me*, but *after sentence of hanging has been passed.*

222 *Jersey-stockings*] Of wool, contrasted in *The Woman Hater*, IV. ii. as cheap and inferior, with those of silk. In 1560 a pair of silk stockings was presented to Elizabeth as a novelty. (Strutt's *Manners and Customs*, iii. 87.) Oswald in *K. Lear*, II. ii. 17, is a "filthy worsted-stocking knave;" but in Stubbes' *Anatomie of Abuses* (1583) there is mention of "nether-stocks . . . not of cloth . . . for that is thought to base, but of Jarnsey worsted, silk, thred, and such like;" while as late as 1596 we get in Gosson's *Pleasant Quippes for Vpstart Newfangled Gentlewomen*,

"These worsted stockes of bravest die,
And silken garters fring'd with gold."

(both passages quoted by Mr. A. Wilson Verity *ap. loc. cit.*, *King Lear.*)

222 *devils' breeches, with three guards down, and my pocket i' the sleeves*] Devils' breeches are close-fitting breeches like the hairy garment in which one who had to play the devil in a miracle or morality might encase his legs. In such a garment the pocket could not be placed along the leg. "Guards" are trimmings, facings; compare *Merchant of Venice*, II. ii. 164:

"a livery
More guarded than his fellows'."

Three is the reading of QQ1, 2, Dyce only: the rest *the*. The change from the close-fitting earlier garment to the loose cavalier knicker-bockers or trunk-hose is illustrated in the dispute between Velvet-breeches and Cloth-breeches in Greene's *Qvip for an Vpstart Courtier*, 1592; but MS. Harl. 980 says the former were abandoned as early as 1566.

225 *I wus*] i. e. *I wis*. So QQ1, 2, 3; F. *wusse;* Q4 *wesse;* QQ5, 6, Eds. 8, 10 *wisse.*

E. Love. To keep you ready to do him all service peaceably, and him to command you reasonably, I leave these further directions in writing, which, at your best leisure, together open and read. 230

Re-enter ABIGAIL *to them with a Jewel.*

Abig. Sir, my mistress commends her love to you in this token and these words: it is a jewel, she says, which, as a favour from her, she would request you to wear till your year's travel be perform'd; which, once expired, she will hastily expect your happy return. 235

E. Love. Return my service, with such thanks as she may imagine the heart of a suddenly overjoy'd man would willingly utter: and you, I hope, I shall, with slender arguments, persuade to wear this diamond; that when my mistress shall, through my long absence 240 and the approach of new suitors, offer to forget me, you may call your eye down to your finger, and remember and speak of me. She will hear thee better than those allied by birth to her; as we see many men much sway'd by the grooms of their chambers,—not 245 that they have a greater part of their love or opinion on them than on others, but for they know their secrets.

Abig. O' my credit, I swear I think 'twas made for me. Fear no other suitors.

E. Love. I shall not need to teach you how to dis- 250 credit their beginnings: you know how to take exception at their shirts at washing, or to make the maids swear they found plasters in their beds.

Abig. I know, I know; and do not you fear the suitors. 255

E. Love. Farewell; be mindful, and be happy; the night calls me. [*Exeunt omnes præter* ABIGAIL.

Abig. The gods of the winds befriend you, sir! a

230 ABIGAIL] So all old eds. except QQ1, 2, 3, F. *Younglove.*
235 *hastily*] QQ1—4, F., Dyce, and three last edd. *i.e. impatiently;* Theo. and rest *happily.* 242 *Call*] QQ1—5; rest *cast.*
247 *on them than on others*] So F. QQ1—6, Ed. 8 *on them* as *on others;* Ed. 10 *of them than others.*
247 *but for they*] So QQ1—6; Eds. 8, 10, F. *but for that they.*
251 *beginnings*] QQ1, 2, Dyce: the rest *beginning.*
254 *not you*] QQ1, 2, 3, F., Theo., Web., Dyce: the rest *you not.*

constant and a liberal lover thou art: more such God send us! 260

Enter WELFORD.

Wel. [*To servant without.*] Let 'em not stand still; we have rid hard.

Abig. [*Aside.*] A suitor, I know, by his riding hard: I'll not be seen.

Wel. A pretty hall this: no servant in't? I would 265 look freshly.

Abig. [*Aside.*] You have deliver'd your errand to me, then. There's no danger in a handsome young fellow; I'll shew myself. [*Advances.*]

Wel. Lady, may it please you to bestow upon a 270 stranger the ordinary grace of salutation? are you the lady of this house?

Abig. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a servant of hers.

Wel. Lady, I should be as proud to be a servant of 275 yours, did not my so late acquaintance make me despair.

Abig. Sir, it is not so hard to achieve, but nature may bring it about.

Wel. For these comfortable words I remain your 280 glad debtor. Is your lady at home?

Abig. She is no straggler, sir.

Wel. May her occasions admit me to speak with her?

Abig. If you come in the way of a suitor, no. 285

Wel. I know your affable virtue will be moved to persuade her, that a gentleman, benighted and stray'd, offers to be bound to her for a night's lodging.

Abig. I will commend this message to her; but if you aim at her body, you will be deluded. Other 290 women the house holds, of good carriage and government; upon any of which if you can cast your affection, they will perhaps be found as faithful, and not so coy. [*Exit.*

262 *hard*] Only in QQ1, 2.

291 *the house holds*] So Dyce, following Q1, whose slight printer's error, *the housholds*, led QQ2, 3, 4, to print *of the households*, QQ5, 6, Eds. 8, 10 *of the household's*, F. *of the household*, followed by Theo. and Web., while Colman gave without authority *of the households'*.

Wel. What a skinful of lust is this! I thought I had come a-wooing, and I am the courted party. This is right court-fashion: men, women, and all, woo; catch that catch may. If this soft-hearted woman have infused any of her tenderness into her lady, there is hope she will be pliant. But who's here?

Enter SIR ROGER *the Curate.*

Rog. God save you, sir! My lady lets you know, she desires to be acquainted with your name, before she confer with you.

Wel. Sir, my name calls me Welford.

Rog. Sir, you are a gentleman of a good name. [*Aside.*] I'll try his wit.

Wel. I will uphold it as good as any of my ancestors had this two hundred years, sir.

Rog. I knew a worshipful and a religious gentleman of your name in the bishoprick of Durham: call you him cousin?

Wel. I am only allied to his virtues, sir.

Rog. It is modestly said. I should carry the badge of your Christianity with me too.

Wel. What's that? a cross? There's a tester.

Rog. I mean the name which your godfathers and godmothers gave you at the font.

Wel. 'Tis Harry. But you cannot proceed orderly now in your catechism; for you have told me who gave me that name. Shall I beg your name?

Rog. Roger.

Wel. What room fill you in this house?

Rog. More rooms than one.

Wel. The more the merrier. But may my boldness know why your lady hath sent you to decipher my name?

299 SIR] This courtesy-title of clergymen, a translation of the academic "Dominus" for one who has graduated, needs no illustration.

309 *the bishoprick of Durham*] Possibly Sir Roger merely means living in that diocese. No Welford ever graced or disgraced the see, though Welford's answer seeks to provide against the latter contingency.

314 *cross? . . . tester*] Many coins bore a cross on one face, the origin of the gipsy-phrase about "crossing the palm" with silver. *Tester* = *6d.*, anciently a shilling.

319 *name*] So all, except Q1 *names.*

Rog. Her own words were these: to know whether you were a formerly-denied suitor, disguised in this message; for I can assure you she delights not *in thalamo;* Hymen and she are at variance. I shall return with much haste.

Wel. And much speed, sir, I hope. [*Exit* ROGER.] Certainly I am arrived amongst a nation of new-found fools, on a land where no navigator has yet planted wit. If I had foreseen it, I would have laded my breeches with bells, knives, copper, and glasses, to trade with the women for their virginities; yet, I fear, I should have betray'd myself to a needless charge then. Here's the walking night-cap again.

Re-enter ROGER.

Rog. Sir, my lady's pleasure is to see you; who hath commanded me to acknowledge her sorrow that you must take the pains to come up for so bad entertainment.

Wel. I shall obey your lady that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your art's master.

Rog. I am but a bachelor of art, sir; and I have the mending of all under this roof, from my lady on her down-bed to the maid in the pease-straw.

Wel. A cobbler, sir?

Rog. No, sir; I inculcate divine service within these walls.

Wel. But the inhabitants of this house do often employ you on errands, without any scruple of conscience?

Rog. Yes, I do take the air many mornings on foot, three or four miles, for eggs. But why move you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your func-

329 in thalamo] Ed. 10 (followed by all modern eds.), first correcting *in thalame* of all earlier eds.; but Sir Roger's Latin may be at fault.

336 *the women*] All except Q1 omit *the*.

337 *a*] Omitted in QQ5, 6, Eds. 8, 10.

338 *night-cap*] For which see II. i. 27.

345 *art*] *arts*, the reading of Colman and Weber, is unsupported by any old ed.

349 *I inculcate divine service*] So all but Q6, Eds. 8, 10, *I do inculcate divine homilies.*

352 *without . . . conscience*] Double sense, "outside your religious vocation," and "make no conscience of sending you on errands."

tion to bid my man to neglect his horse a little, to attend on me.

Rog. Most properly, sir.

Wel. I pray you do so, then, and whilst I will attend your lady. You direct all this house in the true way? 360

Rog. I do, sir.

Wel. And this door, I hope, conducts to your lady?

Rog. Your understanding is ingenious. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

A room in the house of the ELDER LOVELESS.

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS *and* SAVIL, *with a writing.*

Sav. By your favour, sir, you shall pardon me.

Y. Love. I shall beat your favour, sir. Cross me no more: I say they shall come in.

Sav. Sir, you forget me, who I am.

Y. Love. Sir, I do not: thou art my brother's steward, his cast off mill-money, his kitchen-arithmetic. 5

Sav. Sir, I hope you will not make so little of me?

Y. Love. I make thee not so little as thou art; for indeed there goes no more to the making of a steward but a fair *imprimis*, and then a reasonable *item* infused into him, and the thing is done. 10

Sav. Nay, then, you stir my duty, and I must tell you——

Y. Love. What wouldst thou tell me? how hops go? or hold some rotten discourse of sheep, or when Lady- 15

360 *and whilst*] and meanwhile. F. alone reads *the whilst.*

361 *all*] Omitted in Ed. 10 only.

SCENE II.] Given entirely as prose by all old eds. Col., Web. Theo. versified only the fourteen lines 76—90; Dyce these and seven at end of scene. We have added 11, 23, 24, 60—63, 117—123.

2 *beat*] Q1: the rest *bear*, overlooking the pun in *favour.*

3 *come in*] Eds. 8, 10 omit *in.*

4 *forget me, who I am*] Dyce corrects *one* of QQ1—5 to *me.* Q6, Ed. 8, followed by Colman and Weber *forget, then, who*, etc. Ed. 10, F. followed by Theo. *forget who I am.*

6 *cast off*] Ed. 8, followed by all modern eds., inserts a hyphen, altering the sense, which is "cast *up*," "reckon up."

10 imprimis . . . item] *Cymbeline*, I. iv. 7, "Though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items."

14 *go*] QQ1, 2, Web., Dyce, i. e. sell: the rest *grow.*

day falls? Prithee, fare well, and entertain my friends; be drunk, and burn thy table-books: and, my dear spark of velvet, thou and I——

Sav. Good sir, remember.

Y. Love. I do remember thee a foolish fellow; one that did put his trust in almanacs and horse-fairs, and rose by honey and pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sav. Nay, then, I must unfold your brother's pleasure. These be the lessons, sir, he left behind him.

Y. Love. Prithee, expound the first.

Sav. [*reads.*] *I leave, to keep my house, three hundred pounds a-year, and my brother to dispose of it*——

Y. Love. Mark that, my wicked steward,—and I dispose of it.

Sav. [*reads.*] *Whilst he bears himself like a gentleman, and my credit falls not in him.*—Mark that, my good young sir, mark that.

Y. Love. Nay, if it be no more, I shall fulfil it: whilst my legs will carry me, I'll bear myself gentleman-like, but when I am drunk, let them bear me that can. Forward, dear steward.

Sav. [*reads.*] *Next, it is my will that he be furnish'd, as my brother, with attendance, apparel, and the obedience of my people.*

Y. Love. Steward, this is as plain as your old minikin-breeches. Your wisdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollified, or—— You understand me, sir. Proceed.

Sav. [*reads.*] *Next, that my steward keep his place and power, and bound my brother's wildness with his care.*

Y. Love. I'll hear no more of this Apocrypha; bind it by itself, steward.

16 *fare well*] i. e. live freely (Mason).

17 *table-books*] memorandum-books. Cf. Polonius in *Hamlet*, II. ii. 136.

18 *velvet*] Seward proposed *vellum*, unfollowed.

26 *keep*] So all QQ. : F. *maintain*.

41 *minikin-breeches*] "minikin" is diminutive of "min," O.H.G. *minst*, "smallest." Cf. "minikin mouth," *Lear*, III. vi. 43. Savil is wearing the old-fashion'd close-fitting breeches which Y. Loveless had scoff'd at in the preceding scene.

43 *Next*] So all, except QQ4—6, Ed. 8 *yet*.

46 *no more of this Apocrypha*] F. followed by Theo., Web. and Dyce. QQ1—5 omit *of*. Q6, Eds. 8, 10, followed by Colman, *no more: this is Apocrypha*.

46 *bind it by itself*] the Douay, and the Authorised, Versions were being

Sav. This is your brother's will; and, as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw unto you,—captains of galley-foists, such as in a clear day have seen Calais; fellows that have no more of God than their oaths come to; they wear swords to reach fire at a play, and get there the oil'd end of a pipe for their guerdon; then the remnant of your regiment are wealthy tobacco-merchants, that set up with one ounce, and break for three; together with a forlorn hope of poets; and all these look like Carthusians, things without linen. Are these fit company for my master's brother?

Y. Love. I will either convert thee, oh, thou pagan steward!
Or presently confound thee and thy reckonings.
Who's there? Call in the gentlemen!

Sav. Good sir!

Y. Love. Nay, you shall know both who I am and where I am.

Sav. Are you my master's brother?

Y. Love. Are you the sage master-steward, with a face like an old ephemerides?

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discussed 1609, and completed 1610 (Fleay's *Biog. Chron.* i. 181). The Apocryphal Books, first 'gathered together' in Coverdale's Bible 1535, were published separately by 'Jhon Day and William Seres, Lond. 1549.' 8°. In 1588 Archbishop Whitgift made order to the Stationers that no bible should be bound without them, and they held their place till 1826.

48 *This is your brother's will;* etc.] The strong metrical tendency in this and some later speeches, especially Loveless', ll. 117 sqq., do not warrant us in arranging the whole scene as verse, though we have printed verse in a few places where it was separable.

50 *galley-foists*] barges with oars. Dutch *fuste*, barge. *A Wife for a Month*, V., "trimmed up like a galley-foist."

53 *reach fire . . . guerdon*] In order to light their pipes they would dig the point of their sword into a piece of the juniper-wood, kept smouldering in the playhouse for this and other fumigatory purposes. In *The Alchemist*, I. i, "fire of juniper" is part of the tobacconist's stock-in-trade. On the bit of wood they might chance to find the oil-impregnated tobacco pulled out of the bottom of the pipe of some smoker who had last used it.

66 *ephemerides*] Altered by Theobald and Colman to *ephemeris*, an almanac such as a steward would be familiar with, containing astrological and other information. Savil's face suggests to Y. Loveless the creased and yellow cover of such an almanac, or else the crabbed picture of a face thereon. Compare IV. i. 330 "a face as old as Erra Pater." The compilations in this kind of the astrologer, William Lilly, are of later date, from about 1640 onwards.

Enter his Comrades, Captain, Traveller, Poet, *and* Tobacco-Man.

Sav. Then God help all, I say!

Y. Love. Ay, and 'tis well said, my old peer of France.—Welcome, gentlemen, welcome, gentlemen; mine own dear lads, you're richly welcome. Know this 70 old Harry-groat.

Capt. Sir, I will take your love——

Sav. [*Aside.*] Sir! you will take my purse.

Capt. And study to continue it.

Sav. I do believe you. 75

Trav. Your honourable friend and master's brother
Hath given you to us for a worthy fellow,
And so we hug you, sir.

Sav. [*Aside.*] H'as given himself into the hands of varlets,
But to be carved out.—Sir, are these the pieces? 80

Y. Love. They are the morals of the age, the virtues,
Men made of gold.

Sav. [*Aside.*] Of your gold, you mean, sir.

Y. Love. This is a man of war, and cries "Go on,"
And wears his colours——

Sav. [*Aside.*] In's nose.

Y. Love. In the fragrant field.
This is a traveller, sir, knows men and manners, 85

66 Poet, *and* Tobacco-man] Not specified in the old eds. The Tobacco-man has no part assigned him either here or subsequently, though he is alluded to in Savil's long speech just above and by Y. Love. I. 96. Like Shift in *Every Man Out of His Humour*, III. i., he would be prepared to give young gallants lessons in "the practice of the Cuban ebullition, euripus and whiff."

67 *help all*] F. alone inserts *us*.

68 *peer of France*] i. e. one of Charlemagne's Twelve.

71 *Harry-groat*] coin of Henry VIII., on which, says Weber, that king is represented with long hair and long face. It occurs again in *The Woman's Prize*, III. ii.

80 *But to be carved out*] As so much cloth or meat or wine might be given out on the master's behalf for distribution among the servants of a household. "But" is Dyce's emendation for "Not" of all the old eds., which Colman and Weber simply omitted.

80 *the pieces*] i. e. the coins of value, in allusion to the contemptuous term "Harry-groat" just applied to himself. In *Timon of Athens*, III. vi. 23, "a thousand pieces" is a large sum.

83 *cries "Go on" . . . fragrant field*] Compare "my old peer of France," above. Y. Loveless' mock-heroic talk is caught from the Captain, who himself borrows from Pistol.

And has plough'd up the sea so far, till both
The poles have knock'd; has seen the sun take coach,
And can distinguish the colour of his horses,
And their kinds; and had a Flanders mare leap'd there.

Sav. 'Tis much. 90

Trav. I have seen more, sir.

Sav. 'Tis even enough, o' conscience. Sit down, and rest you: you are at the end of the world already. —Would you had as good a living, sir, as this fellow could lie you out of! h'as a notable gift in't! 95

Y. Love. This ministers the smoke, and this the Muses.

Sav. And you the clothes, and meat, and money. You have a goodly generation of 'em; pray, let them multiply; your brother's house is big enough; and, to say truth, h'as too much land,—hang it, dirt! 100

Y. Love. Why, now thou art a loving stinkard. Fire off thy annotations and thy rent-books; thou hast a weak brain, Savil, and with the next long bill thou wilt run mad.—Gentlemen, you are once more welcome to three hundred pounds a-year. We will be freely 105 merry; shall we not?

Capt. Merry as mirth and wine, my lovely Loveless.

Poet. A serious look shall be a jury to excommunicate any man from our company.

Trav. We will have nobody talk wisely neither. 110

Y. Love. What think you, gentlemen, by all this revenue in drink?

Capt. I am all for drink.

Trav. I am dry till it be so.

Poet. He that will not cry "amen" to this, let him 115 live sober, seem wise, and die o' the corum.

86 *till both the poles have knock'd*] i. e. reached countries where the wildest improbabilities are fact. Compare Timon's apostrophe to gold—"that solder'st close impossibilities, And mak'st them kiss."

89 *mare leap'd there*] i. e. by one of the horses of the sun.

101 *Fire off thy annotations*, etc.] As a man empties his fowling-piece before laying it aside.

110 *We will have . . . neither*] So QQ1, 2, 3; QQ4, 5, Eds. 8, 10, *we will not talk wisely neither;* F. the same with a note of interrogation, followed by Theobald and Colman. Q6 maintains its character for ineptitude, reading *Will you not talk wisely neither?*

116 *o' the corum*] So all QQ., a corruption of *quorum*—die a justice. F., followed by Theobald, reads *o' th' Coram*, Col., Web. *o' th' quorum.*

Y. Love. It shall be so; we'll have it all in drink:
Let meat and lodging go; they're transitory,
And show men merely mortal.
Then we'll have wenches, every one his wench, 120
And every week a fresh one,—we'll keep
No powder'd flesh. All these we have by warrant,
Under the title of "things necessary";
here upon this place I ground it, "the obedience of my
people and all necessaries." Your opinions, gentlemen? 125

Capt. 'Tis plain and evident that he meant wenches.

Sav. Good sir, let me expound it.

Capt. Here be as sound men as yourself, sir.

Poet. This do I hold to be the interpretation of it:
in this word "necessary" is concluded all that be helps 130
to man; woman was made the first, and therefore here
the chiefest.

Y. Love. Believe me, 'tis a learned one: and by these
words, "the obedience of my people," you, steward,
being one, are bound to fetch us wenches. 135

Capt. He is, he is.

Y. Love. Steward, attend us for instructions.

Sav. But will you keep no house, sir?

Y. Love. Nothing but drink; three hundred pounds
in drink.

Sav. Oh, miserable house, and miserable I 140
That live to see it! Good sir, keep some meat.

Y. Love. Get us good whores; and for your part, I'll
board you
In an ale-house! you shall have cheese and onions.

Sav. [*Aside.*] What shall become of me, no chimney
smoking?
Well, prodigal, your brother will come home. [*Exit.* 145

Y. Love. Come, lads, I'll warrant you for wenches.
Three hundred pounds in drink. [*Exeunt omnes.*

122 *powder'd flesh*] i. e. salt meat, as opposed to fresh. William Basse's *Tom o' Bedlam* says the Man in the Moon "Eats powder'd beef, turnip and carrot."

139 *drink*] QQ1, 2: the rest *drink, Sir.*

144 *no chimney smoking*] This suggests that the steward has been wont to make a good thing in perquisites.

147 *drink* [Exeunt omnes] The sixth and two subsequent quartos add, after Loveless' last word, "*Omnes.* O brave Loveless!" and all the modern editors except Dyce follow them; but the authority of Q6 is quite inadequate.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Bed-chamber in the LADY'S *House.*

Enter LADY, WELFORD, *and* SIR ROGER.

Lady. Sir, now you see your bad lodging, I must bid you good-night.
Wel. Lady, if there be any want, 'tis in want of you.
Lady. A little sleep will ease that compliment.
Once more, good-night.
Wel. Once more, dear lady, and then, all sweet nights. 5
Lady. Dear sir, be short and sweet, then.
Wel. Shall the morrow
Prove better to me? shall I hope my suit
Happier by this night's rest?
Lady. Is your suit so sickly, that rest will help it?
Pray ye, let it rest, then, till I call for it. 10
Sir, as a stranger, you have had all my welcome;
But had I known your errand ere you came,
Your passage had been straiter. Sir, good-night.
Wel. So fair and cruel! Dear unkind, good-night.
[*Exit* LADY.
—Nay, sir, you shall stay with me; I'll press your zeal 15
So far.
Rog. Oh, Lord, sir!

SCENE I.] Wholly as prose in all old eds., Col., Web. Theo. versified only our ll. 17—30, 80—111, 119—end (except Servant's fifth speech). Dyce versified the whole scene except ll. 68—77, 112—115, 119—end. We follow Dyce almost invariably, adding to the verse-part ll. 75—77, 127—138.

Enter Lady, Welford and Sir Roger] Theobald's correction of the old stage-direction, *Enter Lady, her sister Martha, Welford, Younglove and others*, for which Ed. 10 read, after *Welford, Abigail and Roger.*

10 *Call for it*] Allusion to whist, which under the name of "trump" or "ruff and honours" was played in England from the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Wel. Do you love tobacco?
Rog. Surely I love it, but it loves not me;
Yet, with your reverence, I will be bold.
Wel. Pray, light it, sir. How do you like it?
[*They smoke.*
Rog. I promise you, it is notable stinging gear 20
Indeed. It is wet, sir: Lord, how it brings down rheum!
Wel. Handle it again, sir; you have a warm text of it.
Rog. Thanks ever premised for it. I promise you,
It is very powerful, and, by a trope, spiritual;
For certainly it moves in sundry places. 25
Wel. Ay, it does so, sir; and me, especially,
To ask, sir, why you wear a night-cap?
Rog. Assuredly I will speak the truth unto you.
You shall understand, sir, that my head is broken;
And by whom? even by that visible beast, 30
The butler.
Wel. The butler! Certainly
He had all his drink about him when he did it.
Strike one of your grave cassock! the offence, sir?
Rog. Reproving him at tray-trip, sir, for swearing.
You have the total, surely. 35
Wel. You toll'd him when his rage was set a-tilt,
And so he crack'd your canons: I hope he has

22 *Handle it again*] The practical sense of Welford's pun is that Roger should work the tobacco between his fingers.

23 *premised*] Q1, and modern eds.: the rest *promised*.

30 *visible beast*] Obvious beast, with possible scriptural allusion to "the mark of the beast" (Dyce). Theobald printed, on Sympson's suggestion, "risible" in the sense of "ridiculous."

31—79 *The butler! Certainly . . . ne'er come in.*] Theobald and all editors before Dyce printed this as prose.

34 *tray-trip*] "There can," says Weber (1812), "be no doubt that it was precisely the game still known on the continent as *tric-trac*, which does not greatly differ from backgammon;" and he adds a note from Le Grand's *Fabliaux* to show its identity with the old game of *tables*, played with dice. Nares' *Glossary* quotes from *Machivell's Dogg* to show that success in it depended on the throwing of *treyes*. Sir Toby mentions it, *Twelfth Night*, II. v. 196.

36 *toll'd . . . atilt*] Q1, *tould;* QQ2, 3, F., Theo., Dyce, *told:* the rest *reproved*. Welford puns on the old M.E. sense of *tollen*, to draw, or pull; the notion of sound, derived from its association with a bell-rope, being quite secondary. The butler's rage, being already tilted like a cask, overflows with a pull. Cf. Middleton's *Women beware Women*, V. 1, "Now comes my part to tole him hither."

Not hurt your gentle reading. But shall we see
These gentlewomen to-night?
Rog. Have patience, sir,
Until our fellow Nicholas be deceased, 40
That is, asleep; for so the word is taken;
"To sleep, to die; to die, to sleep;" a very figure, sir.
Wel. Cannot you cast another for the gentlewomen?
Rog. Not till the man be in his bed, his grave;
His grave, his bed: the very same again, sir. 45
Our comic poet gives the reason sweetly;
Plenus rimarum est; he is full of loopholes,
And will discover to our patroness.
Wel. Your comment, sir, has made me understand you.

Enter MARTHA, *the Lady's sister, and* ABIGAIL *to them with a posset.*

Rog. Sir, be address'd; the Graces do salute you 50
With the full bowl of plenty.
—Is our old enemy entomb'd?
Abig. He's fast.
Rog. And does he snore out supinely with the poet?
Mar. No, he out-snores the poet.
Wel. Gentlewoman, this courtesy
Shall bind a stranger to you, ever your servant. 55
Mar. Sir, my sister's strictness makes not us forget
You are a stranger and a gentleman.
Abig. In sooth, sir, were I changed into my lady,

38 *your gentle reading*] See note on IV. i. 34.
43 *Cast another*] i.e. figure. Besides the astrological sense, there seems to be a pun on a fishing-cast.
45 *His grave . . . same again, sir*] The modern editors have regarded both this and l. 42 as an allusion to Hamlet's famous soliloquy; but this line alludes rather to Hamlet's words about Fortinbras' soldiers,

"That for a fantasy, a trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds."

47 Plenus rimarum est] Theobald gave the reference to Terence's *Eunuch* [I. ii. 25],

"Plenus rimarum sum, hac atque illac perfluo."

49 posset] hot milk curdled by some strong infusion. The word is of Celtic origin (Skeat).
50 *address'd*] Fr. *adressé*, ready (Weber).
51 *the*] QQ1—5, F.; Q6, Eds. 8, 10 *a*.
52 *fast*] QQ1, 2, Dyce: the rest *safe*.
53 *snore . . . poet*] Dyce refers us to Hor. *Sat.* i. 5, 19, "stertitque supinus."

A gentleman so well indued with parts
Should not be lost.
Wel. I thank you, gentlewoman, 60
And rest bound to you.
[*Aside.*] See how this foul familiar chews the cud!
From thee and three-and-fifty good Love deliver me!
Mar. Will you sit down, sir, and take a spoon?
Wel. I take it kindly, lady. 65
Mar. It is our best banquet, sir.
Rog. Shall we give thanks?
Wel. I have to the gentlewoman already, sir.
Mar. Good Sir Roger, keep that breath to cool your part o' the posset; you may chance have a scalding zeal else: an you will needs be doing, pray, 70 tell your twenty to yourself.—Would you could like this, sir!
Wel. I would your sister would like me as well, lady!
Mar. Sure, sir, she would not eat you. But banish that 75
Imagination: she's only wedded
To herself, lies with herself, and loves herself;
And for another husband than herself,
He may knock at the gate, but ne'er come in.
Be wise, sir: she's a woman, and a trouble, 80
And has her many faults, the least of which is
She cannot love you.
Abig. God pardon her! she'll do worse.
Would I were worthy his least grief, Mistress Martha!
Wel. [*Aside.*] Now I must over-hear her.
Mar. Faith, would thou hadst them all, with all my 85
heart!

62 *See how . . . chews the cud*] i. e. repeats what Martha has just said. I cannot find that this action was attributed to witches or evil spirits in general; but the Levitical association of it with a divided hoof may possibly have suggested such a superstition.

66 *banquet*] The Elizabethan sense is that of a dessert or slight refection (Dyce). Cf. *Custom of the Country*, III. ii. 1; *Honest Man's Fortune*, V. iii.; *Faithful Friends*, III. ii. In *Rom. and Jul.*, I. v. 124, and *Timon of Athens*, I. ii. 160, "a trifling foolish banquet" and "an idle banquet" are offered to ladies who have been dancing.

67 *gentlewoman*] QQ1, 2, Eds. 8, 10, and Weber. All other eds. *gentlewomen*. Cf. Welford's last speech.

71 *tell your twenty*] i. e. utter your childish repetitions. Cf. Lyly's *Pappe with a Hatchett*, p. 17 (Petheram's Reprint), 'the Deane of Salisburie can tell twentie' (tales), with, I think, some reference to beads.

I do not think they would make thee a day older.
Abig. Sir, will you put in deeper? 'tis the sweeter.
Mar. Well said, Old-sayings.
Wel. [*Aside.*] She looks like one indeed.—
Gentlewoman, you keep your word: your sweet self
Has made the bottom sweeter. 90
Abig. Sir, I begin a frolic: dare you change, sir?
Wel. Myself for you, so please you.—
[*Aside.*] That smile has turn'd my stomach. This is right,
The old emblem of the moyle cropping of thistles.
Lord, what a hunting head she carries! sure, 95
She has been ridden with a martingale.
Now, Love, deliver me!
Rog. [*Aside.*] Do I dream, or do I wake? surely I know not,
Am I rubb'd off? is this the way of all
My morning prayers? Oh, Roger, thou art but grass, 100
And woman as a flower! Did I for this
Consume my quarters in meditation, vows,
And woo'd her in *Heroical Epistles?*
Did I expound *The Owl?*
And undertook, with labour and expense, 105

88 *Old-sayings*] Cf. III. i. 43 "old adage," and "Sentences" as a nickname for the prudent Clerimont in *The Noble Gentleman*, V. i., alluding to such collections of pithy dicta as the *Sententiæ Pueriles*, *Sententiæ Proverbiales*, etc.

94 *moyle*] mule: Welford seems to be reminded of it by Abigail's stooping over the bowl; see what follows.

96 *martingale*] As now used, a martingale is a strap forming a loop over a horse's neck and shoulders and carried along to the girth underneath to keep the saddle from slipping backwards. The present passage seems to imply rather some strap to keep the head down. Cf. Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, I. ii. 30,

"Hold in your head,
Or you must have a martingal."

102 *Consume my quarters*] Sympson's explanation of "quarters" as "body," led Theobald to read "carcass," though later editors returned to the true reading. Coleridge suggested "quires" (of paper), supposing "quarters" to have been substituted by the players, who failed to recognize the passage as blank verse. Possibly "quarters" means the intervals (three hours) between the various Hours,—prime, terce, sext, none, etc., at which the chaplain would have to repeat an office; the phrase surviving the ritual.

102 *meditation*] QQ1, 2, 3, F., and all modern edd. except Dyce, who reads with the rest *meditations*.

103 Heroical Epistles . . . The Owl] "The allusion is here to the poems of Michael Drayton, among which are to be found *England's Heroical Epistles* [pub. 1597] and *The Owl*"—a satire, first published in a quarto pamphlet, 1604.

The re-collection of those thousand pieces,
Consumed in cellars and tobacco-shops,
Of that our honour'd Englishman, Nich. Breton?
Have I done thus, and am I done thus to?
I will end with the wise man, and say, 110
"He that holds a woman has an eel by the tail."

Mar. Sir, 'tis so late, and our entertainment (meaning our posset) by this is grown so cold, that 'twere an unmannerly part longer to hold you from your rest. Let what the house has be at your command, sir. 115

Wel. Sweet rest be with you, lady:—and to you
What you desire too.

Abig. It should be some such good thing like yourself, then.

[*Exeunt* MARTHA *and* ABIGAIL.

Wel. Heaven keep me from that curse, and all my issue!
Good night, Antiquity. 120

Rog. [*Aside.*] *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris:*
But I alone——

Wel. Learned sir, will you bid my man come to me?
and, requesting a greater measure of your learning,
good-night, good Master Roger. 125

Rog. Good sir, peace be with you!

Wel. Adieu, dear Domine. [*Exit* ROGER.] Half-a-dozen such
In a kingdom would make a man forswear confession;
For who, that had but half his wits about him,
Would commit the counsel of a serious sin 130
To such a crewel night-cap?

108 *Nich. Breton*] Weber. "Ni. Br." QQ1—5, F.; "N.B." Q6, Eds. 8, 10. Breton's earliest piece is dated 1575: he was still writing at the time of this play's production (1609—1610), and is thought to have died in 1624.

111 *He that holds . . . eel by the tail*] Heywood's *Proverbes* 1546 'A woman / Is as sure to hold as an ele by the tayle'; quoted *Euphues* (Ed. Arb., p. 97).

121 Solamen, etc.] The line is of mediæval, not classical, origin. In Chaucer's *Chanoun's Yemannes Tale*, 193, we have 'For unto shrewes Ioye it is and ese / To have hir felawes in peyne and disese', on which Prof. Skeat writes "In margin of MS. E. is written 'Solacium miseriorum (*sic*) &c.' In Marlowe's *Faustus*, II. i. 42 it appears—" (as in our text). "Dr. Wagner says the sentiment may be from Seneca, *De Consol. ad Polybium*, xii. 2, 'est autem hoc ipsum solatii loco, inter multos dolorem suum diuidere' etc. Cf. Milton, *P. R.*, i. 398, and the fable of the Fox who had lost his tail."

131 *crewel*] Theobald's reading for *cruel* of old eds.: "fine worsted" (Dyce).

Enter SERVANT, *drunk.*

Why, how now?
Shall we have an antic? Whose head do you carry
Upon your shoulders that you jowl it so
Against the post? is't for your ease, or have
You seen the cellar? where are my slippers, sir? 135

Serv. Here, sir,

Wel. Where, sir? have you got the pot verdugo?
Have you seen the horses, sir?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Wel. Have they any meat? 140

Serv. Faith, sir, they have a kind of wholesome rushes; hay I cannot call it.

Wel. And no provender?

Serv. Sir, so I take it.

Wel. You are merry, sir; and why so? 145

Serv. Faith, sir, here are no oats to be got, unless you'll have 'em in porridge; the people are so mainly given to spoon-meat. Yonder's a cast of coach-mares of the gentlewoman's, the strangest cattle!

Wel. Why? 150

Serv. Why, they are transparent, sir; you may see through them: and such a house!

Wel. Come, sir, the truth of your discovery.

Serv. Sir, they are in tribes, like Jews: the kitchen and the dairy make one tribe, and have their faction 155 and their fornication within themselves; the buttery and

133 *jowl*] Old eds. *jole*, Dyce *joll*. It is the same word, meaning "throw," "dash," as in *As You Like It*, I. iii. 59, "Jowl horns together," and *Hamlet*, V. i. 84, "Jowls it to the ground."

137 *pot verdugo*] So all the old eds. except Ed. 10, which, followed by Theobald, Col., Web., reads "Pot-vertigo," *i.e.* dizziness from drink. *Verdugo*, which Weber noted as occurring (as a proper name) in *The Woman's Prize*, IV. i., is a Spanish word meaning "executioner"; which led Nares to the forced interpretation, "a stunning blow from drink."

148 *cast*] couple, pair. Cf. V. iv. 87,

"the best cast of
Sore ladies i' the kingdom."

151 *transparent*] because ill-fed.

154 *Sir, they are in tribes, like Jews*] Theobald prints this speech, and the remainder of the scene, as verse. We think Dyce does better to keep it in prose, apprehending that this and some other portions of the scene which he (and we) have kept in prose "were originally in verse, but that the text here, as in many other places of this comedy, is slightly corrupted."

the laundry are another, and there's no love lost; the chambers are entire, and what's done there is somewhat higher than my knowledge; but this I am sure, between these copulations, a stranger is kept virtuous, that is, 160 fasting. But of all this, the drink, sir——

Wel. What of that, sir?

Ser. Faith, sir, I will handle it as the time and your patience will give me leave. This drink, or this cooling julap, of which three spoonfuls kills the calenture, a 165 pint breeds the cold palsy——

Wel. Sir, you belie the house.

Ser. I would I did, sir! But, as I am a true man, if 'twere but one degree colder, nothing but an ass's hoof would hold it. 170

Wel. I am glad on't, sir; for if it had proved stronger,
You had been tongue-tied of these commendations.
Light me the candle, sir: I'll hear no more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in the house of the ELDER LOVELESS.

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS *and his* Comrades, *with* Wenches *and two* Fiddlers.

Y. Love. Come, my brave man of war, trace out thy darling;
And you, my learned council, sit and turn boys;

165 *julap*] a sweet drink.

165 *kills*] So all old eds., which Colman needlessly altered to *kill*.

165 *calenture*] a feverish light-headedness.

169 *nothing but an ass's hoof would hold it*] Theobald, commenting on the dramatic impropriety of putting such learning into the mouth of a servant, refers us to Justin's *History*, bk. xii., where the waters flowing from Mt. Nonacris in Arcadia are of a coldness mortal to the drinker, and able to penetrate everything except a horse's hoof—in Plutarch and Ælian an ass's hoof; in Arrian, Pliny and Vitruvius a mule's; in Quintus Curtius, an ox's.

SCENE II.] Wholly in prose, except ll. 1—15, in all old eds. Colman added to the verse part only ll. 26—38. Theobald versified all except our ll. 39—54, 120—132, 144—147, 154—158, 161—163; Weber all except ll. 16—25, 39—43, 46—56, 144—147, 161—163; Dyce all except ll. 48—54, 68—79, 144—147. We follow Dyce, with very trifling change, and the addition to the verse part of ll. 48—54.

2 *sit and turn boys*] *sit* is the reading of F.; all QQ. *set*. Theo. read *sit and* tune, *Boys*, and the comma thus inserted was reproduced with *turn* by subsequent edd. to the destruction of the sense.

Kiss till the cow come home; kiss close, kiss close, knaves;
My modern Poet, thou shalt kiss in couplets.

Enter with Wine.

Strike up, you merry varlets, and leave your peeping; 5
This is no pay for fiddlers.
Capt. Oh, my dear boy, thy Hercules, thy Captain,
Makes thee his Hylas, his delight, his solace!
Love thy brave man of war, and let thy bounty
Clap him in shamois: let there be deducted 10
Out of our main potation, five marks
In hatchments to adorn this thigh,
Cramp'd with this rest of peace, and I will fight
Thy battles.
Y. Love. Thou shalt have't, boy, and fly in feather.
Lead on a march, you michers. 15

Enter SAVIL.

Sav. Oh, my head, oh, my heart! what a noise and change is here!
Would I had been cold i' the mouth before this day,
And ne'er have lived to see this dissolution!
He that lives within a mile of this place,
Had as good sleep in the perpetual 20

4 *modern Poet*] ordinary, as Dyce says, quoting III. ii., where Y. Love. bids the Captain "Take your small Poet with you." In III. ii. 23 the Captain applies the same epithet to the Poet. Compare "modern lamentation," *Rom. and Jul.*, III. ii. 120.

4 *kiss in couplets*] i.e. with two women, or else the Poet is to go without one and be content with making his rhymes pair.

5 *peeping*] i. e. spying on the endearments in progress.

11 *five marks in hatchments to adorn this thigh, Cramp'd with this rest of peace*] An O.E. mark = 13*s.* 4*d.* Dyce quotes R. Holme's *Account of Armory*, 1688, B. iii. p. 91: "*Hatching*, is to silver or gild the hilt and pomell of a sword or hanger." Seward (unfollowed) wanted to read "*rust* of peace," and understood the Captain to desire his rusty sword refurbished. We believe that "hatchments" is used in the more general sense of adornment (which Dyce seems to suggest); and that what the Captain really desires is plenty of gold-lace facings or "guards" on his new breeches, his legs having been *stinted of their proper splendour by lack of employment.*

14 *fly in feather*] Weber supposes an allusion to the prevalent fashion of wearing feathers. More probably it is used generally of looking smart.

15 *michers*] "lurkers, skulkers—knaves" (Dyce).

16 *Oh, my head*, etc.] From this point onwards the old eds. give the scene as prose. It was first arranged as metre by Theobald. We have followed, though not with absolute fidelity, the arrangement of Dyce.

Noise of an iron mill. There's a dead sea
Of drink i' the cellar, in which goodly vessels
Lie wreck'd; and in the middle of this deluge
Appear the tops of flagons and black-jacks,
Like churches drown'd i' the marshes. 25

Y. Love. What, art thou come? my sweet Sir Amias,
Welcome to Troy! Come, thou shalt kiss my Helen,
And court her in a dance.

Sav. Good sir, consider.

Y. Love. Shall we consider, gentlemen? how say you?

Capt. Consider! that were a simple toy, i' faith: 30
Consider! whose moral's that?
The man that cries "consider" is our foe:
Let my steel know him.

Y. Love. Stay thy dead-doing hand; he must not die yet:
Prithee be calm, my Hector.

Capt. Peasant slave! 35
Thou groom composed of grudgings, live, and thank
This gentleman: thou hadst seen Pluto else:
The next "consider" kills thee.

Trav. Let him drink down his word again in a gallon
Of sack.

Poet. 'Tis but a snuff: make it two gallons, 40
And let him do it kneeling in repentance.

Sav. Nay, rather kill me; there's but a layman lost.
Good Captain, do your office.

Y. Love. Thou shalt drink, steward; drink and dance, my steward.—
Strike him a hornpipe, squeakers!—Take thy stiver, 45

21 *an iron mill*] Again in *The Woman's Prize*, IV. v. 27. There was little machinery in England before the eighteenth century, but Mr. Traill (*Social England*, vol. iv. p. 122), commenting on the expansion of trade in the first forty years of the seventeenth, notes the existence of a gig-mill for smelting with pit coal, and a great loom enabling one person to do ten men's work.

25 *drown'd*] Q1 alone *drown*.

26 *Sir Amias*] Eds. 8, 10, *Sir Æneas*.

40 *snuff*] i. e. sniff, taste.

42 *there's but a layman lost*] Proverbial expression reminiscent of earlier days when the Church was the sole fountain of instruction, and some form of affiliation to her the natural path of advancement.

45 *stiver*] Theobald's emendation for *striver* of all the old eds. "Stive," he says, is an obsolete term for stews, from which "stiver," a strumpet. In *Piers the Plowman*, A Text, vii. 65, occurs "Jonete of the stuyues."

And pace her till she stew.
Sav. Sure, sir, I cannot
Dance with your gentlewomen; they are too light for me.
Pray, break my head, and let me go.
Capt. He shall dance,
He shall dance.
Y. Love. He shall dance and drink, and be drunk and dance,
And be drunk again, and shall see no meat in a year.
Poet. And three quarters.
Y. Love. And three quarters be it.
[*Knocking within.*
Capt. Who knocks there?
Let him in.
Sav. [*Aside.*] Some to deliver me, I hope.

Enter ELDER LOVELESS, *disguised.*

E. Love. Gentlemen, God save you all!
My business is to one Master Loveless.
Capt. This is the gentleman you mean; view him,
And take his inventory; he's a right one.
E. Love. He promises no less, sir.
Y. Love. Sir, your business?
E. Love. Sir, I should let you know,—yet I am loath,—
Yet I am sworn to 't,—would some other tongue
Would speak it for me!
Y. Love. Out with it, i' God's name!
E. Love. All I desire, sir, is the patience
And sufferance of a man; and, good sir, be not
Moved more——
Y. Love. Than a pottle of sack will do:
Here is my hand. Prithee, thy business?
E. Love. Good sir, excuse me; and whatsoever
You hear, think must have been known unto you;
And be yourself discreet, and bear it nobly.

47 *gentlewomen*] QQ1, 2, *gentlewoman.*
51 *and three quarters be it*] Y. Loveless carelessly accepts the "small Poet's" pointless addition.
63 *pottle*] large tankard, originally two quarts.
66 *must have been known to you*] i. e. sooner or later you must have heard of it.

Y. Love. Prithee, despatch me.
E. Love. Your brother's dead, sir.
Y. Love. Thou dost not mean—dead drunk? 70
E. Love. No, no; dead and drown'd at sea, sir.
Y. Love. Art sure he's dead?
E. Love. Too sure, sir.
Y. Love. Ay, but art thou very certainly sure of it?
E. Love. As sure, sir, as I tell it. 75
Y. Love. But art thou sure he came not up again?
E. Love. He may come up, but ne'er to call you brother.
Y. Love. But art sure he had water enough to drown him?
E. Love. Sure, sir, he wanted none.
Y. Love. I would not have him want; I loved him better. 80
Here I forgive thee; and, i' faith, be plain;
How do I bear it?
E. Love. Very wisely, sir.
Y. Love. Fill him some wine.—Thou dost not see me moved;
These transitory toys ne'er trouble me;
He's in a better place, my friend, I know 't. 85
Some fellows would have cried now, and have cursed thee,
And fallen out with their meat, and kept a pudder;
But all this helps not. He was too good for us;
And let God keep him!
There's the right use on 't, friend. Off with thy drink; 90
Thou hast a spice of sorrow makes thee dry.—
Fill him another.—Savil, your master's dead;
And who am I now, Savil? Nay, let's all bear it well:
Wipe, Savil, wipe; tears are but thrown away.
We shall have wenches now; shall we not, Savil? 95
Sav. Yes, sir.

87 *pudder*] Older form of "pother," and the reading of the FF. in *King Lear*, III. ii. 50,

"the great gods
Which keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads."

Prof. Skeat quotes M.E. *puðeren*, to poke about, from the *Ancren Riwle*.

95 *shall we not, Savil?*] After these words QQ1, 2 insert "Drinke to my friend, Captaine."

96 *sir*] Only in QQ1, 2, 6, Eds. 8, 10, Dyce.

Y. Love. And drink innumerable?
Sav. Yes, forsooth, sir.
Y. Love. And you'll strain courtesy, and be drunk a little?
Sav. I would be glad, sir, to do my weak endeavour.
Y. Love. And you may be brought in time to love a wench too?
Sav. In time the sturdy oak, sir——
Y. Love. Some more wine 100
For my friend there.
E. Love. [*Aside.*] I shall be drunk anon
For my good news: but I have a loving brother,
That's my comfort.
Y. Love. Here's to you, sir;
This is the worst I wish you for your news:
And if I had another elder brother, 105
And say it were his chance to feed more fishes,
I should be still the same you see me now,
A poor contented gentleman.—
More wine for my friend there; he's dry again.
E. Love. [*Aside.*] I shall be, if I follow this beginning. 110
Well, my dear brother, if I scape this drowning,
'Tis your turn next to sink; you shall duck twice
Before I help you.—Sir, I cannot drink more;
Pray, let me have your pardon.
Y. Love. Oh, Lord, sir, 'tis your modesty!—More wine; 115
Give him a bigger glass.—Hug him, my Captain:
Thou shalt be my chief mourner.
Capt. And this my pennon.—Sir, a full carouse

97 *little*] Q6 reads *tittle*.
100 *In time the sturdy oak*] To illustrate the proverb Savil is beginning, Dyce refers us to Watson's *Hecatompathia*, Sonnet 47—

"In time the Bull is brought to weare the yoake;
In time all haggred Hawkes will stoope the Lures;
In time small wedge will cleaue the sturdiest Oake;
In time the Marble weares with weakest shewres."

Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, III. i. 3, misquoted the third line—"In time small wedges cleaue the hardest Oake"; Don Pedro (*Much Ado*, I. i. 263) misquoted the first—"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke"; and a verse of *The Fall of Antwerp—Old Ballads*, edited for the Percy Society by Collier, p. 89, has, "The sturdy oke at length," etc. Cf. Ovid, *Trist.* iv., 6.
106 *feed more fishes*] So Q1, Web. and Dyce: all other eds. *feede Haddockes*.
118 *this my pennon*] Elevating an empty black-jack, which he proposes to use as a funeral plume. The original sense of the word is that of the primitive

To you, and to my lord of land here.
E. Love. [*Aside.*] I feel a buzzing in my brains; pray God 120
They bear this out, and I'll ne'er trouble them.
So far again.—Here's to you, sir.
Y. Love. To my dear steward.
Down o' your knees, you infidel, you pagan!
Be drunk, and penitent.
Sav. Forgive me, sir,
And I'll be anything.
Y. Love. Then be a bawd; 125
I'll have thee a brave bawd.
E. Love. Sir, I must take
My leave of you, my business is so urgent.
Y. Love. Let's have a bridling cast before you go.—
Fill's a new stoup.
E. Love. I dare not, sir, by no means.
Y. Love. Have you any mind to a wench? I would 130
Fain gratify you for the pains you took, sir.
E. Love. As little as to the t'other.
Y. Love. If you find any stirring, do but say so.
E. Love. Sir, you are too bounteous: when I feel that itching,
You shall assuage it, sir, before another. 135
This only, and farewell, sir:
Your brother, when the storm was most extreme,
Told all about him, he left a will, which lies close

Lat. *penna: pennone* in Ital. was "a great plume or bunch of feathers" (Florio); cf. "les penons d'une fleiche," the feathers of an arrow (Cotg.). The secondary sense of a streamer, or banner, is, however, found in Chaucer's *Knightes Tale*, 120.

118 *carouse*] So in all old eds., except Q1 *rouse*.

121 *They*] i. e. his brains: so QQ1, 2, 3, F. The other old eds. followed by Theo. printed *I*, misunderstanding the reference of *they*.

128 *a bridling cast*] Web. rightly explains it as equivalent to the Highland term "door-drink," i. e. stirrup-cup. But Skelton applies it rather to dice,

> "What, loo, man, see here of dyce a bale!
> A brydeling cast for that is in thy male."
> *The Bowge of Courte—Works*, i. 45, ed. Dyce.

Its use in *Women Pleased*, II. vi., "I'll not be long; a bridling cast, and away, wench," is indefinite; but Dyce (*ap. loc. cit.*) quotes another use of it in reference to gaming from D. Belchier's *Hans Beer-pot his invisible comedie of See me and see me not*, 1618, Sig. B. 3,

> "I come, my laddes; my markets once ore-past,
> At Flutterkins weele haue one brideling cast."

132 *the t'other*] As in *The Faithful Shepherdess*, II. i. 28 (Dyce).

Behind a chimney in the matted chamber.
And so, as well, sir, as you have made me able, 140
I take my leave.
Y. Love. Let us embrace him all.—
If you grow dry before you end your business,
Pray, take a bait here; I have a fresh hogshead for you.
Sav. [*Drunk.*] You shall neither will nor choose, sir.
My master is a wonderful fine gentleman; has a fine 145
state, a very fine state, sir: I am his steward, sir, and his man.
E. Love. [*Aside.*] Would you were your own, sir, as I left you! Well,
I must cast about, or all sinks.
Sav. Farewell, gentleman,
Gentleman, gentleman!
E. Love. What would you with me, sir? 150
Sav. Farewell, gentleman!
E. Love. Oh sleep, sir, sleep! [*Exit* EL. LOVELESS.
Y. Love. Well, boys, you see what's fallen; let's in and drink,
And give thanks for it.
Sav. Let's give thanks for it.
Y. Love. Drunk, as I live!
Sav. Drunk, as I live, boys!
Y. Love. Why, now thou art able to discharge thine office, 155
And cast up a reckoning of some weight.—
I will be knighted, for my state will bear it;
'Tis sixteen hundred, boys. Off with your husks;
I'll skin you all in satin.
Capt. O, sweet Loveless!
Sav. All in satin! Oh, sweet Loveless! 160

139 *the matted chamber*] An attempt to manufacture carpets in England was made in the reign of Henry VIII., and renewed at Mablake under James I.; but chequered matting was in general use about the fifteenth century, and the expression "a carpet-knight" is common at end of the sixteenth.

146 *state*] i. e. estate.

153 Sav. *Let's give thanks for it*] QQ1—5, F. allot this speech to the Captain; Q6, Eds. 8, 10 allot the speech to Savil, making him repeat also the preceding words "let's in and drink." Weber, following Mason's suggestion, first printed as above.

156 *cast up*] a pun—vomit; repeated from Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, V. i. 5.

158 *sixteen hundred*] i. e. as income. Morecraft offers him £6000 for the land itself, which is of course far below its proper value.

159 *I'll skin you all in satin*] Alluded to in Richard Lovelace's poem 'On

Y. Love. March in, my noble compeers;
And this, my countess, shall be led by two:
And so proceed we to the will. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in MORECRAFT'S *house.*

Enter MORECRAFT *and* Widow.

More. And, widow, as I say, be your own friend;
Your husband left you wealthy, ay, and wise;
Continue so, sweet duck, continue so.
Take heed of young smooth varlets, younger brothers;
They are worms that will eat through your bags; 5
They are very lightning, that, with a flash or two,
Will melt your money, and never singe your purse-strings;
They are colts, wench, colts, heady and dangerous,
Till we take 'em up, and make 'em fit for bonds.
Look upon me; I have had, and have yet, 10
Matter of moment, girl, matter of moment:
You may meet with a worse back; I'll not commend it.
Wid. Nor I neither, sir.
More. Yet thus far, by your favour, widow, 'tis tough.
Wid. And therefore not for my diet; for I love a tender one. 15
More. Sweet widow, leave your frumps, and be edified.
You know my state: I sell no pèrspectives,
Scarfs, gloves, nor hangers, nor put my trust in shoe-ties;

Sannazar's being honoured with 600 duckets by the Clarissimi of Venice' (Ed. Hazlitt, p. 232),

"You that do suck for thirst your black quil's bloud
And claw your labour'd papers for your food,
I will inform you how and what to praise,
Then skin y' in satin as young Lovelace plays."

(Communicated by Mr. G. Thorn Drury).

SCENE III.] Wholly as prose in all old eds. and Weber. Colman versified only ll. 134—end; Theobald all except ll. 86—112, 125—152; Dyce, whom we follow, all except ll. 86—105.

17 *Perspectives*] i. e. glasses cut to produce optical delusion, or indented pictures with the same effect.

18 *hangers*] i. e. ornamented loops, or straps, which were attached to the girdle, and by which the sword or dagger was suspended (Dyce).

And where your husband in an age was rising
By burnt figs, dredged with meal and powder'd sugar, 20
Sanders and grains, worm-seed, and rotten raisins,
And such vile tobacco that made the footmen mangy;
I, in a year, have put up hundreds;
Inclosed, my widow,
Those pleasant meadows, by a forfeit mortgage; 25
For which the poor knight takes a lone chamber,
Owes for his ale, and dare not beat his hostess.
Nay, more——
Wid. Good sir, no more. Whate'er my husband was,
I know what I am; and, if you marry me, 30
You must bear it bravely off, sir.
More. Not with the head, sweet widow.
Wid. No, sweet sir,
But with your shoulders: I must have you dubb'd;
For under that I will not stoop a feather.
My husband was a fellow loved to toil, 35
Fed ill, made gain his exercise, and so
Grew costive; which, for that I was his wife,
I gave way to, and spun mine own smocks coarse,
And, sir, so little——but let that pass:
Time, that wears all things out, wore out this husband; 40
Who, in penitence of such fruitless five years marriage,
Left me great with his wealth; which, if you'll be
A worthy gossip to, be knighted, sir.

Enter SAVIL.

More. Now, sir, from whom come you? whose man are you, sir?
Sav. Sir, I come from young Master Loveless.
More. Be silent, sir; 45

21 *Sanders*] "*Sanders*, Santalus, Sandalus" (Coles's *Dict.*). An Indian wood, of which there are several kinds (Dyce).
21 *raisins*] F., Eds. 8, 10. QQ1—6 *reasons*, a recognized spelling.
26 *takes a lone*] Theo. (besides making other alterations in this speech) printed, for the metre, "*takes* him *a lone.*"
32 *Not with the head*] The old joke about "horns."
34 *not*] Omitted from QQ1—3.
36 *Fed*] So all except Q1 *feede.*
37 *for that . . . I gave*] So F.; all QQ read *for I was his wife, and gave*, etc.
39 *so little*—] Mason thinks that the sentence is not imperfect, and that we ought to read "*too little.*" He did not perceive that the Widow finds herself touching on a delicate subject, and therefore suddenly breaks off (Dyce).

I have no money, not a penny for you:
He's sunk, your master's sunk; a perish'd man, sir.
Sav. Indeed, his brother's sunk, sir; God be with him!
A perish'd man, indeed, and drown'd at sea.
More. How saidst thou, good my friend? his brother drown'd? 50
Sav. Untimely, sir, at sea.
More. And thy young master
Left sole heir?
Sav. Yes, sir.
More. And he wants money?
Sav. Yes;
And sent me to you, for he is now to be knighted.
More. Widow, be wise; there's more land coming, widow;
Be very wise, and give thanks for me, widow. 55
Wid. Be you very wise, and be knighted, and then give thanks for me, sir.
Sav. What says your worship to this money?
More. I say,
He may have money, if he please.
Sav. A thousand, sir?
More. A thousand, sir, provided any wise, sir, 60
His land lie for the payment; otherwise——

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS *and* Comrades *to them.*

Sav. He's here himself, sir, and can better tell you.
More. My notable dear friend, and worthy Master Loveless,
And now right worshipful, all joy and welcome!
Y. Love. Thanks to my dear incloser, Master Morecraft: 65
Prithee, old angel-gold, salute my family;
I'll do as much for yours.—
This, and your own desires, fair gentlewoman.
[*Kisses* Widow.

59 *money*] QQ1—4, F., and mod. eds.; the rest *the money*.
60 *any*] Theo. followed the reading of Q6, Eds. 8, 10 *my*.
64 *right worshipful*] Morecraft salutes him as already a knight.
66 *angel-gold*] Theo. chose to print *angel* o' *gold*. An *angel* was a gold coin worth about 10*s*.
66 *family*] i. e. his companions.

Wid. And yours, sir, if you mean well.—[*Aside.*] 'Tis a handsome gentleman.

Y. Love. Sirrah, my brother's dead.

More. Dead! 70

Y. Love. Dead; and by this time soused for ember-week.

More. Dead!

Y. Love. Drown'd, drown'd at sea, man: by the next fresh conger
That comes, we shall hear more.

More. Now, by the faith of my body,
It moves me much.

Y. Love. What, wilt thou be an ass, 75
And weep for the dead? why, I thought nothing but
A general inundation would have moved thee.
Prithee, be quiet; he hath left his land behind him.

More. Oh, has he so?

Y. Love. Yes, faith, I thank him for't; I have all, boy. 80
Hast any ready money?

More. Will you sell, sir?

Y. Love. No, not outright, good Gripe; marry, a mortgage,
Or such a slight security.

More. I have
No money, sir, for mortgage: if you will sell,
And all or none, I'll work a new mine for you. 85

Sav. Good sir, look afore you; he'll work you out of all else. If you sell all your land, you have sold your country; and then you must to sea, to seek your brother, and there lie pickled in a powdering-tub, and break your teeth with biscuits and hard beef, that 90 must have watering, sir: and where's your three hundred pounds a year in drink, then? If you'll tun up the Straits, you may; for you have no calling for

71 *soused for ember-week*] i. e. salted as if for eating then. Cf. IV. i. 156: "a hog's face soused." Web. understood it as meaning "eaten by fish which would themselves be eaten in ember week."

77 *A general inundation*] which would have swallowed up Morecraft's land.

84 *sir*] QQ1, 2, 3, F., and mod. eds.: rest *fit*.

86—105 *Good sir . . . said thee well*] As prose in all eds.

92 *tun*] So QQ1, 2, 3, F., i. e. the only drink you'll get will be salt water. Previous eds. follow the meaningless reading of the rest, *turn*.

drink there but with a cannon, nor no scoring but on your ship's sides; and then, if you scape with life, 95 and take a faggot-boat and a bottle of usquebaugh, come home, poor man, like a type of Thames-street, stinking of pitch and poor-John. I cannot tell, sir; I would be loath to see it.

Capt. Steward, you are an ass, a measled mongrel; 100 and, were it not against the peace of my sovereign friend here, I would break your forecasting coxcomb, dog, I would, even with thy staff of office there, thy pen and inkhorn.—Noble boy, the god of gold here has said thee well: 105

Take money for thy dirt. Hark, and believe;
Thou art cold of constitution, thy seat unhealthful;
Sell, and be wise: we are three that will adorn thee,
And live according to thine own heart, child;
Mirth shall be only ours, and only ours 110
Shall be the black-eyed beauties of the time.
Money makes men eternal.

Poet. Do what you will, it is the noblest course:
Then you may live without the charge of people;
Only we four will make a family; 115
Ay, and an age that shall beget new annals,
In which I'll write thy life, my son of pleasure,
Equal with Nero or Caligula.

Y. Love. What men were they, Captain?

Capt. Two roaring boys of Rome, that made all split. 120

96 *take a faggot-boat*] Get picked up by some timber-ship.
96 *usquebaugh*] Irish whisky.
97 *man*] Dyce's correction of *men*, the reading of the old editions.
98 *poor-John*] i. e. hake, salted and dried (Dyce). Cf. *Tempest*, II. ii. 28.
105 *said*] So Dyce, following QQ1, 2 *sed*. All other eds. *fed*; i. e. supplied your needs, though Seward proposed *advised*, as though the two first syllables had fallen out.
106—112 *Take money . . . men eternal*] First as verse by Dyce.
107 *seat*] i. e. house.
108 *three*] Cf. l. 115, *we four*, i. e. including Loveless. Either the Tobacco-Man or the Traveller has disappeared: the former has no part assigned him.
112 *eternal*] So all, except Q6, Eds. 8, 10 *immortal*.
113—124 *Do what . . . pound, sir*] First as verse by Theo.
116 *shall*] So QQ1, 2, Dyce: rest *will*.
118 *or*] So QQ1, 2, Dyce: rest *and*.
119 *were they*] So all, except Q1 *meane they*.
120 *roaring boys*] "In a curious tract, entitled *The Wandering Jew*, 1640 (but written at an earlier date), is the following description of a roarer: 'A Gallant all in Scarlet . . . . a brave man, in a long horsemans Coat (or

Y. Love. Come, sir, what dare you give?
Sav. You will not sell, sir?
Y. Love. Who told you so, sir?
Sav. Good sir, have a care.
Y. Love. Peace, or I'll tack your tongue up to your roof.—
What money? speak.
More. Six thousand pound, sir.
Capt. Take it; h' as overbidden, by the sun! 125
Bind him to his bargain quickly.
Y. Love. Come, strike me luck with earnest, and draw the writings.
More. There's a God's penny for thee.
Sav. Sir, for my old master's sake, let my farm be excepted:
If I become his tenant, I am undone, 130
My children beggars, and my wife God knows what.
Consider me, dear sir.
More. I'll have all in
Or none.
Y. Love. All in, all in. Despatch the writings.
[*Exit with* Comrades.
Wid. [*Aside.*] Go, thou art a pretty fore-handed fellow! would thou wert wiser! 135

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gown rather) down to his heels, daub'd thicke with gold Lace; a huge Feather in his spangled Hat, a Lock to his shoulders playing with the Winde, a Steeletto hanging at his Girdle; Belt and Sword embracing his body; and the ring of Bells you heare, are his gingling Cathern-wheele spurs.' He presently says; 'I am a man of the Sword; a Battoon Gallant, one of our Dammees, a bouncing Boy, a kicker of Bawdes, a tyrant over Puncks, a terrour to Fencers, a mewer of Playes, a jeerer of Poets, a gallon-pot-flinger, in rugged English, a *Roarer*' Sig. H." (Dyce, who also cites the elaborate sketch given in Middleton's *A Fair Quarrel*). Cf. *Philaster*, V. iv., where the Captain describes himself as a "*roarer*."

120 *made all split*] Denoting violent action. Bottom (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, I. ii. 28) desires "a part to tear a cat in, to make all split." In *The Woman's Prize*, IV. iii. 19, "Thou shalt be done . . . or all shall split for't."

123 *tack your*, etc.] i. e. nail it to the roof of your mouth.

124 *pound*] So all old eds., except Q6, Eds. 8, 10 *pounds*.

127 *Strike me luck*] *Hudibras*, II. i. 539,

"But if that's all you stand upon,
Here, strike me luck, it shall be done." (Nares.)

128 *There's . . . thee*] So QQ1—5, F.; Q6, Eds. 8, 10, "*There is six angels in earnest.*" Halliwell quotes *Florio*, p. 39, "A God's pennie, an earnest pennie."

132 *in*] Omitted in all but Q1.

Sav. Now do I sensibly begin to feel
Myself a rascal. Would I could teach a school,
Or beg, or lie well! I am utterly undone.—
Now, he that taught thee to deceive and cozen,
Take thee to his mercy! so be it! [*Exit.* 140
More. Come, widow, come, never stand upon a knighthood;
'Tis a mere paper honour, and not proof
Enough for a sergeant. Come, come, I'll make thee—
Wid. To answer in short, 'tis this, sir,—no knight, no widow.
If you make me anything, it must be a lady; 145
And so I take my leave.
More. Farewell, sweet widow,
And think of it.
Wid. Sir, I do more than think of it;
It makes me dream, sir. [*Exit.*
More. She's rich, and sober if this itch were from her:
And say I be at charge to pay the footmen, 150
And the trumpets, ay, and the horsemen too,
And be a knight, and she refuse me then;
Then am I hoist into the subsidy,
And so, by consequence, should prove a coxcomb:
I'll have a care of that. Six thousand pound, 155
And then the land is mine: there's some refreshing yet.
[*Exit.*

137 *a rascal*] A vagabond; he anticipates beggary. An acknowledgment of roguery would be inappropriate here, when he has just done all he could to prevent the sale.

142 *Not proof enough for a sergeant*] i. e. not enough to establish rank as a sergeant-at-law. After Henry VIII. had knighted a sergeant-at-law all his brother sergeants claimed equality with knights-bachelors. In Tudor times, when it began to be bestowed for other than military services, the honour fell into comparative disrepute. Elizabeth gave two mastiffs in ransom of a knight.

150 *at charge*] So QQ1, 2: the rest *at the charge*.

150 *pay the footmen . . . too*] The outlay of a Knight of the Garter, on liveries, etc., on the occasion of his "ride" to be installed at Windsor, had become so heavy that James I. found it necessary to limit it under a fine.

153 *hoist into the subsidy*] i. e. become liable for certain taxes levied on knights. In Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, II. v. 14, 'he that had a cup of red wine to his oysters, was hoysted in the Queenes subsidie booke.'

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A room in the LADY'S *house.*

Enter ABIGAIL, *and drops her glove.*

Abig. If he but follow me, as all my hopes
Tell me he's man enough, up goes my rest,
And, I know, I shall draw him.

Enter WELFORD.

Wel. [*Aside.*] This is the strangest pamper'd piece of flesh towards fifty, that ever frailty coped withal. What a trim *l'envoy* here she has put upon me! These women are a proud kind of cattle, and love this whoreson doing so directly, that they will not stick to make their very skins bawds to their flesh. Here's dog-skin and storax sufficient to kill a hawk: what to do with it, beside nailing it up amongst Irish heads of teer, to shew the mightiness of her palm, I know not.

SCENE I.] In the old eds. only ll. 76—201, "Good angry thing . . . those tears at home," and some scattered lines in the space of the subsequent fifty, are printed as verse. The earliest versification of the remainder is to be apportioned as follows: Theobald, ll. 1—3, 15—36, 54—58, 202—252, 256—270, 294—300, 337—339. Colman, ll. 36—53, 68—76, 253—256, 279—291, 315—330, 343—351. Dyce, ll. 58—68. Dyce's arrangement is here followed with very slight alteration.

1 and drops her glove] So all eds. except Q1. Dyce omits the words, saying "It is evident that Abigail has dropt it before her entrance." The evidence escapes us.

2 *up goes my rest*] i. e. I must play the stake out. "To set up a rest," at primero or other game, meant to stand upon one's present hand or stake, and take the chances: hence it came to mean "be resolved." *Woman Pleased*, V. i.,

"'My rest is up now, madam.'
'Then play it cunningly.'"

6 *l'envoy*] a postscript *sent with* a poem, e. g. attached to the Provençal ballade, to express the moral concisely.

10 *storax*] a gum of pleasant smell and bitter taste from a tree (*Liquid-amber styraciflua*) growing in Virginia, Louisiana and Mexico.

11 *Irish heads of teer, to shew the mightiness of her palm*] "*Teer*," says Theobald, is the Irish pronunciation of "*deer*." The horns meant are those of the great Irish elk, found in the peat; and the *palm* is the flat broad part from which the branches spring (Mason).

There she is: I must enter into dialogue.—Lady, you have lost your glove.

Abig. Not, sir, if you have found it. 15

Wel. It was my meaning, lady, to restore it.

Abig. 'Twill be uncivil in me to take back
A favour fortune hath so well bestow'd, sir:
Pray, wear it for me.

Wel. [*Aside.*] I had rather wear a bell.—But, hark you, mistress, 20
What hidden virtue is there in this glove,
That you would have me wear it? Is it good
Against sore eyes, or will it charm the tooth-ache?
Or these red tops, being steep'd in white wine, soluble,
Will't kill the itch? or has it so conceal'd 25
A providence to keep my hand from bonds?
If it have none of these, and prove no more
But a bare glove of half-a-crown a pair,
'Twill be but half a courtesy; I wear two always.
Faith, let's draw cuts; one will do me no pleasure. 30

Abig. [*Aside.*] The tenderness of his years keeps him as yet in ignorance:
He's a well-moulded fellow, and I wonder
His blood should stir no higher; but 'tis his want
Of company: I must grow nearer to him.

Enter ELDER LOVELESS, *disguised.*

E. Love. God save you both! 35

Abig. And pardon you, sir! this is somewhat rude:
How came you hither?

E. Love. Why, through the doors; they are open.

Wel. What are you? and what business have you here?

E. Love. More, I believe, than you have.

20 *a bell*] i. e. be a professed Fool (Weber).

24 *or these red tops, being . . . will't kill the itch?*]. So the old copies, intelligibly enough. Mason proposed, 'Are *these red tops, being steep'd in white wine, soluble?*' (Weber). For similar loose grammar cf. Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*,

"With spotless hand on spotless breast
I put *these herbs*, to give thee rest:
Which till *it* heal thee, there will bide," etc. (Dyce).

29 *half a*] QQ5, 6, *a half.*

30 *draw cuts*] slips of paper, whose unequal length is hidden from the drawer. Welford proposes this method of deciding whether he is to have one or both.

Abig. Who would this fellow speak with? Art thou sober? 40
E. Love. Yes; I come not here to sleep.
Wel. Prithee, what art thou?
E. Love. As much, gay man, as thou art;
I am a gentleman.
Wel. Art thou no more?
E. Love. Yes, more than thou dar'st be,—a soldier.
Abig. Thou dost not come to quarrel?
E. Love. No, not with women. 45
I come to speak here with a gentlewoman.
Abig. Why, I am one.
E. Love. But not with one so gentle.
Wel. This is a fine fellow.
E. Love. Sir, I am not fine yet; I am but new come over:
Direct me with your ticket to your tailor, 50
And then I shall be fine, sir.—Lady, if there be
A better of your sex within this house,
Say I would see her.
Abig. Why, am not I good enough for you, sir?
E. Love. Your way, you'll be too good. Pray, end my business.—
[*Aside.*] This is another suitor: oh, frail woman! 55
Wel. [*Aside.*] This fellow, with his bluntness, hopes to do
More than the long suits of a thousand could:
Though he be sour, he's quick; I must not trust him.—
Sir, this lady is not to speak with you;
She is more serious. You smell as if 60
You were new calk'd: go, and be handsome, and then
You may sit with her serving-men.
E. Love. What are you, sir?

46 *to speak here*] QQ1, 2, 3, F., Dyce: the rest *here to speak*.
47 *so gentle*] Alluding to her complaisance to Welford. Compare l. 54 below.
56 *This fellow, with his bluntness*, etc.] There is not much point in the comparison, made by Colman's edition, with Cornwall's lines on insolence in the guise of honesty, *King Lear*, II. ii. 96,

"This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness," etc.

61 *calk'd*] QQ2—6, F. correcting *ralkt*, the misprint of Q1. Eds. 8, 10, *chalkt*. Welford alludes to "the strong pitch-perfume" of the disguised Loveless.
62 *her*] Q6, Eds. 8, 10, *the*.

Wel. Guess by my outside.
E. Love. Then I take you, sir,
For some new silken thing, wean'd from the country,
That shall, when you come to keep good company, 65
Be beaten into better manners.—Pray,
Good proud gentlewoman, help me to your mistress.
Abig. How many lives hast thou, that thou talk'st thus rudely?
E. Love. But one, one; I am neither cat nor woman.
Wel. And will that one life, sir, maintain you ever 70
In such bold sauciness?
E. Love. Yes, amongst a nation of such men as you are,
And be no worse for wearing.—Shall I speak
With this lady?
Abig. No, by my troth, shall you not.
E. Love. I must stay here, then.
Wel. That you shall not, neither. 75
E. Love. Good fine thing, tell me why?
Wel. Good angry thing, I'll tell you:
This is no place for such companions;
Such lousy gentlemen shall find their business
Better i' the suburbs; there your strong pitch-perfume,
Mingled with lees of ale, shall reek in fashion: 80
This is no Thames-street, sir.
Abig. This gentleman informs you truly;
Prithee, be satisfied, and seek the suburbs:
Good captain, or whatever title else
The warlike eel-boats have bestow'd upon thee, 85
Go and reform thyself; prithee, be sweeter;
And know my lady speaks with no such swabbers.
E. Love. You cannot talk me out with your tradition
Of wit you pick from plays; go to, I have found ye.—
And for you, tender sir, whose gentle blood 90

63 *Guess*] To this word Q6, Eds. 8, 10 prefix *Troth*.
68 Abig. *How many lives*, etc.] The Editors of 1778 needlessly transfer this speech to Welford.
77 *companions*] i. e. fellows (Weber). In *Julius Cæsar*, IV. iii. 136, Brutus addresses the intruding Poet with "Companion, hence."
87 *such*] Omitted in F.
89 *wit you pick from plays*] The play in Loveless' mind is *Twelfth Night*, I. v. 189 sqq., where the general situation and the talk between Maria and Viola is much the same.
90 *tender sir, whose gentle blood*] So all QQ except Q3, *Sir tender*, etc. F. *And for you, sir, whose tender gentle blood*, followed by Theobald alone.

Runs in your nose, and makes you snuff at all
But three-piled people, I do let you know,
He that begot your worship's satin suit,
Can make no men, sir: I will see this lady,
And, with the reverence of your silkenship, 95
In these old ornaments.
Wel. You will not, sure?
E. Love. Sure, sir, I shall.
Abig. You would be beaten out?
E. Love. Indeed, I would not; or, if I would be beaten,
Pray, who shall beat me? this good gentleman
Looks as he were o' the peace.
Wel. Sir, you shall see that. 100
Will you get you out?
E. Love. Yes; that, that shall correct
Your boy's tongue. Dare you fight? I will stay here still. [*They draw.*
Abig. Oh, their things are out!—Help, help, for God's sake!—
Madam!—Jesus! they foin at one another!—
Madam! why, who is within there? [*Exit.* 105

Enter LADY.

Lady. Who breeds this rudeness?
Wel. This uncivil fellow:
He says he comes from sea; where, I believe,
H'as purged away his manners.
Lady. What of him?
Wel. Why, he will rudely, without once "God bless you,"
Press to your privacies, and no denial 110
Must stand betwixt your person and his business:
I let go his ill language.
Lady. Sir, have you

92 *three-pil'd people*] i. e. persons who wear the finest velvet. In *Philaster*, V. iv. 15, the Captain haranguing the shopkeepers cries, "Up with your three-piled spirits, your wrought valours" (quoted by Dyce); but the present passage is better paralleled by "pink'd citizens" in *The Mad Lover*, IV. ii. 48, *i. e.* respectable folk in fine slashed doublets.

104 *foin*] thrust.

105 Exit] First supplied by Dyce. All the old eds. have *Enter Abigall to him* at line 310.

108 *What*] QQ1, 2: the rest, and modern edd. except Dyce, "Why *what*."

Business with me?
E. Love. Madam, some I have;
But not so serious to pawn my life for't.
If you keep this quarter, and maintain about you 115
Such Knights o' the Sun as this is, to defy
Men of employment to you, you may live;
But in what fame?
Lady. Pray, stay, sir: who has wrong'd you?
E. Love. Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly
He flung his wild words at me: but to you, 120
I think, he did no honour, to deny
The haste I come withal a passage to you,
Though I seem coarse.
Lady. Excuse me, gentle sir; 'twas from my knowledge,
And shall have no protection.—And to you, sir,— 125
You have shew'd more heat than wit, and from yourself
Have borrow'd power I never gave you here,
To do these vild unmanly things. My house
Is no blind street to swagger in; and my favours
Not doting yet on your unknown deserts 130
So far, that I should make you master of my business:
My credit yet stands fairer with the people
Than to be tried with swords; and they that come
To do me service must not think to win me
With hazard of a murder: if your love 135
Consist in fury, carry it to the camp,
And there, in honour of some common mistress,
Shorten your youth. I pray, be better temper'd;
And give me leave a while, sir.

115 *keep this quarter*] attitude, posture of defence.
116 *Knights o' the Sun*] A Spanish romance, the *Donzel del Phebo* ("donzel" being one professing arms but not yet knighted, Low Lat. *domicellus*), had been translated into English under the title of "The Mirrour of Knighthood . . . The Mirrour of Princely Deedes and Knighthood, wherein is shewed the worthinesse of the Knight of the Sunne and his brother Rosicleer," etc.; and is alluded to again in *Philaster*, V. iv. 59 (Dyce).
124 *from my knowledge*] *i. e.* out of my knowledge, unknown to me (Weber).
128 *vild*] i. e. vile. So all old eds. except Q1, Eds. 8, 10, *wilde*, and F. *vile*.
129 *blind street*] i. e. without a thoroughfare, so one where a harmless passenger could be assailed with less chance of interruption.
133 *come*] Q6 *comes*.
134 *to do me service*] viz. as lovers.

Wel. You must have it. [*Exit.*
Lady. Now, sir, your business? 140
E. Love. First, I thank you for schooling this young fellow,
Whom his own follies, which he's prone enough
Daily to fall into, if you but frown,
Shall level him a way to his repentance.
Next, I should rail at you; but you are a woman, 145
And anger's lost upon you.
Lady. Why at me, sir?
I never did you wrong; for, to my knowledge,
This is the first sight of you.
E. Love. You have done that,
I must confess, I have the least curse in,
Because the least acquaintance: but there be 150
(If there be honour in the minds of men)
Thousands, when they shall know what I deliver,
(As all good men must share in't), will to shame
Blast your black memory.
Lady. How is this, good sir?
E. Love. 'Tis that, that if you have a soul, will choke it: 155
You've kill'd a gentleman.
Lady. I kill'd a gentleman!
E. Love. You, and your cruelty, have kill'd him, woman!
And such a man (let me be angry in't)
Whose least worth weigh'd above all women's virtues
That are; I spare you all to come too: guess him now. 160
Lady. I am so innocent, I cannot, sir.
E. Love. Repent, you mean. You are a perfect woman,
And, as the first was, made for man's undoing.
Lady. Sir, you have miss'd your way; I am not she.
E. Love. Would he had miss'd his way too, though he had wander'd 165
Farther than women are ill-spoken of,

142 *he's*] So F. only. QQ1, 3, Simply *is;* QQ2, 4, 5, 6, Ed. 8, *are;* Ed. 10, *he is.* 146 *anger's*] Q1 alone *anger.*
149 *have the least curse in*] am least cursed by, suffer least by. Q6, Eds. 8, 10 weaken it to *least share in.*

So he had miss'd this misery,—you, lady!
Lady. How do you do, sir?
E. Love. Well enough, I hope,
While I can keep myself from such temptations.
Lady. Pray, leap into this matter; whither would you? 170
E. Love. You had a servant, that your peevishness
Enjoin'd to travel.
Lady. Such a one I have still,
And should be grieved it were otherwise.
E. Love. Then have your asking, and be grieved; he's dead!
How you will answer for his worth I know not; 175
But this I am sure, either he, or you, or both,
Were stark mad, else he might have lived to have given
A stronger testimony to the world
Of what he might have been. He was a man
I knew but in his evening; ten suns after, 180
Forced by a tyrant storm, our beaten bark
Bulged under us: in which sad parting blow
He call'd upon his saint, but not for life,
On you, unhappy woman; and, whilst all
Sought to preserve their souls, he desperately 185
Embraced a wave, crying to all that saw it,
"If any live, go to my Fate, that forced me
To this untimely end, and make her happy."
His name was Loveless; and I scaped the storm;
And now you have my business.
Lady. 'Tis too much. 190
Would I had been that storm! he had not perish'd.
If you'll rail now, I will forgive you, sir;
Or if you'll call in more, if any more
Come from this ruin, I shall justly suffer

167 *So he had miss'd this misery,—you, lady*] "The modern editors, strangely misunderstanding the line, print it thus:

So he had miss'd this misery. You, lady—" (Dyce).

169 *from such temptations*] QQ1, 2, Web., Dyce; QQ3, 4, 5, F., followed by Theobald and Colman, read, "out *from temptations*"; Q6 'out *from* temptation"; Eds. 8, 10 *from temptations*, omitting *out*.

170 *Pray*] Omitted in F. only.

170 *this*] QQ1, 2, 3, F., and mod. eds.: the rest *the*.

186 *saw*] QQ4—6, Eds. 8, 10, F.; QQ1, 2, 3, *see*.

194 *this*] QQ1, 2, 3, F., Dyce; the rest *his*.

What they can say: I do confess myself 195
A guilty cause in this. I would say more,
But grief is grown too great to be deliver'd.
E. Love. [*Aside.*] I like this well: these women are strange things.—
'Tis somewhat of the latest now to weep;
You should have wept when he was going from you, 200
And chain'd him with those tears at home.
Lady. Would you had told me then so! these two arms
Had been his sea.
E. Love. Trust me, you move me much: but say he lived,
These were forgotten things again.
Lady [*Aside.*] Ay, say you so? 205
Sure, I should know that voice: this is knavery;
I'll fit you for it.—[*Aloud.*] Were he living, sir,
I would persuade you to be charitable,
Ay, and confess we are not all so ill
As your opinion holds us. Oh, my friend, 210
What penance shall I pull upon my fault,
Upon my most unworthy self for this?
E. Love. Leave to love others; 'twas some jealousy
That turn'd him desperate.
Lady [*Aside.*] I'll be with you straight:
Are you wrung there?
E. Love. [*Aside.*] This works amain upon her. 215
Lady. I do confess there is a gentleman
Has borne me long good will.
E. Love. [*Aside.*] I do not like that.
Lady. And vow'd a thousand services to me;
To me, regardless of him: but since fate,
That no power can withstand, has taken from me 220
My first and best love, and to weep away
My youth is a mere folly, I will shew you
What I determine, sir; you shall know all.—

197 *But grief is grown too great to be deliver'd*] Theobald quotes "Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent" [Seneca, *Hippol.* 607] (Dyce).
205 *These were forgotten things again*] repentance would be forgotten in a return to your former cruelty. 210 *friend*] Q10 *friends.*
211 *pull*] QQ1, 2, 3, 4, F.; QQ5, 6, Eds. 8, 10 *put.*
213 *Leave to love others*] QQ1—4, Ed. 10, F.; QQ5, 6, Ed. 8, *Leave them to others.* 215 *amain*] So all, except QQ2, 3 *amine* and *a mine.*

Call Master Welford, there! [*To a Servant within.*]—
That gentleman
I mean to make the model of my fortunes, 225
And in his chaste embraces keep alive
The memory of my lost lovely Loveless:
He is somewhat like him too.
E. Love. Then you can love?
Lady. Yes, certain, sir:
Though it please you to think me hard and cruel, 230
I hope I shall persuade you otherwise.
E. Love. [*Aside.*] I have made myself a fine fool.

Re-enter WELFORD.

Wel. Would you have spoke with me, madam?
Lady. Yes, Master Welford; and I ask your pardon,
Before this gentleman, for being froward: 235
This kiss, and henceforth more affection.
[*Kisses* WELFORD.
E. Love. [*Aside.*] So; it is better I were drown'd indeed.
Wel. [*Aside.*] This is a sudden passion; God hold it!
This fellow, out of his fear, sure, has
Persuaded her: I'll give him a new suit on't. 240
Lady. A parting kiss; and, good sir, let me pray you
[*Kisses* WELFORD *again.*
To wait me in the gallery.
Wel. I am in
Another world! Madam, where you please. [*Exit.*
E. Love. [*Aside.*] I will to sea,
And 't shall go hard but I'll be drown'd indeed.
Lady. Now, sir, you see I am no such hard creature 245
But time may win me.
E. Love. You have forgot your lost love?
Lady. Alas, sir, what would you have me do?
I cannot call him back again with sorrow:

225 *make the model of my fortunes*] i.e. let his fortunes mould my own, share his fortunes.
229 *certain*] QQ1, 2, Dyce; the rest *certainly*.
233 *spoke*] QQ1—4, F., Theo., Dyce; all other eds. *spoken*.
238 *This is a sudden passion*, etc.] "I think it right to notice that such is the metrical arrangement of this speech in every one of the old eds." (Dyce).
245 *hard*] QQ1, 2, 3, F.; the rest *hard-hearted*, followed by Colman alone among the modern editors.

I'll love this man as dearly; and, beshrow me,
I'll keep him far enough from sea. And 'twas told me, 250
Now I remember me, by an old wise woman,
That my first love should be drown'd; and see, 'tis come about.

E. Love. [*Aside.*] I would she had told you your second should be hang'd too,
And let that come about!—[*Aloud.*] But this is very strange.

Lady. Faith, sir, consider all, and then I know 255
You'll be of my mind: if weeping would redeeem him,
I would weep still.

E. Love. But, say, that I were Loveless,
And scaped the storm; how would you answer this?

Lady. Why, for that gentleman I would leave all
The world.

E. Love. This young thing too?

Lady. That young thing too, 260
Or any young thing else: why, I would lose my state.

E. Love. Why, then, he lives still; I am he, your Loveless. [*Throws off his disguise.*

Lady. Alas, I knew it, sir, and for that purpose
Prepared this pageant! Get you to your task,
And leave these players' tricks, or I shall leave you; 265
Indeed, I shall. Travel, or know me not.

E. Love. Will you then marry?

Lady. I will not promise: take your choice. Farewell.

E. Love. [*Aside.*] There is no other purgatory but a woman.
I must do something. [*Exit.*

Re-enter WELFORD.

Wel. Mistress, I am bold. 270

Lady. You are, indeed.

Wel. You have so overjoy'd me, lady!

Lady. Take heed, you surfeit not; pray, fast and welcome.

Wel. By this light, you love me extremely.

260 *That*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with Q6, *This*.
261 *state*] i.e. estate.
271 *have*] Only found in Q1, and omitted by Theobald and Colman.

Lady. By this, and to-morrow's light, I care not for you.

Wel. Come, come, you cannot hide it. 275

Lady. Indeed I can, where you shall never find it.

Wel. I like this mirth well, lady.

Lady. You shall have more on't.

Wel. I must kiss you.

Lady. No, sir.

Wel. Indeed, I must.

Lady. What must be, must be. [*He kisses her.*] I will take my leave:

You have your parting blow. I pray, commend me 280
To those few friends you have, that sent you hither,
And tell them, when you travel next, 'twere fit
You brought less bravery with you and more wit;
You'll never get a wife else.

Wel. Are you in earnest?

Lady. Yes, faith. Will you eat, sir? your horses 285 will be ready straight: you shall have a napkin laid in the buttery for you.

Wel. Do not you love me, then?

Lady. Yes, for that face.

Wel. It is a good one, lady. 290

Lady. Yes, if it were not warpt; the fire in time may mend it.

Wel. Methinks, yours is none of the best, lady.

Lady. No, by my troth, sir; yet o' my conscience, you could make shift with it. 295

Wel. Come, pray, no more of this.

Lady. I will not: fare you well.—Ho! who's within there? Bring out the gentleman's horses; he's in haste; and set some cold meat on the table.

Wel. I have too much of that, I thank you, lady: 300 take your chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you, lady.

Lady. Farewell, young man. [*Exit.*

291 *warpt; the fire*, etc.] The explanation is to be found in the contemporary use of *face* for the façade of a house. Cf. Ezekiel xli. 14, "the breadth of the face of the house." They were often of wood, richly carved. Welford's face she says is only fit for burning, which will one day no doubt be its fate!

295 *could*] Q1, Dyce: the rest *would*.

301 *take your*] Colman and Weber needlessly inserted *to*.

Wel. You have made me one. Farewell; and may the curse of a great house fall upon thee,—I mean, the butler! The devil and all his works are in these women. Would all of my sex were of my mind! I would make 'em a new Lent, and a long one, that flesh might be in more reverence with them.

Re-enter ABIGAIL.

Abig. I am sorry, Master Welford——
Wel. So am I, that you are here.
Abig. How does my lady use you?
Wel. As I would use you, scurvily.
Abig. I should have been more kind, sir.
Wel. I should have been undone then. Pray, leave me,
And look to your sweet-meats. Hark, your lady calls.
Abig. Sir, I shall borrow so much time, without offending.
Wel. You're nothing but offence; for God's love, leave me.
Abig. 'Tis strange, my lady should be such a tyrant.
Wel. To send you to me. Pray, go stitch; good, do:
You are more trouble to me than a term.
Abig. I do not know how my good will,—if I said love, I lied not—should any way deserve this.
Wel. A thousand ways, a thousand ways. Sweet creature,
Let me depart in peace.
Abig. What creature, sir? I hope I am a woman.
Wel. A hundred, I think, by your noise.
Abig. Since you are angry, sir, I am bold to tell you that I am a woman, and a rib—
Wel. Of a roasted horse.

304 *You have made me one*] i. e. You have made me a young man—a dupe, a gull (Dyce).

317 *offending*] QQ1, 2, followed by Weber and Dyce. All other eds. *offence*.

330 *roasted horse*] therefore tough and old; but it is equivalent to a yet coarser term. In IV. i. 166, the Lady recommends the abusive Loveless to go

"to the suburbs;
There's horseflesh for such hounds;"

and cf. Y. Loveless, V. iv. 188.

Abig. Conster me that.

Wel. A dog can do it better. Farewell, Countess; and commend me to your lady; tell her she's proud and scurvy: and so I commit you both to your tempter. 335

Abig. Sweet Master Welford!

Wel. Avoid, old Satanas! Go daub your ruins;
Your face looks fouler than a storm:
The footman stays you in the lobby, lady.

Abig. If you were a gentleman, I should know it by 340 your gentle conditions. Are these fit words to give a gentlewoman?

Wel. As fit as they were made for you.—
Sirrah, my horses!—Farewell, old adage!
Keep your nose warm; the rheum will make it horn else. [*Exit.* 345

Abig. The blessings of a prodigal young heir
Be thy companions, Welford! Marry, come up, my gentleman,
Are your gums grown so tender they cannot bite?
A skittish filly will be your fortune, Welford,
And fair enough for such a pack-saddle: 350
And I doubt not, if my aim hold,
To see her made to amble to your hand. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A room in the house of the ELDER LOVELESS.

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS, Captain, Poet, MORECRAFT, Widow *and* SAVIL.

Capt. Save thy brave shoulder, my young puissant knight!

331 *Conster*] cf. *Philaster*, II. i., *apt to conster*, i.e. construe, which modern edd. except Dyce print here. Also in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, I. iii.

339 *stays you*] Theobald gave, with folio 1679, "*stays* for *you*" (Dyce).

341 *conditions*] i.e. qualities, dispositions, habits.

350 *pack-saddle*] one made to be loaded.

351 *if my aim hold*] Her aim must be to work upon Martha's inclination, and bring about a match which will be a bad one for Welford.

SCENE II.] First printed as verse by Theo., whose arrangement is followed by Dyce and by ourselves, with a few exceptions noted in their place.

And may thy back-sword bite them to the bone
That love thee not! Thou art an errant man;
Go on; the circumcised shall fall by thee:
Let land and labour fill the man that tills; 5
Thy sword must be thy plough; and Jove it speed!
Mecca shall sweat, and Mahomet shall fall,
And thy dear name fill up his monument.
Y. Love. It shall, Captain; I mean to be a worthy.
Capt. One worthy is too little; thou shalt be all. 10
More. Captain, I shall deserve some of your love too.
Capt. Thou shalt have heart and hand too, noble Morecraft,
If thou wilt lend me money.
I am a man of garrison; be ruled,
And open to me those infernal gates, 15
Whence none of thy evil angels pass again,
And I will style thee noble, nay, Don Diego;
I'll woo thy infanta for thee, and my knight
Shall feast her with high meats, and make her apt.
More. Pardon me, Captain, you're beside my meaning. 20
Y. Love. No, Master Morecraft, 'tis the Captain's meaning,
I should prepare her for you.
Capt. Or provoke her.
Speak, my modern man; I say, provoke her.
Poet. Captain, I say so too; or stir her to it:
So say the critics. 25

3 *an errant man*] i. e. a knight-errant; fit to combat Jews or Saracens.

9 *a worthy*] like the crusading Godfrey de Bouillon. Arthur and Charlemagne were the other two Christian Worthies.

15 *infernal gates*] i. e. his purse-strings, closed as fast as the gates of hell upon the lost.

16 *evil angels*] *evil* because ill-earned. An angel was worth about ten shillings (Dyce).

17 *Don Diego*] Dyce refers to *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt*, 1607, included in his edition of Webster: "There came but one Dondego into England and he made all Paul's stink again." Compare *Maid in the Mill*, II. ii., "Oh Diego! the Don was not so sweet when he perfumed the steeple"; also *Captain*, III. iv.; *Love's Cure*, III. i. 2, and IV. ii. 6. This tiresome person's disgusting achievement seems to have appealed irresistibly to the Elizabethans. It is recounted, says Dyce, in a letter among the Cottonian MSS. written about the beginning of 1597.

23 *modern*] ordinary, poor creature; an epithet applied to the Poet in II. ii. 4, where see note.

24—56 *Captain, I . . . saved yet*] First arranged as verse by Col.

25 *say*] Q6, Eds. 8, 10, F.; QQ1—5 *saies*.

Y. Love. But howsoever you expound it, sir,
She's very welcome ; and this shall serve for witness.—
And, widow, since you're come so happily, [*Kisses* Wid.
You shall deliver up the keys, and free
Possession of this house, whilst I stand by 30
To ratify.
Wid. I had rather give it back again, believe me ;
'Tis a misery to say, you had it. Take heed.
Y. Love. 'Tis past that, widow. Come, sit down.—
Some wine there!—
There is a scurvy banquet, if we had it.— 35
All this fair house is yours, sir. [*To* MORECRAFT.]—
Savil!
Sav. Yes, sir.
Y. Love. Are your keys ready? I must ease your burden.
Sav. I am ready, sir, to be undone, when you
Shall call me to 't.
Y. Love. Come, come, thou shalt live better.
Sav. [*Aside.*] I shall have less to do, that's all : 40
There's half-a-dozen of my friends i' the fields,
Sunning against a bank, with half a breech
Among 'em ; I shall be with 'em shortly.—
The care and continual vexation
Of being rich, eat up this rascal! 45
What shall become of my poor family?
They are no sheep, and they must keep themselves.
Y. Love. Drink, Master Morecraft. Pray, be merry all.
Nay, an you will not drink, there's no society.
Captain, speak loud, and drink.—Widow, a word. 50
[*Retires with* Widow.
Capt. Expound her thoroughly, knight.—
Here, god o' gold, here's to thy fair possessions!
Be a baron, and a bold one ;
Leave off your tickling of young heirs like trouts,
And let thy chimneys smoke ; feed men of war ; 55
Live, and be honest, and be saved yet.

36 *All this fair house is yours, sir*] Col. and Web. followed QQ6, 8, 10 in printing "Mr. Morecraft," before these words.
47 *and they*] Q6, Eds. 8, 10 *and yet they*, which led Col. and Web. to read *yet they*.

More. I thank you, worthy Captain, for your counsel,
You keep your chimneys smoking there, your nostrils;
And, when you can, you feed a man of war:
This makes you not a baron, but a bare one; 60
And how or when you shall be saved, let
The clerk o' the company you have commanded
Have a just care of.

Poet. The man is much moved. Be not angry, sir;
But, as the poet sings, let your displeasure 65
Be a short fury, and go out. You have spoke home,
And bitterly to him, sir.—Captain, take truce;
The miser is a tart and a witty whoreson.

Capt. Poet, you feign, perdie: the wit of this man
Lies in his fingers' ends; he must tell all; 70
His tongue fills but his mouth like a neat's tongue,
And only serves to lick his hungry chaps
After a purchase: his brains and brimstone are
The devil's diet to a fat usurer's head.—
To her, knight, to her! clap her aboard, and stow her.— 75
Where's the brave steward?

Sav. Here's your poor friend and Savil, sir.

Capt. Away, thou 'rt rich in ornaments of nature:
First, in thy face; thou hast a serious face,
A betting, bargaining, and saving face,
A rich face,—pawn it to the usurer,— 80

62 *The clerk o' the company*, etc.] i. e. the chaplain of that mythical force. QQ1—6, F. print *you have commanded* between parentheses.

64 *is much*] The two earliest 4tos have *is much is much.*

65 *as the poet sings*, etc.] Theo. quotes
"Ira furor brevis est."—Horace [*Ep.* I. 2, 62].

67 *him*] Mason's correction, which Web. and Dyce adopted; QQ1—5, F. *to me, sir?* Q6, Eds. 8, 10 *to me Sir*, followed by Theo. and Col., who observes, "We are inclined to believe that this one speech was intended for three, and that the Captain should have the words 'You have spoke home, and bitterly to me, Sir.' Mr. Seward (Postscript to vol. i. ed. 1750) would read 'And bitterly *too, miser*'" (Dyce).

69 *perdie*] i. e. *par dieu*, verily (Dyce).

70 *tell*] i. e. count, reckon (Dyce).

71 *but*] Omitted in all but QQ1, 2, and by the modern edd. except Dyce, but required. He can make no more use of his tongue than an ox.

74 *The devil's diet*] i. e. his brains are only given him to serve as a savoury adjunct when the devil comes to dine off his head.

76 *friend and Savil*] Seward (Postscript to vol. i. ed. 1750) proposed to read *friend and* servant, *Savil;* which was adopted by the Editors of 1778.

77 *ornaments*] QQ1—5, F.; Q6, Ed. 8 *tenements*, which Seward in his Postscript to this play pronounced "a word of much more humour and propriety," and which Col. printed. Ed. 10 *tenement.*

A face to kindle the compassion
Of the most ignorant and frozen justice.
Sav. 'Tis such, I dare not show it shortly, sir.
Capt. Be blithe and bonny, steward.—Master More-
craft,
Drink to this man of reckoning.
More. [*drinks.*] Here's e'en to him. 85
Sav. [*Aside.*] The devil guide it downward! would
there were in 't
An acre of the great broom-field he bought,
To sweep your dirty conscience, or to choke you!
'Tis all one to me, usurer.
Y. Love. [*to* Widow.] Consider what I told you; you
are young, 90
Unapt for worldly business. Is it fit,
One of such tenderness, so delicate,
So contrary to things of care, should stir,
And break her better meditations,
In the bare brokage of a brace of angels? 95
Or a new kirtle, though it be of satin?
Eat by the hope of forfeits, and lie down
Only in expectation of a morrow,
That may undo some easy-hearted fool,
Or reach a widow's curses? let out money, 100
Whose use returns the principal? and get,
Out of these troubles, a consuming heir;
For such a one must follow necessarily?
You shall die hated, if not old and miserable;
And that possess'd wealth, that you got with pining, 105
Live to see tumbled to another's hands,
That is no more a-kin to you than you
To his cozenage.
Wid. Sir, you speak well: would God, that charity

83 *I dare not shew*] Q6, Eds. 8, 10 *I shall not dare to shew*, etc.

87 *the great broom-field she bought*] Q2 alone reads *brought*. The devil's purchase of a broom-field (a plant sometimes used for besoms, whence their other name) must have been with a view to the proper provision of witches; or *he* may refer to E. Love.

95 *brokage*] in the sense of bribe. Hunter's *Encyclopædic Dictionary* quotes Lambarde's *Eirenarcha*, ch. vi., "None shall be made justice of the peace for any gift, brocage, favour or affection." Angel equals about 10*s*.

96 *of*] Omitted in all old eds. except QQ1, 2.

97 *forfeits*] Web. accepted this correction, proposed by Mason in his Commentaries, for *surfeits*, the reading of all the old eds. and of Theo. and Col., pointing out how easily the long *ſ* might be substituted for the original *f*.

Had first begun here!
Y. Love. 'Tis yet time.—Be merry! 110
Methinks, you want wine there; there's more i' the house.
Captain, where rests the health?
Capt. It shall go round, boy.
Y. Love. [*to* Widow.] Say, you can suffer this, because the end
Points at much profit,—can you so far bow
Below your blood, below your too-much beauty, 115
To be a partner of this fellow's bed,
And lie with his diseases? If you can,
I will not press you further. Yet look upon him:
There's nothing in that hide-bound usurer,
That man of mat, that all-decay'd, but aches, 120
For you to love, unless his perish'd lungs,
His dry cough, or his scurvy; this is truth,
And so far I dare speak it: he has yet,
Past cure of physic, spaw, or any diet,
A primitive pox in his bones; and, o' my knowledge, 125
He has been ten times rowell'd;—you may love him;—
He had a bastard, his own toward issue,
Whipp'd and then cropp'd,
For washing out the roses in three farthings,
To make 'em pence.

113 *you can*] Altered by Col. and Web. to *can you.*

120 *man of mat*] i. e. of straw or rush, without solidity.

123 *it*] Col.'s correction for *yet* of all the old eds. (except Ed. 10 *it*) and of Theo., a mistake for *yt*, or by confusion with the following *yet*.

124 *spaw*] General term, already, from the mineral springs of Spa in Belgium. Cf. Basse, *Ecl.* V.

"Famous Spaw
That lineally from stock of precious mines
Derives himself."

and *Faerie Queene*, I. ii. 30, "The German Spau."

126 *rowell'd*] i. e. had a seton applied, a surgical method of producing an artificial issue. 128 *cropp'd*] i. e. his ears cut off.

129 *washing out the roses in three farthings, To make 'em pence*] Hawkins' *Silver Coins of England*, p. 299, records the issue in 1561 of pieces of threepence, three-halfpence, and three-farthings; the last-named having never been coined in any reign before or since. All three coins were discontinued in 1582. The illustration (Pl. xxxvi. No. 458) of a three-farthing piece of 1563 is almost identical in size with the penny of James I. (Pl. xxxvii. No. 463), but has not, on either obv. or rev., the rose that often marked the Tudor coins. Neither is it found on the three-farthings of 1561 (Pl. xxxv. No. 449), but may have appeared on some of those issued before 1582.

Wid. I do not like these morals. 130
Y. Love. You must not like him, then.

Enter ELDER LOVELESS.

E. Love. By your leave, gentlemen.
Y. Love. By my troth, sir, you are welcome; welcome, faith.
Lord, what a stranger you are grown! Pray, know
This gentlewoman; and, if you please, these friends here.
We are merry; you see the worst on's; 135
Your house has been kept warm, sir.
E. Love. I am glad
To hear it, brother; pray God, you are wise too!
Y. Love. Pray, Master Morecraft, know my elder brother;—
And, Captain, do your compliment.—Savil,
I dare swear, is glad at heart to see you. 140
Lord, we heard, sir, you were drown'd at sea,
And see how luckily things come about!
More. This money must be paid again, sir.
Y. Love. No, sir;
Pray, keep the sale; 'twill make good tailors' measures:
I am well, I thank you.
Wid. [*Aside.*] By my troth, the gentleman 145
Has stew'd him in his own sauce; I shall love him for't.
Sav. I know not where I am, I am so glad!
Your worship is the welcom'st man alive:
Upon my knees I bid you welcome home.
Here has been such a hurry, such a din, 150
Such dismal drinking, swearing, and whoring,
'T has almost made me mad:
We have all lived in a continual Turnball-street.

131—146 *By your leave . . . love him for't*] This passage, and a few lines in the preceding and following, were first printed as verse by Col.

136 *warm . . . wise too*] Theo. cites a proverbial expression, "If you are *wise*, keep yourself *warm*," and illustrates by *Much Ado*, I. i. 69, "Wit enough to keep himself warm;" and *Taming of the Shrew*, II. 268, "Am I not wise? Yes, keep you warm." He might have added *Lear*, III. iv. 81, "This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen."

139 *your*] Q1 only: the rest *do you complement*.

143 *paid again*] Q6, Eds. 8, 10 read *paid back again*.

144 *sale*] deed of sale.

153 *all*] Omitted in Q6, Eds. 8, 10.

153 *Turnball-street*] A place for brothels, really Turnmill Street, in Clerken-

Sir, blest be heaven, that sent you safe again!
Now shall I eat, and go to bed again. 155
E. Love. Brother, dismiss these people.
Y. Love. Captain, be gone a while;
Meet me at my old rendezvous in the evening;
Take your small poet with you.
[*Exeunt* Captain *and* Poet.
Master Morecraft,
You were best go prattle with your learned counsel;
I shall preserve your money: I was cozen'd 160
When time was; we are quit, sir.
Wid. [*Aside.*] Better and better still.
E. Love. What is this fellow, brother?
Y. Love. The thirsty usurer
That supp'd my land off.
E. Love. What does he tarry for?
Y. Love. Sir, to be landlord of your house and state:
I was bold to make a little sale, sir. 165
More. Am I over-reach'd? If there be law, I'll hamper ye.
E. Love. Prithee, be gone, and rail at home; thou art
So base a fool, I cannot laugh at thee.
Sirrah, this comes of cozening: home, and spare;
Eat raddish till you raise your sums again. 170
If you stir far in this, I'll have you whipp'd,
Your ears nail'd for intelligencing o' the pillory,
And your goods forfeit. You are a stale cozener:
Leave my house. No more!
More. A pox upon your house!
Come, widow; I shall yet hamper this young gamester. 175

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well. Dyce compares *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, III. iv., "her friends in Turnbull Street." Cf. Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, II. ii., "A kind gentlewoman in Turnbull Street." The name was variously written. Nash in *Pierce Pennilesse* commends the sisters of Turnbull Street to the patronage of the Devil (Colman).

156—161 *Brother, dismiss . . . quit, sir*] First as verse by Dyce.

157 *rendezvous*] QQ1, 2, 3 *Randenouse:* QQ4, 5, 6, *F. Randvouze* or *Randevouse:* Eds. 8, 10, *Rendezvouz.*

164 *Sir*] Omitted in Q6, Eds. 8, 10.

167 *rail*] So Q1. The rest *rave.*

172—204 *Your ears nail'd . . . pray, mend it*] First as verse by Colman.

172 *intelligencing*] giving false and defamatory informations.

172 *o' the*] i. e. on the, QQ1—3, F. and moderns; the rest *to the.*

Wid. Good twelve i' the hundred, keep your way, I am not
For your diet: marry in your own tribe, Jew,
And get a broker.
Y. Love. 'Tis well said, widow.—Will you jog on, sir?
More. Yes, I will go; but 'tis no matter whither: 180
But when I trust a wild fool, and a woman,
May I lend gratis, and build hospitals! [*Exit.*
Y. Love. Nay, good sir, make all even:
Here is a widow wants your good word for me;
She's rich, and may renew me and my fortunes. 185
E. Love. I am glad you look before you.—Gentlewoman,
Here is a poor distressed younger brother.
Wid. You do him wrong, sir; he's a knight.
E. Love. I ask you mercy: yet, 'tis no matter;
His knighthood is no inheritance, I take it: 190
Whatsoever he is, he's your servant, or would be, lady.
Faith, be not merciless, but make a man:
He's young and handsome, though he be my brother,
And his observances may deserve your love;
He shall not fail for means. 195
Wid. Sir, you speak like a worthy brother:
And so much I do credit your fair language,
That I shall love your brother; and so love him—
But I shall blush to say more.
E. Love. Stop her mouth. [Y. LOVE. *kisses her.*
I hope you shall not live to know that hour, 200
When this shall be repented.—Now, brother, I should chide;
But I'll give no distaste to your fair mistress.
I will instruct her in 't, and she shall do 't:
You have been wild and ignorant; pray, mend it.
Y. Love. Sir, every day, now spring comes on. 205
E. Love. To you, good Master Savil, and your office,

194 *observances*] So all, but Ed. 10 *observations*: altered by Colman and Web. to *observance*.

195 *fail*] F., followed by Theo., Web., and Dyce. All the QQ. *fall*, followed by Colman.

205 *now spring comes on*] When ground left wild and barren through the winter is brought under cultivation again.

Thus much I have to say. You're, from my steward,
Become, first your own drunkard, then his bawd;
They say, you're excellent grown in both, and perfect:
Give me your keys, Sir Savil. 210

Sav. Good sir, consider whom you left me to.

E. Love. I left you as a curb for, not to provoke,
My brother's follies. Where's the best drink, now!
Come, tell me, Savil, where's the soundest whores?
You old he-goat, you dried ape, you lame stallion, 215
Must you be leaping in my house? your whores,
Like fairies, dance their night-rounds, without fear
Either of king or constable, within my walls?
Are all my hangings safe? my sheep unsold yet?
I hope my plate is current; I ha' too much on 't. 220
What say you to three hundred pounds in drink now?

Sav. Good sir, forgive me, and but hear me speak.

E. Love. Methinks, thou shouldst be drunk still, and not speak;
'Tis the more pardonable.

Sav. I will, sir, if you will have it so.

E. Love. I thank you: yes, e'en pursue it, sir. Do you hear? 225
Get a whore soon for your recreation;
Go look out Captain Broken-breech, your fellow,
And quarrel, if you dare. I shall deliver
These keys to one shall have more honesty,
Though not so much fine wit, sir. You may walk, 230
And gather cresses, sir, to cool your liver;
There's something for you to begin a diet,
You'll have the pox else. Speed you well, Sir Savil!
You may eat at my house to preserve life;
But keep no fornications in the stables. 235

[*Exeunt* E. *and* Y. LOVELESS *and* Widow.

Sav. Now must I hang myself; my friends will look for 't.

216 *leaping*] Q6, Eds. 8, 10, Theo., Colman, and Dyce; the rest and Web. *leading*. Theo. cites *Philaster*, "He looks like an old surfeited *stallion* after his *leaping*." Cf. I. ii. of this play, "had a Flanders mare leap'd there."

226 *Get a*] The modern editors except Dyce print, for the metre, *Get you a*.

231 *sir*] Theobald printed, with folio 1679, *fit*.

235 *fornications*] QQ1—3. Other old eds. *fornication*.

Eating and sleeping, I do despise you both now :
I will run mad first, and, if that get not pity,
I'll drown myself to a most dismal ditty. [*Exit.*

238 *I will run mad . . . ditty*] Reed, noting the number of "satirical sneers" against Shakespeare in this play, says, "These concluding lines very plainly were intended to ridicule the catastrophe of Ophelia;" and Mason replies, very properly, that allusion or parody does not necessarily imply disparagement.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A room in the LADY'S *house.*

Enter ABIGAIL.

Abig. Alas, poor gentlewoman, to what a misery hath age brought thee, to what a scurvy fortune! Thou, that hast been a companion for noblemen, and, at the worst of those times, for gentlemen, now, like a broken serving-man, must beg for favour to those, that would have crawl'd, like pilgrims, to my chamber but for an apparition of me.

You that be coming on, make much of fifteen,
And so till five-and-twenty: use your time
With reverence, that your profits may arise;
It will not tarry with you; *ecce signum!*
Here was a face!
But Time, that like a surfeit eats our youth,
(Plague of his iron teeth, and draw 'em for 't!)
Has been a little bolder here than welcome;
And now, to say the truth, I am fit for no man.
Old men i' the house, of fifty, call me grannam;
And when they are drunk, e'en then when Joan and my lady
Are all one, not one will do me reason.
My little Levite hath forsaken me:
His silver sound of cittern quite abolish'd;
His doleful hymns under my chamber-window
Digested into tedious learning.

SCENE I.] The old eds. print the scene as prose, yet drop into verse wherever the dialogue is broken into quite short speeches. Theobald was undoubtedly right in versifying all but a few short sentences: yet Weber kept the whole dialogue between Roger and Abigail as prose, as well as the last twelve lines of the scene. We have generally followed Dyce's arrangement.

13 *Time, that like a surfeit eats*] i. e. that surfeits himself on our youth.

21 *cittern*] What we now call—guitar: see Hawkins's *Hist. of Music*, iv. 113 (Dyce).

Well, fool, you leapt a haddock when you left him:
He's a clean man, and a good edifier, 25
And twenty nobles is his state *de claro*,
Besides his pigs *in posse*.
To this good homilist I have been ever stubborn,
Which God forgive me for, and mend my manners!
And, Love, if ever thou hadst care of forty, 30
Of such a piece of lay ground, hear my prayer,
And fire his zeal so far forth, that my faults,
In this renew'd impression of my love,
May shew corrected to our gentle reader!

Enter ROGER.

[*Aside.*] See how neglectingly he passes by me! 35
With what an equipage canonical,
As though he had broke the heart of Bellarmin,
Or added something to the singing brethren!
'Tis scorn, I know it, and deserve it.—Master Roger——
Rog. Fair gentlewoman, my name is Roger. 40
Abig. Then, gentle Roger——
Rog. Ungentle Abigail!
Abig. Why, Master Roger, will you set your wit
To a weak woman's?
Rog. You are weak, indeed;

24 *leapt a haddock*] "There lept a whiting" occurs in Heywood's *Proverbes*, 1546 (p. 135 Sharman's Reprint). Ray's *Proverbs*, Ed. 1737, p. 215, gives, "To let leap a whiting, *i.e.* to let slip an opportunity." Abigail substitutes haddock as the better fish.

26 *nobles*] i. e. gold coins worth 6*s.* 8*d.* each.

26 *state* de claro] i. e. his net income, from private sources.

27 *pigs* in posse] i. e. tithe-pigs, when he gets a living.

31 *lay*] Sympson's correction for *lape* of the old eds., which is no doubt a misprint for *laye*. It means fallow, unploughed.

34 *gentle reader*] cf. "Your gentle reading," II. i. 38. The two passages suggest a clerical origin for this literary courtesy, and perhaps it bears the same sense in the Preface to Latimer's *Sermons* (1549)—"Receive thankfully, gentle reader, these sermons." Cp. *Elder Brother*, II. ii. 35—

"I will not have a scholar in my house
Above a gentle reader."

35 *neglectingly*] QQ1, 2: the rest *negligently*.

37 *broke*] QQ1, 2: the rest *broken*.

37 *Bellarmin*] Cardinal Robert Bellarmine (1542—1621), Archbishop of Capua and a Jesuit, who engaged in controversy with James I. after the Gunpowder Plot. The *Stationers' Register* contains entries of works against his writings under dates Jan. 18, 1599, Feb. 9, and Dec. 8, 1600.

38 *added something to the singing brethren*] Written a hymn for use in Puritan conventicles.

For so the poet sings.
Abig. I do confess
My weakness, sweet Sir Roger.
Rog. Good my lady's 45
Gentlewoman, or my good lady's gentlewoman,
(This trope is lost to you now,) leave your prating.
You have a season of your first mother in you:
And, surely, had the devil been in love,
He had been abused too. Go, Dalida; 50
You make men fools, and wear fig-breeches.
Abig. Well, well, hard-hearted man, dilate
Upon the weak infirmities of women;
These are fit texts: but once there was a time——
Would I had never seen those eyes, those eyes, 55
Those orient eyes!
Rog. Ay, they were pearls once with you.
Abig. Saving your reverence, sir, so they are still.
Rog. Nay, nay, I do beseech you, leave your cogging:
What they are, they are;
They serve me without spectacles, I thank 'em. 60
Abig. Oh, will you kill me?
Rog. I do not think I can;
You're like a copyhold, with nine lives in 't.
Abig. You were wont to bear a Christian fear about you:
For your own worship's sake——
Rog. I was a Christian fool then.
Do you remember what a dance you led me? 65
How I grew qualm'd in love, and was a dunce?
Could expound but once a quarter, and then was out too?
And then, at prayers once,
Out of the stinking stir you put me in,

50 *Dalida*] So the five earliest 4tos. Other eds. *Dalila* and *Dalilah;* and so the modern editors. The name is written *Dalida* by Chaucer (*Monkes Tale*, v. 14069, ed. Tyrwhitt), Skelton (*Why come ye nat to Courte*, v. 208, ed. Dyce), etc., etc., and occasionally by authors of a much later date (Dyce).
51 *wear fig-breeches*] i.e. to wear, etc. The date of the Breeches-Bible is 1579.
52 *dilate*] Q6, Eds. 8, 10 and Colman read *you may dilate.*
58 *cogging*] i. e. cheating, cajoling.
67 *Could expound*] Q6, Eds. 8, 10 and Colman, *Could* not *expound.*
68 *at prayers once*] Only in Q1 and restored by Web.

I pray'd for my own royal issue? You do 70
Remember all this?
Abig. Oh, be as then you were!
Rog. I thank you for it:
Surely, I will be wiser, Abigail;
And as the ethnick poet sings,
I will not lose my oil and labour too. 75
You're for the worshipful, I take it, Abigail.
Abig. Oh, take it so, and then I am for thee!
Rog. I like these tears well, and this humbling also;
They are symptoms of contrition, as a father saith.
If I should fall into my fit again, 80
Would you not shake me into a quotidian coxcomb?
Would you not use me scurvily again,
And give me possets with purging comfits in 't?
I tell thee, gentlewoman, thou hast been harder to me
Than a long chapter with a pedigree. 85
Abig. Oh, curate, cure me!
I will love thee better, dearer, longer:
I will do any thing; betray the secrets
Of the main household to thy reformation.
My lady shall look lovingly on thy learning; 90
And when true time shall 'point thee for a parson,
I will convert thy eggs to penny-custards,
And thy tithe-goose shall graze and multiply.
Rog. I am mollified,
As well shall testify this faithful kiss: 95
And have a great care, Mistress Abigail,

70 *I pray'd*] Ed. 10 inserts before this "instead of praying for the king."
70 *royal*] Only in QQ1, 6, Ed. 8.
74 *ethnick*] pagan, foreign. Cf. IV. ii. 39 and Ben Jonson's *King's Entertainment*—

"acting any *ethnick* rite
In this translated temple."

The poet is Plautus; Theo. quotes the line from the *Pænulus*—

"Tum pol ego et oleum et operam perdidi."

74 *poet sings*] A word has evidently dropped out. Gifford queries, "*poet* sweetly *sings*"? MS. note on Ed. 1778 (Dyce).
78 *this*] Q2 has *thus*.
79 *as a father saith*] Only in QQ1, 6, Eds. 8, 10: omitted by Theo.
81 *quotidian coxcomb*] A quotidian fever being one whose paroxysm returned daily, the word came to mean an excessive degree of anything. *As You Like It*, III. ii. 283, "the quotidian of love."
85 *chapter with a*] Omitted in all old eds. except QQ1, 6, Eds. 8, 10.
91 *true*] Q6, Eds. 8, 10 *due*, followed by Colman and Web. *For a parson*, i. e. to a parsonage.
96 *And*] Q6, Eds. 8, 10 read *But*, followed by Theo. and Colman.

How you depress the spirit any more
With your rebukes and mocks; for certainly
The edge of such a folly cuts itself.
Abig. Oh, sir, you have pierced me thorough! Here I vow 100
A recantation to those malicious faults
I ever did against you. Never more
Will I despise your learning; never more
Pin cards and cony-tails upon your cassock;
Never again reproach your reverend night-cap, 105
And call it by the mangy name of murrin;
Never your reverend person more, and say,
You look like one of Baal's priests in a hanging;
Never again, when you say grace, laugh at you,
Nor put you out at prayers; never cramp you more 110
With the great Book of Martyrs; nor, when you ride,
Get soap and thistles for you. No, my Roger,
These faults shall be corrected and amended,
As by the tenor of my tears appears.
Rog. Now cannot I hold, if I should be hang'd; I must cry too. 115
Come to thine own beloved, and do even
What thou wilt with me, sweet, sweet Abigail!
I am thine own for ever; here's my hand:
When Roger proves a recreant, hang him i' the bell-ropes!

106 *murrin*] i. e. morion, a steel cap or helmet, called *mangy*, from the resemblance of its sound to *murrain*, which Web. prints. Theo. and Colman *murrion*.

107 *your reverend person*] Before these words, the preceding "reproach" is to be understood.

108 *one of Baal's priests in a hanging*] i. e. probably the scene on Mt. Carmel in some series of tapestries illustrating the life of Elijah, as those at Hampton Court illustrate the life of Abraham. Cf. *The Noble Gentleman*, IV. iv. 71, "your hangings of Nebuchadnezzar." *In a hanging* is the reading of QQ2—5, F., followed by Theo. and Web. Q1 has *priests a hanging;* Q6, Ed. 8 *in the hanging;* Ed. 10 *in the hangings*.

111 *With the great Book of Martyrs*] Omitted in all the old eds. except QQ1, 6, Eds. 8, 10. It means that she will not crowd up his stall in the chapel with it.

112 *Get soap and thistles*] as remedies for soreness, implying that he could not ride. Cf. Basse's *Ninth Eclogue*—

"The holy-thistle quenches fever's rage."

115 *cry too*] We follow all the editors, without feeling certain that *cry to* in the sense of buckle to, the reading of QQ1, 2, is not better.

Enter LADY *and* MARTHA.

Lady. Why, how now, Master Roger, no prayers 120
down with you to-night? did you hear the bell ring?
You are courting; your flock shall fat well for it.
Rog. I humbly ask your pardon.—I'll clap up prayers,
But stay a little, and be with you again. [*Exit.*

Enter ELDER LOVELESS.

Lady. How dare you, being so unworthy a fellow, 125
Presume to come to move me any more?
E. Love. Ha, ha, ha!
Lady. What ails the fellow?
E. Love. The fellow comes to laugh at you.
I tell you, lady, I would not, for your land,
Be such a coxcomb, such a whining ass, 130
As you decreed me for when I was last here.
Lady. I joy to hear you are wise, sir; 'tis a rare jewel
In an elder brother: pray, be wiser yet.
E. Love. Methinks I am very wise: I do not come a-wooing;
Indeed, I'll move no more love to your ladyship. 135
Lady. What make you here, then?
E. Love. Only to see you, and be merry, lady;
That's all my business. Faith, let's be very merry.
Where's little Roger? he is a good fellow:
An hour or two, well spent in wholesome mirth, 140
Is worth a thousand of these puling passions.
'Tis an ill world for lovers.
Lady. They were never fewer.
E. Love. I thank God, there is one less for me, lady.
Lady. You were never any, sir.
E. Love. Till now; and now I am the prettiest fellow! 145
Lady. You talk like a tailor, sir.

121 *down with you*] i. e. in your memorandum book.
123 *clap*] QQ5, 6, Eds. 8, 10 *chop;* followed by Col.
132 *sir*] Only in QQ1, 2, Dyce.
136 *make*] QQ1—6, Ed. 8, Dyce: F., Ed. 10, Theo., Col., Web. *makes*, to which *what* would be subject.
145 *the prettiest fellow*] i. e. indifference to them is the way to win women.
146 *like a tailor*] i. e. absurdly.

E. Love. Methinks, your faces are no such fine things now.

Lady. Why did you tell me you were wise? Lord, what a lying age is this! Where will you mend these faces? 150

E. Love. A hog's face soused is worth a hundred of 'em.

Lady. Sure, you had some sow to your mother.

E. Love. She brought such fine white pigs as you, fit for none but parsons, lady.

Lady. 'Tis well you will allow us our clergy yet. 155

E. Love. That shall not save you. Oh, that I were in love again with a wish!

Lady. By this light, you are a scurvy fellow! pray, be gone.

E. Love. You know, I am a clean-skinn'd man. 160

Lady. Do I know it?

E. Love. Come, come, you would know it; that's as good: but not a snap, never long for 't, not a snap, dear lady.

Lady. Hark ye, sir, hark ye, get you to the suburbs; 165
There's horse-flesh for such hounds. Will you go, sir?

E. Love. Lord, how I loved this woman! how I worshipp'd
This pretty calf with the white face here! As I live,
You were the prettiest fool to play withal,
The wittiest little varlet! It would talk; 170
Lord, how it talk'd! and when I anger'd it,
It would cry out, and scratch, and eat no meat,
And it would say, "Go hang!"

151 *hog's face soused*] pig's cheek salted: "soused for ember-week," II. iii. 71.

152 *some*] QQ1, 2, Web., Dyce: the rest *a*.

153 *brought such*] QQ5, 6, Eds. 8, 10 have *brought forth such*, which is the meaning in any case, i. e. *your* mother was the sow, and you a tithe-pig too good or precise for any but religious uses.

156 *shall*] QQ5, 6, Eds. 8, 10 *will*.

156 *Oh, that I were . . . wish*] i. e. I 'ld come to the rescue if I could revive that passing fancy I had.

160 *clean-skinn'd*] Q5 (1639) alone reads *cleere-skinn'd*.

165 *suburbs*] the resort of harlots. Cf. *Hum. Lieut.*, I. i. 67; *Wom. Prize*, IV. v. 47.

166 *horse-flesh for such hounds*] Same sense as in III. i. 330; where Welford abuses Abigail as "roasted horse" fit for a dog, and again V. iv. 188.

Lady. It will say so still, if you anger it.
E. Love. And when I ask'd it, if it would be married, 175
It sent me of an errand into France;
And would abuse me, and be glad it did so.
Lady. Sir, this is most unmanly; pray, be gone.
E. Love. And swear (even when it twitter'd to be at me)
I was unhandsome.
Lady. Have you no manners in you? 180
E. Love. And say my back was melted, when, the gods know,
I kept it at a charge,—four Flanders mares
Would have been easier to me, and a fencer.
Lady. You think all this is true now?
E. Love. Faith, whether it be or no, 'tis too good for you. 185
But so much for our mirth: now have at you in earnest.
Lady. There is enough, sir; I desire no more.
E. Love. Yes, faith, we'll have a cast at your best parts now;
And then the devil take the worst!
Lady. Pray, sir, no more; I am not much affected 190
With your commendations. 'Tis almost dinner:
I know they stay you at the ordinary.
E. Love. E'en a short grace, and then I am gone. You are
A woman, and the proudest that ever loved a coach;
The scornfullest, scurviest, and most senseless woman; 195
The greediest to be praised, and never moved,
Though it be gross and open; the most envious,
That, at the poor fame of another's face,
Would eat your own, and more than is your own,
The paint belonging to it; of such a self-opinion, 200

181 *back was melted*] Elizabethan sensitiveness on this head is abundantly illustrated in our authors. Cf. V. i. 18, Loveless' jealousy of "these steel-chined rascals," carters and coachmen.

181 *the gods know*] Web.'s correction of the reading of Q1 *the gods knowes*. Q2 reads *the God knowes*; Q3 *God the knowes*; QQ4, 5, F., followed by Theo., *God he knowes*; Q6, Eds. 8, 10, Col. *when heaven knowes*.

183 *a fencer*] Allusion to the double sense of *leaping* of I. ii. 89, "had a Flanders mare leapt there."

190 *not much*] Q1, Web., Dyce: the rest *not so much*.

192 *stay you*] QQ1, 2, 3, Web., Dyce: the rest *stay for you*.

That you think no one can deserve your glove;
And for your malice, you are so excellent,
You might have been your tempter's tutor. Nay,
Never cry.
Lady. Your own heart knows you wrong me.
I cry for you!
E. Love. You shall, before I leave you. 205
Lady. Is all this spoke in earnest?
E. Love. Yes, and more,
As soon as I can get it out.
Lady. Well, out with 't.
E. Love. You are——let me see——
Lady. One that has used you with too much respect.
E. Love. One that hath used me, since you will have it so, 210
The basest, the most foot-boy-like, without respect
Of what I was, or what you might be by me;
You have used me as I would use a jade,
Ride him off 's legs, then turn him into the commons;
You have used me with discretion, and I thank you. 215
If you have many more such pretty servants,
Pray, build an hospital, and, when they are old,
Keep 'em, for shame.
Lady. I cannot think yet this is serious.
E. Love. Will you have more on 't!
Lady. No, faith, there's enough, 220
If it be true; too much, by all my part.
You are no lover, then?
E. Love. No, I had rather be a carrier.
Lady. Why, the gods amend all!
E. Love. Neither do I think
There can be such a fellow found i' the world,
To be in love with such a froward woman: 225
If there be such, they're mad; Jove comfort 'em!
Now you have all; and I as new a man,
As light and spirited, that I feel myself
Clean through another creature. Oh, 'tis brave

201 *no one*] Col.'s alteration *metri gratia* for *none* of the old eds.
214 *turn him into*] Q1, Web., Dyce. Q2 *turne in to.* The rest *turn him to.*
218 *Keep*] QQ1, 2, Theo., Dyce: the rest *Pray keep.*
222 *a carrier*] i. e. my burdens would be less.
227 *you have*] QQ1, 2, 3, F., Theo., Dyce: the rest *have you.*

To be one's own man! I can see you now 230
As I would see a picture; sit all day
By you, and never kiss your hand; hear you sing,
And never fall backward; but, with as set a temper
As I would hear a fiddler, rise and thank you:
I can now keep my money in my purse, 235
That still was gadding out for scarfs and waistcoats;
And keep my hand from mercers' sheep-skins finely:
I can eat mutton now, and feast myself
With my two shillings, and can see a play
For eighteen-pence again: I can, my lady. 240
Lady. [*Aside.*] The carriage of this fellow vexes me.—
Sir, pray, let me speak a little private with you.—
[*Aside.*] I must not suffer this.
E. Love. Ha, ha, ha! What would you with me?
You will not ravish me? Now, your set speech.
Lady. Thou perjured man!
E. Love. Ha, ha, ha! this is a fine 245
Exordium: and why, I pray you, perjured?
Lady. Did you not swear a thousand thousand times,
You loved me best of all things?
E. Love. I do confess it: make your best of that.
Lady. Why do you say you do not, then?
E. Love. Nay, I'll swear it, 250

233 *fall backward*] i. e. in an ecstasy.

236 *waistcoats*] A term usually associated with strumpets, *e. g.* in the *Woman-Hater*, II. ii., Francissima is the "waistcoat-waiter" of Julia the courtesan; but this stomacher or bodice was worn also by ladies, *e. g.* IV. ii. 14, applied by the Captain to the Widow.

237 *sheep-skins*] Still used for gloves.

240 *eighteen-pence*] Eds. 8, 10 (1691, 1695?) substitute *Half-a-Crown*. Collier (*Hist. Dram. Poet.*, iii. 347) quotes the epilogue to Mayne's *City Match*, 1639, and the prologue to Habington's *Queen of Arragon*, 1640, as evidence that at those dates *two shillings* was paid at the Blackfriars, "probably for the best places." The present passage by which he endeavours to support this, rather argues that more than eighteenpence was paid for the best places in 1609, though possibly not at the Blackfriars. Web. refers to *Wit without Money*, I. i., "extolled you in the half-crown boxes," where he quotes the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair* (1614), "it shall be lawful to any man to judge his sixpenny worth, his twelvepenny worth, so to his eighteenpenny, two shillings, half-a-crown, to the value of his place."

240 *I can, my lady*] Q6 followed by Theo. and Col. *I can, my lady, I can.* Eds. 8, 10 *I can, Madam, I can.*

And give sufficient reason,—your own usage.
Lady. Do you not love me now, then?
E. Love. No, faith.
Lady. Did you ever think I loved you dearly?
E. Love. Yes; but I see but rotten fruits on 't.
Lady. Do not deny your hand, for I must kiss it, 255
And take my last farewell. Now let me die,
So you be happy!
E. Love. I am too foolish.—Lady! speak, dear lady!
Lady. No, let me die. [*She swoons.*
Mar. Oh, my sister!
Abig. Oh, my lady! Help, help!
Mar. Run for some *rosa solis!* 260
E. Love. I have played the fine ass!—Bend her body.—Lady.
Best, dearest, worthiest lady, hear your servant!
I am not as I shew'd.—Oh, wretched fool,
To fling away the jewel of thy life thus!—
Give her more air. See, she begins to stir.— 265
Sweet mistress, hear me!
Lady. Is my servant well?
E. Love. In being yours, I am so.
Lady. Then I care not.
E. Love. How do you?—Reach a chair there.—I confess
My fault not pardonable, in pursuing thus,
Upon such tenderness, my wilful error; 270
But had I known it would have wrought thus with you,
Thus strangely, not the world had won me to it:
And let not, my best lady, any word,
Spoke to my end, disturb your quiet peace;
For sooner shall you know a general ruin 275
Than my faith broken. Do not doubt this, mistress;
For, by my life, I cannot live without you.
Come, come, you shall not grieve: rather be angry,
And heap infliction on me; I will suffer.
Oh, I could curse myself! Pray, smile upon me. 280
Upon my faith, it was but a trick to try you,

279 *infliction*] QQ1, 2, 3, F., Col., Web., Dyce: the rest *affliction*.

Knowing you loved me dearly, and yet strangely
That you would never shew it, though my means
Was all humility.
All. Ha, ha!
E. Love. How now?
Lady. I thank you, fine fool, for your most fine plot: 285
This was a subtle one, a stiff device
To have caught dotterels with. Good senseless sir,
Could you imagine I should swoon for you,
And know yourself to be an arrant ass,
Ay, a discover'd one? 'Tis quit; I thank you, sir. 290
Ha, ha, ha!
Mar. Take heed, sir; she may chance to swoon again.
All. Ha, ha, ha!
Abig. Step to her, sir; see how she changes colour!
E. Love. I'll go to hell first, and be better welcome. 295
I am fool'd, I do confess it, finely fool'd;
Lady-fool'd, madam; and I thank you for it.
Lady. Faith, 'tis not so much worth, sir:
But if I know when you come next a-birding,
I'll have a stronger noose to hold the woodcock. 300
All. Ha, ha, ha!
E. Love. I am glad to see you merry; pray, laugh on.
Mar. H'ad a hard heart, that could not laugh at you, sir.
Ha, ha, ha!
Lady. Pray, sister, do not laugh; you'll anger him; 305
And then he'll rail like a rude costermonger,

284 *humility*] So all old eds., which Col. explained as *though I used the humblest means to induce you.* Theo. printed *humanity.*

284 *Ha, ha*] Q6 *Ha, ha, ha.*

287 *dotterels*] Birds proverbially silly, and said to allow themselves to be caught while they imitate the actions of the fowler (Dyce). Nares quotes Bacon, "In catching of dotterels we see how the foolish bird playeth the ape in gestures."

290 *Ay, a*] So modern eds. following QQ1, 2, 3, F. *I, a.* The rest read *I ha.*

297 *Lady-fool'd*] hyphen rightly inserted by Theo. and Dyce. Col. and Web. gave *Lady; fool'd, madam.*

299 *know*] Q1, Ed. 10, Dyce: the rest *knew.*

300 *woodcock*] Dyce refers to *Loyal Subject*, IV. iv.—

"Go like a woodcock
And thrust your head i' the noose."

That school-boys had cozen'd of his apples,
As loud and senseless.
E. Love. I will not rail.
Mar. Faith, then, let's hear him, sister.
E. Love. Yes, you shall hear me.
Lady. Shall we be the better for it, then? 310
E. Love. No; he that makes a woman better by his words,
I'll have him sainted: blows will not do it.
Lady. By this light, he'll beat us.
E. Love. You do deserve it richly, and may live
To have a beadle do it.
Lady. Now he rails. 315
E. Love. Come, scornful folly, if this be railing, you
Shall hear me rail.
Lady. Pray, put it in good words, then.
E. Love. The worst are good enough for such a trifle,
Such a proud piece of cobweb-lawn.
Lady. You bite, sir.
E. Love. I would till the bones crack'd, an I had my will. 320
Mar. We had best muzzle him; he grows mad.
E. Love. I would 'twere lawful in the next great sickness,
To have the dogs spared, those harmless creatures,
And knock i' the head these hot continual plagues,
Women, that are more infectious. I hope 325
The state will think on 't.
Lady. Are you well, sir?
Mar. He looks
As though he had a grievous fit o' the colic.
E. Love. Green-ginger, will you cure me?
Abig. I'll heat
A trencher for him.

310 *for*] QQ1, 2, Web. and Dyce: the rest *by*.

323 *have the dogs spared*] Killed in plague time, as the chief carriers of contagion or infection. In Sir T. Browne's imaginary collection of rarities called *Musæum Clausum* (Tract xiii), the thirtieth of his rare Pictures is—"An exact and proper delineation of all sorts of dogs upon occasion of the practice of Sultan Achmet; who in a great plague at Constantinople, transported all the dogs therein unto Pera, and from thence into a little island, where they perished at last by famine."

328 *you*] Omitted by all eds. but QQ1, 2 and Dyce. The speech is addressed to Martha.

E. Love. Dirty December, do;
Thou with a face as old as Erra Pater, 330
Such a prognosticating nose; thou thing,
That ten years since has left to be a woman,
Out-worn the expectation of a bawd;
And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now,
But gords or nine-pins; pray, go fetch a trencher, go, 335
Lady. Let him alone; he's crack'd.
Abig. I'll see him hang'd first: he's a beastly fellow,
To use a woman of my breeding thus;
Ay, marry, is he. Would I were a man,
I'd make him eat his knave's words! 340
E. Love. Tie your she-otter up, good Lady Folly,
She stinks worse than a bear-baiting.
Lady. Why will you be angry now?
E. Love. Go, paint, and purge;
Call in your kennel with you. You a lady!
Abig. Sirrah, look to't against the quarter-sessions: 345
If there be good behaviour in the world,
I'll have thee bound to it.
E. Love. You must not seek it in your lady's house, then.—
Pray, send this ferret home,—and spin, good Abigail:—
And, madam, that your ladyship may know 350
In what base manner you have used my service,
I do from this hour hate thee heartily;
And though your folly should whip you to repentance,
And waken you at length to see my wrongs,
'Tis not the endeavour of your life shall win me,— 355
Not all the friends you have in intercession,
Nor your submissive letters, though they spoke
As many tears as words; not your knees grown

330 *Erra Pater*] Some old astrologer, author of the black-letter tract, *A Prognostication for ever of Erra Pater, a Jewe borne in Jewrye, and Doctoure in Astronomye and Phisicke, etc.* An *Erra-Pater* sometimes meant an almanac. See Grey's note on *Hudibras*, Pt. 1, c. i. 120 (Dyce). Compare *Elder Brother*, I. ii., "And after six hours' conference with the stars, sleeps with old Erra Pater"; Massinger's *City Madam*, II. ii. 94, "old Erra Pater"; and I. ii. 66 of this play, "face like an old ephemerides."

335 *gords*] false dice, with a concealed cavity (hollow like a *gourd*) affecting the balance. Ascham, *Toxophilus*, p. 50, "false dyse . . . dyse of vauntage flattes, gourds, to chop and chaunge when they list."

356 *you have in intercession*] QQ1, 2, Web., Dyce. Q3, *you have intercession.* F. *you have, intercession.* QQ4—6, Eds. 8, 10 *you have* make *intercession.* Theobald and Colman printed *you have*, nor *intercession.*

To the ground in penitence, nor all your state,—
To kiss you; nor my pardon, nor will 360
To give you Christian burial, if you die thus:
So farewell.——
When I am married and made sure, I'll come
And visit you again, and vex you, lady:
By all my hopes, I'll be a torment to you, 365
Worse than a tedious winter. I know you will
Recant and sue to me; but save that labour:
I'll rather love a fever and continual thirst,
Rather contract my youth to drink, and safer
Dote upon quarrels, 370
Or take a drawn whore from an hospital,
That time, diseases, and mercury had eaten,
Than to be drawn to love you.

Lady. Ha, ha, ha! Pray, do; but take heed though.

E. Love. From thee, false dice, jades, cowards, and plaguy summers, 375
Good Lord, deliver me! [*Exit.*

Lady. But hark you, servant, hark ye!—Is he gone?
Call him again.

Abig. Hang him, paddock!

Lady. Art thou here still? fly, fly, and call my servant;
Fly, or ne'er see me more. 380

Abig. [*Aside.*] I had rather knit again than see that rascal;
But I must do it. [*Exit.*

Lady. I would be loath to anger him too much.
What fine foolery is this in a woman,
To use those men most frowardly they love most? 385
If I should lose him thus, I were rightly served.
I hope he's not so much himself to take it
To the heart.

369 *safer Dote*] QQ1, 2, Web., Dyce. Other old eds. *sacerdote*, which is meaningless. Theobald gave Sympson's conjecture *swagger, Dote;* and Colman printed *rather Dote.*

378 *paddock*] i. e. toad, the familiar of the Third Witch in *Macbeth*, I. i.

381 *knit again*] be degraded to her earlier position of needlewoman.

384 *in a woman*] Mason would read *in woman* (Dyce).

387 *he's not so much himself*] i. e. I hope this show of anger is not so genuine as that he really takes it to heart.

Re-enter ABIGAIL.

How now? will he come back?

Abig. Never, he swears, while he can hear men say
There's any woman living: he swore he would ha' me first. 390

Lady. Didst thou intreat him, wench?

Abig. As well as I could, madam.
But this is still your way, to love being absent,
And when he's with you, laugh at him and abuse him.
There is another way, if you could hit on't.

Lady. Thou sayst true; get me paper, pen, and ink; 395
I'll write to him: I'd be loath he should sleep in 's anger.
Women are most fools when they think they're wisest.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street. Music.

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS *and* Widow, *going to be married: with them his* Comrades.

Wid. Pray, sir, cast off these fellows, as unfitting
For your bare knowledge, and far more your company.
Is 't fit such ragamuffins as these are,
Should bear the name of friends, and furnish out
A civil house? you're to be married now; 5
And men, that love you, must expect a course
Far from your old career. If you will keep 'em,
Turn 'em to the stable, and there make 'em grooms:
And yet, now I consider it, such beggars
Once set o' horse-back, you have heard, will ride— 10
How far, you had best to look to.

Capt. Hear you, you

SCENE II.] Given entirely in prose in all the old eds.; by Theobald and all the modern edd. entirely in verse, with but slight variation. We follow Weber.

1 his Comrades] So old eds., though from ll. 52, 99, it is clear that only the Captain and Poet are present.

5 *civil*] i. e. sober, civilized, as opposed to wild. The same opposition is in Orlando's "civil sayings," *As You Like It*, III. ii. 116.

7 *career*] QQ1, 2, 3, F. and modern eds.; rest *carriage*.

That must be lady: pray, content yourself,
And think upon your carriage soon at night,
What dressing will best take your knight, what waistcoat,
What cordial will do well i' the morning for him. 15
What triers have you?
Wid. What do you mean, sir?
Capt. Those that must switch him up. If he start well,
Fear not, but cry, "Saint George," and bear him hard:
When you perceive his wind grows hot and wanting,
Let him a little down: he's fleet, ne'er doubt him, 20
And stands sound.
Wid. Sir, you hear these fellows?
Y. Love. Merry companions, wench, merry companions.
Wid. To one another let 'em be companions,
But, good sir, not to you: you shall be civil,
And slip off these base trappings. 25
Capt. He shall not need, my most sweet Lady Grocer,
If he be civil, not your powder'd sugar,
Nor your raisins, shall persuade the captain
To live a coxcomb with him: let him be civil,
And eat i' the Arches, and see what will come on 't. 30
Poet. Let him be civil, do: undo him; ay, that's the next way.
I will not take, if he be civil once,
Two hundred pounds a year to live with him.
Be civil! there's a trim persuasion.
Capt. If thou be'st civil, knight, (as Jove defend it!) 35
Get thee another nose; that will be pull'd
Off by the angry boys for thy conversion.
The children thou shalt get on this civilian

14 *waistcoat*] See note IV. i. 236 (note).
16 *triers*] From the context we gather that the name was used of those who shewed off a horse's paces at a sale.
29 *live a coxcomb with him*] join him in a smug respectable life.
30 *the Arches*] Probably some tavern, frequented by sober citizens, near the Court of Arches, which was held under the arches of the old Bow Church. Nares finds in "civil" a pun on "civilian."
35 *defend*] i. e. forbid.
37 *angry boys*] The same as *roaring boys*, or *roarers*: see note on II. iii. 120.

Cannot inherit by the law; they're ethnicks,
And all thy sport mere moral lechery: 40
When they are grown, having but little in 'em,
They may prove haberdashers, or gross grocers,
Like their dear dam there. Prithee, be civil, knight:
In time thou mayst read to thy household,
And be drunk once a-year; this would shew finely. 45
Y. Love. I wonder, sweetheart, you will offer this;
You do not understand these gentlemen.
I will be short and pithy; I had rather
Cast you off, by the way of charge. These are creatures,
That nothing goes to the maintenance of 50
But corn and water. I will keep these fellows
Just in the competency of two hens.
Wid. If you can cast it so, sir, you have my liking:
If they eat less, I should not be offended.
But how these, sir, can live upon so little 55
As corn and water, I am unbelieving.
Y. Love. Why, prithee, sweetheart, what's your ale? Is not
That corn and water, my sweet widow?
Wid. Ay;
But, my sweet knight, where's the meat to this,
And clothes, that they must look for? 60
Y. Love. In this short sentence, ale, is all included;
Meat, drink, and cloth. These are no ravening footmen,
No fellows that at ordinaries dare eat
Their eighteen-pence thrice out before they rise,
And yet go hungry to a play, and crack 65
More nuts than would suffice a dozen squirrels,
Besides the din, which is damnable:
I had rather rail, and be confined to a boat-maker,

39 *ethnicks*] pagan, heathen, or here "aliens." Cf. IV. i. 74, "ethnick poet," *i. e.* Plautus.

40 *moral*] So all, except Q6, Col. Web. "mortal."

44 *read*] Dyce needlessly inserts after this the word ["prayers"], though doubtless that is the sense.

53 *cast*] i. e. contrive.

65 *a*] Omitted in QQ1 2, 3, F. Cracking nuts was a common amusement of the audience at our early theatres.

68 *boat-maker*] QQ1—4, F.; Q5 *Bootmaker;* Q6, Eds. 8, 10, *Bear-baiting.*

Than live among such rascals. These are people
Of such a clean discretion in their diet, 70
Of such a moderate sustenance, that they sweat
If they but smell hot meat; porridge is poison;
They hate a kitchen as they hate a counter;
And shew 'em but a feather-bed, they swound.
Ale is their eating and their drinking surely, 75
Which keeps their bodies clear and soluble.
Bread is a binder, and for that abolish'd,
Even in their ale, whose lost room fills an apple,
Which is more airy, and of subtler nature.
The rest they take is little, and that little 80
As little easy; for, like strict men of order,
They do correct their bodies with a bench
Or a poor stubborn table; if a chimney
Offer itself, with some few broken rushes,
They are in down: when they are sick, that's drunk, 85
They may have fresh straw; else they do despise
These worldly pamperings. For their poor apparel,
'Tis worn out to the diet; new they seek none;
And if a man should offer, they are angry,
Scarce to be reconciled again with him: 90
You shall not hear 'em ask one a cast doublet
Once in a year, which is a modesty
Befitting my poor friends: you see their wardrobe,
Though slender, competent; for shirts, I take it,
They are things worn out of their remembrance. 95
Lousy they will be when they list, and mangy,
Which shews a fine variety; and then, to cure 'em,
A tanner's lime-pit, which is little charge;
Two dogs, and these two, may be cured for threepence.

73 *counter*] i. e. prison (Dyce).
75 *surely*] Seward (Postscript to vol. i. ed. 1750) proposed *solely*, adopted by Colman and Weber.
76 *soluble*] in good digestion.
78 *whose lost . . . apple*] an apple taking the place of the toast in mulled ale.
79 *airy*] "All the quartos read—*air*. Corrected in the folio" (Weber).
81 *As*] QQ1, 2, Web., Dyce: the rest *is*.
81 *men of order*] i. e. of some monastic order.
88 *worn out to the diet*] i. e. to correspond with their thin and spare diet.
91 *one*] So all except Q6, Eds. 8, 10. Dyce *me*.
98 *A tanner's lime-pit*] Hides are steeped in a solution of lime and water to loosen the hair and epidermis.

Wid. You have half persuaded me; pray, use your pleasure:— 100
And, my good friends, since I do know your diet,
I'll take an order meat shall not offend you;
You shall have ale.
Capt. We ask no more; let it be mighty, lady,
And if we perish, then our own sins on us! 105
Y. Love. Come, forward, gentlemen; to church, my boys!
When we have done, I'll give you cheer in bowls.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

A Room in the house of the ELDER LOVELESS.

Enter ELDER LOVELESS.

E. Love. This senseless woman vexes me to the heart;
She will not from my memory: would she were
A man for one two hours, that I might beat her!
If I had been unhandsome, old, or jealous,
'T had been an even lay she might have scorn'd me; 5
But to be young, and, by this light, I think,
As proper as the proudest; made as clean,
As straight, and strong-back'd; means and manners equal
With the best cloth-of-silver sir i' the kingdom—
But these are things, at some time of the moon, 10
Below the cut of canvass. Sure, she has
Some meeching rascal in her house, some hind,
That she hath seen bear, like another Milo,
Quarters of malt upon his back, and sing with 't;
Thrash all day, and i' th' evening, in his stockings, 15
Strike up a hornpipe, and there stink two hours,
And ne'er a whit the worse man: these are they,
These steel-chined rascals, that undo us all.
Would I had been a carter, or a coachman!
I had done the deed ere this time. 20

SCENE I.] Given entirely as prose in old eds. Theobald confines the prose to the first twenty lines after Abigail's entrance; Colman to ll. 102—113; Weber to ll. 89—113. We follow Dyce.

10 *But these are things . . . below the cut of canvass*] Canvass is contrasted with the "cloth of silver" just mentioned: these advantages are outprized, if the whim takes a woman, by fellows of the coarsest make.

12 *meeching*] i.e. lurking, skulking, with amorous purpose, as often. *Noble Gentleman*, I. ii., "Oh, my meeching varlet."

18 *steel-chined*] Loveless' sensitiveness on the point was illustrated by IV. i. 181; and cf. Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, I. ii. 46—

"dream not
O' th' strength of my back, though it will bear a burden
With any porter."

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman without would speak with you.

E. Love. Bid him come in. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter WELFORD.

Wel. By your leave, sir.

E. Love. You are welcome:
What's your will, sir?

Wel. Have you forgotten me?

E. Love. I do not much remember you.

Wel. You must, sir.
I am that gentleman you pleased to wrong
In your disguise; I have inquired you out.

E. Love. I was disguised indeed, sir, if I wrong'd you.
Pray, where and when?

Wel. In such a lady's house, sir,
I need not name her.

E. Love. I do remember you:
You seem'd to be a suitor to that lady.

Wel. If you remember this, do not forget
How scurvily you used me: that was
No place to quarrel in; pray you, think of it:
If you be honest, you dare fight with me,
Without more urging; else I must provoke ye.

E. Love. Sir, I dare fight, but never for a woman;
I will not have her in my cause; she's mortal,
And so is not my anger. If you have brought
A nobler subject for our swords, I am for you;
In this I would be loath to prick my finger:
And where you say I wrong'd you, 'tis so far
From my profession, that, amongst my fears,
To do wrong is the greatest. Credit me,
We have been both abused, not by ourselves
(For that I hold a spleen, no sin of malice,
And may, with man enough, be left forgotten),

27 *disguised indeed*] i. e. drunk.
28 *sir*] only in QQ1, 2, Dyce.
37 *mortal*] In classical sense of deadly, fatal (Mason).
46 *left*] F. alone, followed by Theobald, has *best*.

But by that wilful, scornful piece of hatred,
That much-forgetful lady: for whose sake,
If we should leave our reason, and run on
Upon our sense, like rams, the little world 50
Of good men would laugh at us, and despise us,
Fixing upon our desperate memories
The never-worn-out names of fools and fencers.
Sir, 'tis not fear, but reason, makes me tell you,
In this I had rather help you, sir, than hurt you. 55
And you shall find it, though you throw yourself
Into as many dangers as she offers,
Though you redeem her lost name every day,
And find her out new honours with your sword,
You shall but be her mirth, as I have been. 60

Wel. I ask you mercy, sir; you have ta'en my edge off;
Yet I would fain be even with this lady.

E. Love. In which I'll be your helper: we are two;
And they are two,—two sisters, rich alike,
Only the elder has the prouder dowry. 65
In troth, I pity this disgrace in you,
Yet of mine own I am senseless. Do but
Follow my counsel, and I 'll pawn my spirit,
We'll over-reach 'em yet: the means is this——

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentlewoman will needs speak with you; 70
I cannot keep her out; she's enter'd, sir.

E. Love. It is the waiting-woman: pray, be not seen.—
Sirrah, hold her in discourse a while. [*Exit* Servant.
Hark in your ear [*whispers*]: go, and despatch it quickly:
When I come in, I'll tell you all the project. 75

Wel. I care not which I have.

E. Love. Away; 'tis done:
She must not see you. [*Exit* WELFORD.

49 *run on Upon our sense*] Attack each other for mere jealous passion.
64 *rich alike*] "Means, both of them rich, not, equally so" (Mason).

Enter ABIGAIL.

Now, Lady Guinever, what news with you?
Abig. Pray, leave these frumps, sir, and receive this letter. [*Gives letter.*
E. Love. From whom, good Vanity? 80
Abig. 'Tis from my lady, sir: alas, good soul,
She cries and takes on!
E. Love. Does she so, good soul?
Would she not have a caudle? Does she send you
With your fine oratory, goody Tully,
To tie me to belief again?—Bring out the cat-hounds!— 85
I'll make you take a tree, whore; then with my tiller
Bring down your gibship, and then have you cased,
And hung up i' the warren.
Abig. I am no beast, sir; would you knew it!
E. Love. Would I did! for I am yet very doubtful. 90
What will you say now?
Abig. Nothing, not I.
E. Love. Art thou a woman, and say nothing?
Abig. Unless you'll hear me with more moderation.
I can speak wise enough. 95
E. Love. And loud enough. Will your lady love me?
Abig. It seems so by her letter and her lamentations;
But you are such another man!
E. Love. Not such another as I was, mumps;
Nor will not be. I'll read her fine epistle. [*Reads.* 100
Ha, ha, ha! is not thy mistress mad?
Abig. For you she will be. 'Tis a shame you should

78 *Guinever*] Loveless intends an ironical comparison with her beauty rather than a sincere one with her frailty.
79 *frumps*] i. e. mocks, flouts (Dyce).
83 *caudle*] warm drink.
86 *tiller*] i.e. steel bow, or cross bow, says Dyce, quoting Skinner's *Etymology* in voce "Arcus cornu, præsertim arcus brachio chalybeo instructus," and *Philaster*, II. ii. 40, "You can shoot in a tiller."
87 *gibship*] Gib or Gilbert, the usual name for a cat. Chaucer, *Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 6204, "Gibbe our cat."
87 *cased*] QQ5, 6, Eds. 8, 10 *cas'd* followed by modern edd. QQ1—4, F., *cast*. It means skinn'd, flay'd; as in *Love's Pilgrim*, II. ii., "Else had they cased me like a cony, too."
98 *such another man*] i. e. so much changed.
99 *mumps*] Term implying sulkiness, from the illness so named.

Use a poor gentlewoman so untowardly:
She loves the ground you tread on; and you, hard heart,
Because she jested with you, mean to kill her. 105
'Tis a fine conquest, as they say. [*Weeps.*
E. Love. Hast thou so much moisture
In thy whit-leather hide yet, that thou canst cry?
I would have sworn thou hadst been touchwood five year since.
Nay, let it rain; thy face chops for a shower, 110
Like a dry dunghill.
Abig. I'll not endure
This ribaldry. Farewell, i' the devil's name!
If my lady die, I'll be sworn before a jury,
Thou art the cause on 't.
E. Love. Do, maukin, do.
Deliver to your lady from me this: 115
I mean to see her, if I have no other business;
Which before I'll want, to come to her, I mean
To go seek birds' nests. Yet I may come, too;
But if I come,
From this door till I see her, will I think 120
How to rail vilely at her; how to vex her,
And make her cry so much, that the physician,
If she fall sick upon it, shall want urine
To find the cause by, and she remediless
Die in her heresy. Farewell, old adage! 125
I hope to see the boys make pot-guns on thee.

108 *thy whit-leather*] F. alone reads *the* for *thy*. Whit-leather was leather made rough by a peculiar dressing. "Girdle made of the whittlether whang" (MS. Lansd. 241).

"As for the wench I'll not part with her,
Till age has render'd her whitlether."

Homer à la Mode, 1665.

110 *chops*] *chop* and *chap* are variants of the same word, meaning (1) cut, (2) gape open (from a cut) (Skeat). Here of ground cracked by drought.

114 *maukin*] "A dirty slovenly woman" (Grose's *Prov. Gloss.* Ed. 1839). It is also applied to a cat.

120 *door*] So all: but Dyce queries "hour"? Compare IV. i. 352.

121 *vilely*] In spite of Dyce's tedious insistence on *vildly*, we can see no reason for not modernizing the spelling as in other words.

123 *shall want urine To find the cause by*] So all QQ except QQ2, 3, which have "*shall want uryne finde the cause* be," and F., which has "*shall find the cause to* be *want of urine.*"

126 *pot-guns*] i.e. pop-guns. Nares quotes *Nomenclator*, 1585, "Sclopus

Abig. Thou 'rt a vile man: God bless my issue from thee!

E. Love. Thou hast but one, and that's in thy left crupper,
That makes thee hobble so: you must be ground
I' the breech like a top; you'll never spin well else. 130
Farewell, fytchock! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the LADY'S *House.*

Enter LADY.

Lady. Is it not strange that every woman's will
Should track out new ways to disturb herself?
If I should call my reason to account,
It cannot answer why I keep myself
From mine own wish, and stop the man I love 5
From his; and every hour repent again,
Yet still go on. I know 'tis like a man
That wants his natural sleep, and, growing dull,
Would gladly give the remnant of his life
For two hours' rest; yet, through his frowardness, 10
Will rather choose to watch another man,
Drowsy as he, than take his own repose.
All this I know; yet a strange peevishness,
And anger not to have the power to do
Things unexpected, carries me away 15
To mine own ruin: I had rather die
Sometimes than not disgrace in public him

---

is a pot gun made of an elderne stick, or hollow quill, whereout boys shoot chawen paper." Loveless means to call her dry and pithless.

126 *on*] i. e. of.

131 *fytchock*] Ed. 10 reads *fytchet*, which confirms Weber's note that *fytchock* = fitchew, a polecat (of which *fitchet* is an acknowledged variant), a proverbial term for incontinency.

SCENE II.] As prose in the old eds., with occasional verse where the dialogue is broken into short sentences. Theobald versified nearly the whole of it. We follow Dyce, whose arrangement most nearly resembles Colman's.

11 *watch another man*] The case supposed is of two men, each ashamed to acknowledge fatigue sooner than the other: "outwatch" was perhaps the author's reading.

Whom people think I love; and do 't with oaths,
And am in earnest then. Oh, what are we?
Men, you must answer this, that dare obey 20
Such things as we command.

Enter ABIGAIL.

How now? what news?

Abig. Faith, madam, none worth hearing.

Lady. Is he not come?

Abig. No, truly.

Lady. Nor has he writ?

Abig. Neither. I pray God you have not undone 25 yourself.

Lady. Why, but what says he?

Abig. Faith, he talks strangely.

Lady. How strangely?

Abig. First, at your letter he laugh'd extremely. 30

Lady. What, in contempt?

Abig. He laugh'd monstrous loud, as he would die;—and when you wrote it, I think, you were in no such merry mood, to provoke him that way;—and having done, he cried, "Alas for her!" and violently 35 laugh'd again.

Lady. Did he?

Abig. Yes; till I was angry.

Lady. Angry! why?
Why wert thou angry? he did do but well; 40
I did deserve it; he had been a fool,
An unfit man for any one to love,
Had he not laugh'd thus at me. You were angry!
That shew'd your folly: I shall love him more
For that, than all that e'er he did before. 45
But said he nothing else?

Abig. Many uncertain things. He said, though you had mock'd him, because you were a woman, he could wish to do you so much favour as to see you: yet, he said, he knew you rash, and was loath to offend you 50 with the sight of one whom now he was bound not to leave.

Lady. What one was that?

Abig. I know not, but truly I do fear there is a making up there; for I heard the servants, as I pass'd 55

by some, whisper such a thing: and as I came back through the hall, there were two or three clerks writing great conveyances in haste, which, they said, were for their mistress' jointure.

Lady. 'Tis very like, and fit it should be so; 60
For he does think, and reasonably think,
That I should keep him, with my idle tricks,
For ever ere he married.

Abig. At last, he said it should go hard but he
Would see you, for your satisfaction. 65

Lady. All we, that are call'd women, know as well
As men, it were a far more noble thing
To grace where we are graced, and give respect
There where we are respected: yet we practise
A wilder course, and never bend our eyes 70
On men with pleasure, till they find the way
To give us a neglect; then we, too late,
Perceive the loss of what we might have had,
And dote to death.

Enter MARTHA.

Mar. Sister, yonder 's your servant,
With a gentlewoman with him.

Lady. Where?

Mar. Close at the door. 75

Lady. Alas, I am undone! I fear he is betroth'd.
What kind of woman is she?

Mar. A most ill-favour'd one, with her mask on;
And how her face should mend the rest, I know not.

Lady. But yet her mind is of a milder stuff 80
Than mine was.

Enter ELDER LOVELESS, *and* WELFORD *in woman's apparel.*

[*Aside.*] Now I see him, if my heart
Swell not again—away, thou woman's pride!—
So that I cannot speak a gentle word to him.
Let me not live.

E. Love. By your leave here.

63 *he married*] QQ1, 2, Dyce: the rest *he be married.*
80 *is*] QQ1, 2, Dyce: the rest *was.*

Lady. How now? what new trick invites you hither? 85
Ha' you a fine device again?
E. Love. Faith, this is the finest device I have now.—
How dost thou, sweetheart?
Wel. Why, very well, so long as I may please
You, my dear lover: I nor can nor will 90
Be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.
E. Love. Oh, thy sweet temper! What would I have given,
That lady had been like thee! See'st thou her?
That face, my love, join'd with thy humble mind,
Had made a wench indeed.
Wel. Alas, my love, 95
What God hath done I dare not think to mend!
I use no paint nor any drugs of art;
My hands and face will shew it.
Lady. Why, what thing have you brought to show us there?
Do you take money for it?
E. Love. A godlike thing, 100
Not to be bought for money; 'tis my mistress,
In whom there is no passion, nor no scorn;
What I will is for law. Pray you, salute her.
Lady. Salute her! by this good light, I would not kiss her
For half my wealth.
E. Love. Why? why, pray you? 105
You shall see me do't afore you: look you.
[*Kisses* WELFORD.
Lady. Now fie upon thee! a beast would not have done't.—
I would not kiss thee of a month, to gain
A kingdom.
E. Love. Marry, you shall not be troubled.
Lady. Why, was there ever such a Meg as this? 110
Sure, thou art mad.

103 *for law*] Theo. and Col. followed Q6, Eds. 8, 10 in reading *her law.*
108 *of a month*] once a month.
110 *such a Meg*] A ballad of Long Meg of Westminster was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594. This virago also gives a title to a play of that date, figures in an antimasque in Ben Jonson's *Fortunate Isles*, and is very often alluded to. In *Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana* (1816) her *Life* is reprinted from an edition dated 1635, of an old pamphlet, whose title records her

E. Love. I was mad once, when I loved pictures;
For what are shape and colours else but pictures?
In that tawny hide there lies an endless mass
Of virtues, when all your red and white ones want it.
Lady. And this is she you are to marry, is't not? 115
E. Love. Yes, indeed, is't.
Lady. God give you joy!
E. Love. Amen.
Wel. I thank you, as unknown, for your good wish.
The like to you, whenever you shall wed.
E. Love. Oh, gentle spirit!
Lady. You thank me! I pray,
Keep your breath nearer you; I do not like it. 120
Wel. I would not willingly offend at all;
Much less a lady of your worthy parts.
E. Love. Sweet, sweet!
Lady. I do not think this woman can by nature
Be thus, thus ugly: sure, she's some common strumpet, 125
Deform'd with exercise of sin.
Wel. [*kneeling.*] Oh, sir,
Believe not this! for Heaven so comfort me,
As I am free from foul pollution
With any man! my honour ta'en away,
I am no woman.
E. Love. Arise, my dearest soul; 130
I do not credit it. Alas, I fear
Her tender heart will break with this reproach!—
Fie, that you know no more civility
To a weak virgin!—'Tis no matter, sweet;
Let her say what she will, thou art not worse 135
To me, and therefore not at all; be careless.
Wel. For all things else I would; but for mine honour,
Methinks——
E. Love. Alas, thine honour is not stain'd!—
Is this the business that you sent for me
About?
Mar. Faith, sister, you are much to blame 140
To use a woman, whatsoe'er she be,

"performing sundry quarrels with diuers ruffians about London; but also how valiantly she behaued herselfe in the warres of Bulloigne" (Dyce).

Thus. I'll salute her.—You are welcome hither.
[*Kisses* WEL.

Wel. I humbly thank you.

E. Love. Mild still as the dove,
For all these injuries. Come, shall we go?
I love thee not so ill to keep thee here, 145
A jesting-stock.—Adieu, to the world's end!

Lady. Why, whither now?

E. Love. Nay, you shall never know,
Because you shall not find me.

Lady. I pray, let me speak with you.

E. Love. 'Tis very well.—Come. 150

Lady. I pray you, let me speak with you.

E. Love. Yes, for another mock.

Lady. By heaven, I have no mocks: good sir, a word.

E. Love. Though you deserve not so much at my hands, yet, if you be in such earnest, I'll speak a word 155 with you: but, I beseech you, be brief; for, in good faith, there's a parson and a licence stay for us i' the church all this while; and, you know, 'tis night.

Lady. Sir, give me hearing patiently, and whatsoever I have heretofore spoke jestingly, forget; 160
For, as I hope for mercy any where,
What I shall utter now is from my heart,
And as I mean.

E. Love. Well, well, what do you mean?

Lady. Was not I once your mistress, and you my servant? 165

E. Love. Oh, 'tis about the old matter. [*Going.*

Lady. Nay, good sir, stay me out:
I would but hear you excuse yourself,
Why you should take this woman, and leave me.

E. Love. Prithee, why not? deserves she not as much 170
As you?

Lady. I think not, if you will look
With an indifferency upon us both.

E. Love. Upon your faces, 'tis true; but if judicially we shall cast our eyes upon your minds, you are a thousand women off her in worth. She cannot swound 175

143 *still*] QQ1, 2, Web., Dyce: the rest *yet*.
175 *off her*] The reading of Eds. 8, 10, which were unknown to Dyce. The other old eds. have *of*; Theo., Web., Dyce, *off*; Col. *off of her*.

in jest, nor set her lover tasks, to shew her peevishness and his affection; nor cross what he says, though it be canonical. She's a good plain wench, that will do as I will have her, and bring me lusty boys, to throw the sledge, and lift at pigs of lead. And for a wife, she's far beyond you: what can you do in a household to provide for your issue, but lie a-bed and get 'em? your business is to dress you, and at idle hours to eat; when she can do a thousand profitable things;—she can do pretty well in the pastry, and knows how pullen should be crammed; she cuts cambric at a thread, weaves bone-lace, and quilts balls: and what are you good for?

Lady. Admit it true, that she were far beyond me in all respects, does that give you a license to forswear yourself?

E. Love. Forswear myself! how?

Lady. Perhaps you have forgot the innumerable oaths you have utter'd, in disclaiming all for wives but me: I'll not remember you. God give you joy!

E. Love. Nay, but conceive me; the intent of oaths is ever understood. Admit I should protest to such a friend to see him at his lodging to-morrow; divines would never hold me perjured, if I were struck blind, or he hid him where my dilligent search could not find him, so there were no cross act of mine own in 't. Can it be imagined I meant to force you to marriage, and to have you, whether you will or no?

180 *the sledge*] Modern addition of *hammer* is pleonastic. The word is from A.S. *slegen*, pp. of *slean*, to smite, slay.

180 *pigs of lead*] When molten metal is tapped, the main channel into which it is run is called the "sow," and the smaller ducts that run out of this at right angles are "pigs," sucking their dam (Wedgwood).

182 *a-bed*] So all QQ.; F. *i' bed.*

185 *pullen*] i.e. poultry.

186 *cuts cambric at a thread*] This can hardly refer to simple weaving at a hand-loom, and cutting the thrum or loose ends of the woven threads. It suggests rather the cutting of cambric to a pattern; the cambric, or pattern, being stretched on some framework called the *thread.*

187 *bone-lace*] The manufacture of pillow-lace with bobbins, introduced from Flanders, was carried on in the midland and southern counties, from the sixteenth century. The name has reference to the design; the lace consisting chiefly of borders done in imitation of the Venetian *merletti a piombini* (*Encycl. Brit.*).

187 *quilts balls*] Q6, Eds. 8, 10 *quilts balls admirably;* and so Theo. and Col.

195 *remember*] i.e. remind (Weber).

196 *the intent*] The sense, not the letter, is binding.

202 *meant*] QQ1, 2, 6, Eds. 8, 10: the rest *mean;* and so the modern editors except Dyce.

Lady. Alas, you need not! I make already tender
of myself, and then you are forsworn. 205
E. Love. Some sin, I see, indeed, must necessarily
Fall upon me; as whosoever deals
With women shall never utterly avoid it.
Yet I would choose the least ill, which is to
Forsake you, that have done me all the abuses 210
Of a malignant woman, contemn'd my service,
And would have held me prating about marriage
Till I had been past getting of children
Than her, that hath forsook her family,
And put her tender body in my hand, 215
Upon my word.
Lady. Which of us swore you first to?
E. Love. Why, to you.
Lady. Which oath is to be kept then?
E. Love. I prithee, do not urge my sins unto me,
Without I could amend 'em.
Lady. Why, you may,
By wedding me.
E. Love. How will that satisfy 220
My word to her?
Lady. It is not to be kept,
And needs no satisfaction: 'tis an error
Fit for repentance only.
E. Love. Shall I live
To wrong that tender-hearted virgin so?
It may not be.
Lady. Why may it not be? 225
E. Love. I swear I had rather marry thee than her;
But yet mine honesty——
Lady. What honesty?
'Tis more preserved this way. Come, by this light,
Servant, thou shalt: I'll kiss thee on't.
E. Love. This kiss,
Indeed, is sweet: pray God, no sin lie under it! 230
Lady. There is no sin at all; try but another.
Wel. Oh, my heart!

204 *already tender*] Altered by Theo. to *a ready tender*.
213 *children*] After this word Theo., for the metre, inserted *rather*; which his successors, supposing it to be found in the old eds., retained (Dyce).
216 *Upon my word*] i.e. depending on my word (Mason).

Mar. Help, sister! this lady swoons.
E. Love. How do you?
Wel. Why, very well, if you be so.
E. Love. Such a quiet mind lives not in any woman.
I shall do a most ungodly thing. 235
Hear me one word more, which, by all my hopes,
I will not alter. I did make an oath,
When you delay'd me so, that this very night
I would be married: now if you will go
Without delay, suddenly, as late as it is, 240
With your own minister, to your own chapel,
I'll wed you, and to bed.
Lady. A match, dear servant.
E. Love. For if you should forsake me now, I care not:
She would not though, for all her injuries;
Such is her spirit. If I be not ashamed 245
To kiss her now I part, may I not live!
Wel. I see you go, as slily as you think
To steal away; yet I will pray for you:
All blessings of the world light on you two,
That you may live to be an aged pair! 250
All curses on me, if I do not speak
What I do wish indeed!
E. Love. If I can speak
To purpose to her, I am a villain.
Lady. Servant, away!
Mar. Sister, will you marry that inconstant man? 255
Think you he will not cast you off to-morrow?
To wrong a lady thus, look'd she like dirt,
'Twas basely done. May you ne'er prosper with him!
Wel. Now God forbid!
Alas, I was unworthy! so I told him. 260
Mar. That was your modesty; too good for him.—
I would not see your wedding for a world.

234 *Such a quiet mind lives not in any woman. I shall do*] These words, which occupy just one line in QQ1—3, are omitted in all subsequent QQ. Q1 has *Suce a quiet . . . woman: I* etc.; QQ2, 3 *Since a quiet . . . woman: I* etc.; F. as QQ2, 3 substituting a comma for a colon at *woman*, followed by Theo., Col., and Weber. Dyce was the first to see that the colon of QQ1—3 forbade the reading *Since*, and to interpret the misprint of Q1 rightly as *Such*.

Lady. Choose, choose.—Come, Younglove.
[*Exeunt* LADY, E. LOVE, *and* ABIG.
Mar. Dry up your eyes, forsooth; you shall not think
We are all uncivil, all such beasts as these. 265
Would I knew how to give you a revenge!
Wel. So would not I: no, let me suffer truly;
That I desire.
Mar. Pray, walk in with me;
'Tis very late, and you shall stay all night:
Your bed shall be no worse than mine. I wish 270
I could but do you right.
Wel. My humble thanks:
God grant I may but live to quit your love! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in the house of the ELDER LOVELESS.

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS *and* SAVIL.

Y. Love. Did your master send for me, Savil?
Sav. Yes, he did send for your worship, sir.
Y. Love. Do you know the business?
Sav. Alas, sir, I know nothing!
Nor am employ'd beyond my hours of eating.
My dancing days are done, sir.
Y. Love. What art thou now, then? 5
Sav. If you consider me in little, I
Am, with your worship's reverence, sir, a rascal;
One that, upon the next anger of your brother,
Must raise a sconce by the highway, and sell switches.
My wife is learning now, sir, to weave inkle. 10

272 *quit*] i.e. requite.

SCENE III.] As prose in old eds. Dyce's arrangement, nearly reproduced here, follows chiefly Theobald.

9 *sconce*] Brockett gives, "*Sconce*, a seat at one side of the fire-place in the old large open chimney,—a short partition near the fire upon which all the bright utensils in a cottage are suspended" (*Gloss. of North Country Words*). In our text *sconce* seems to mean some sort of stall on which the "switches" were to be displayed (Dyce).

10 *now, sir*] Q4, F. and mod. edd.; QQ1—3 *new, sir;* the rest simply *now.*

10 *inkle*] "*Inkle* (tape)."—Coles's *Dict.* In *The Rates of the Custome house*, etc., 1582, we find, "*Inckle* vnwrought called white thred single or double."—"*Inckle* wrought," etc. Sig. C vii. (Dyce).

Y. Love. What dost thou mean to do with thy children, Savil?
Sav. My eldest boy is half a rogue already;
He was born bursten; and, your worship knows,
That is a pretty step to men's compassions.
My youngest boy I purpose, sir, to bind 15
For ten years to a gaoler, to draw under him,
That he may shew us mercy in his function.
Y. Love. Your family is quarter'd with discretion.
You are resolved to cant, then? where, Savil,
Shall your scene lie?
Sav. Beggars must be no choosers; 20
In every place, I take it, but the stocks.
Y. Love. This is your drinking and your whoring, Savil;
I told you of it; but your heart was harden'd.
Sav. 'Tis true, you were the first that told me of it;
I do remember yet in tears, you told me, 25
You would have whores; and in that passion, sir,
You broke out thus; "Thou miserable man,
Repent, and brew three strikes more in a hogshead:
'Tis noon ere we be drunk now, and the time
Can tarry for no man." 30
Y. Love. You're grown a bitter gentleman. I see,
Misery can clear your head better than mustard.
I'll be a suitor for your keys again, sir.
Sav. Will you but be so gracious to me, sir,
I shall be bound——
Y. Love. You shall, sir, to your bunch again; 35
Or I'll miss foully.

12 *half a rogue . . . born bursten*] "By a *rogue* Savil means a beggar; a profession for which, he says, his son is half qualified by his natural deformity" (Mason quoted by Dyce): but *bursten* may simply mean 'in rags,' a humorous exaggeration.

14 *compassions*] QQ1—4 *capassions*.

16 *draw under him*] Halliwell gives *Drawe*, to quarter after execution: hence Loveless' punning rejoinder.

19 *cant*] i.e. turn beggar, vagrant (properly—use the jargon peculiar to beggars).—Dyce.

24 *of it*] Q6, Eds. 8, 10, followed by Col., add the word *indeed*.

28 *strikes*] Halliwell quotes an instance of its use in dry measure, as= bushel.

"Some men and women rich and nobly borne,
Give all they had for one poore strike of corne."
Taylor's *Works*, 1630, i. 15.

Enter MORECRAFT.

More. Save you, gentlemen, save you!
Y. Love. Now, polecat, what young rabbit's nest have you to draw?
More. Come, prithee, be familiar, knight.
Y. Love. Away, fox!
I'll send for terriers for you.
More. Thou art wide yet:
I'll keep thee company.
Y. Love. I am about some business. 40
Indentures, if you follow me, I'll beat you:
Take heed; as I live, I'll cancel your coxcomb.
More. Thou art cozen'd now; I am no usurer.
What poor fellow's this?
Sav. I am poor indeed, sir.
More. Give him money, knight.
Y. Love. Do you begin the offering. 45
More. There, poor fellow; here's an angel for thee.
Y. Love. Art thou in earnest, Morecraft?
More. Yes, faith, knight; I'll follow thy example:
Thou hadst land and thousands; thou spent'st,
And flung'st away, and yet it flows in double: 50
I purchased, wrung, and wire-draw'd for my wealth,
Lost, and was cozen'd; for which I make a vow,
To try all the ways above ground, but I'll find
A constant means to riches without curses.
Y. Love. I am glad of your conversion, Master Morecraft: 55
You're in a fair course; pray, pursue it still.
More. Come, we are all gallants now; I'll keep thee company.—
Here, honest fellow, for this gentleman's sake,
There's two angels more for thee.
Sav. God quit you, sir, and keep you long in this mind! 60
Y. Love. Wilt thou persever?
More. Till I have a penny.
I have brave clothes a-making, and two horses:

46 *angel*] worth ten shillings.
49 *thousands; thou*] Col. for the sake of metre printed *thousands, which thou.* Web. (after Mason) asserts that "no verse was ever thought of"! For *spent'st*, QQ1—4, F. read *spend'st.* 60 *quit*] i.e. requite.
61 *persever*] QQ1, 2, Dyce: the rest *persevere.* 61 *Till*] i.e. whilst (Mason).

Canst thou not help me to a match, knight?
I'll lay a thousand pound upon my crop-ear.
Y. Love. 'Foot, this is stranger than an Afric monster! 65
There will be no more talk of the Cleve wars
Whilst this lasts. Come, I'll put thee into blood.
Sav. [*Aside.*] Would all his damn'd tribe were as tender-hearted!—
I beseech you, let this gentleman join with you
In the recovery of my keys; I like 70
His good beginning sir: the whilst, I'll pray
For both your worships.
Y. Love. He shall, sir.
More. Shall we go, noble knight? I would fain be acquainted.
Y. Love. I'll be your servant, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A room in the LADY'S *house.*

Enter ELDER LOVELESS *and* LADY.

E. Love. Faith, my sweet lady, I have caught you now,
Maugre your subtilties and fine devices.
Be coy again now.
Lady. Prithee, sweetheart, tell true.
E. Love. By this light,
By all the pleasures I have had this night, 5
By your lost maiden-head, you are cozen'd merely;

63 *knight*] Theo. gave without authority *good knight.*

66 *Cleve wars*] "The wars here alluded to were caused by the death of John William, duke of Cleves, without heirs, in the year 1609. Juliers, a fortress in his dominions, was taken in 1622, by the marquis of Espinola; and the final settlement of the dispute was not concluded till the peace of the Pyrenees in 1659" (Weber). But the Stationers' Register enters the following under date Feb. 19, 1599, "A short discours of what hathe happened in the land of Cleaue and the cuntrey thereaboutes since ye last of August 1598 till this tyme by the Spanishe leaguer that camme thither, their cruelty toward those of Cleaue land and their cities whomme they have taken as Enemies to the Kinge of Spayne." Compare V. iv. 54, "Some cast Cleve captain." Q6, Eds. 8, 10 (1651, 1691, 1695?) read simply *of warres.*

SCENE IV.] In old eds. given as prose, passing into almost continuous verse after the entry of Y. Loveless. We follow Dyce.

6 *merely*] i.e. absolutely, completely.

I have cast beyond your wit : that gentlewoman
Is your retainer Welford.
Lady. It cannot be so.
E. Love. Your sister has found it so, or I mistake :
Mark how she blushes when you see her next. 10
Ha, ha, ha ! I shall not travel now ; ha, ha, ha !
Lady. Prithee, sweetheart,
Be quiet : thou hast anger'd me at heart.
E. Love. I'll please you soon again.
Lady. Welford !
E. Love. Ay, Welford. He's a young handsome fellow,
Well-bred, and landed : your sister can instruct you 15
In his good parts better than I, by this time.
Lady. Ud's foot, am I fetch'd over thus ?
E. Love. Yes, i' faith ;
And over shall be fetch'd again, never fear it.
Lady. I must be patient, though it torture me.
You have got the sun, sir. 20
E. Love. And the moon too ; in which I'll be the man.
Lady. But had I known this, had I but surmised it,
You should have hunted three trains more, before
You had come to the course :
You should have hank'd o' the bridle, sir, i' faith. 25
E. Love. I knew it, and mined with you, and so blew you up.
Now you may see the gentlewoman : stand close.
[*They retire.*

Enter WELFORD *in his own apparel, and* MARTHA.

Mar. For God's sake, sir, be private in this business ;
You have undone me else. Oh, God, what have I done ?
Wel. No harm, I warrant thee. 30
Mar. How shall I look upon my friends again ?
With what face ?
Wel. Why, e'en with that ;
'Tis a good one, thou canst not find a better.

7 *cast*] i.e. devised, plotted.
7 *gentlewoman*] So Theo. and succeeding edd. Q1 has *That gent.*; the rest, *That Gentleman.*
25 *hank'd o' the bridle*] Q6 alone *hank'd* it *o' the bridle. Hank*, hold. Nares quotes *The Rehearsal*, 1672, "Keep a hank upon such censuring persons."

Look upon all the faces thou shalt see there,
And you shall find 'em smooth still, fair still, sweet still, 35
And, to your thinking, honest: those have done
As much as you have yet, or dare do, mistress;
And yet they keep no stir.
Mar. Good sir, go in, and put your woman's clothes on:
If you be seen thus, I am lost for ever. 40
Wel. I'll watch you for that, mistress; I am no fool:
Here will I tarry till the house be up,
And witness with me.
Mar. Good dear friend, go in!
Wel. To bed again, if you please, else I am fix'd here
Till there be notice taken what I am, 45
And what I have done.
If you could juggle me into my womanhood again,
And so cog me out of your company,
All this would be forsworn, and I again
An asinego, as your sister left me. 50
No; I'll have it known and publish'd: then,
If you'll be a whore, forsake me, and be shamed;
And, when you can hold out no longer, marry
Some cast Cleve captain, and sell bottle-ale.
Mar. I dare not stay, sir: use me modestly; 55
I am your wife.
Wel. Go in; I'll make up all. [*Exit* MARTHA.
E. Love. [*coming forward with* LADY.] I'll be a witness of your naked truth, sir.——
This is the gentlewoman; prithee, look upon him;
This is he that made me break my faith, sweet;
But thank your sister, she hath solder'd it. 60
Lady. What a dull ass was I, I could not see
This wencher from a wench! Twenty to one,
If I had been but tender, like my sister,
He had served me such a slippery trick too.
Wel. Twenty to one I had. 65

48 *cog*] i.e. cheat.
50 *asinego*] i.e. silly fellow, fool. (Referred by lexicographers to *Portug.*) (Dyce.)
54 *Cleve captain*] See note, V. iii. 66.
56 Exit MARTHA] here first. Her absence is inferable from the ensuing dialogue no less than from this place.

E. Love I would have watch'd you, sir, by your good patience,
For ferreting in my ground.
Lady. You have been with my sister?
Wel. Yes; to bring.
E. Love. An heir into the world, he means.
Lady. There is no chafing now.
Wel. I have had my part on 't;
I have been chafed this three hours, that's the least: 70
I am reasonable cool now.
Lady. Cannot you fare well, but you must cry roast meat?
Wel. He that fares well, and will not bless the founders,
Is either surfeited, or ill taught, lady.
For mine own part, I have found so sweet a diet, 75
I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.
E. Love. How like you this dish, Welford? I made a supper on't,
And fed so heartly, I could not sleep.
Lady. By this light, had I but scented out your train,
You had slept with a bare pillow in your arms, 80
And kiss'd that, or else the bed-post, for any wife
You had got this twelvemonth yet: I would have vex'd you
More than a tired post-horse, and been longer bearing
Than ever after-game at Irish was.
Lord, that I were unmarried again! 85
E. Love. Lady, I would not undertake you, were you

68 *to bring*] So all old eds. The modern edd. except Dyce print *to bring—*. The following two instances quoted by Dyce leave the meaning still uncertain: *Cupid's Revenge*, IV. i. (of a rogue) "I know him to bring," and *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*,

> "I'll close with Bryan till I have gotten the thing
> That he hath promised me, and then I'll be with him to bring."

73 *bless the founders*] An allusion to the prayers usually said in Catholic countries for the souls of the founders of charities, monasteries, and colleges (Weber).

84 *after-game at Irish*] *The Compleat Gamester*, Ed. 1680, gives "Irish" as a game resembling backgammon, the hardest part of which was the "*After-game*" (Weber). "*Bearing*," a term of the game, was frequently used with a quibble; see Middleton's *Works*, ii. 528, ed. Dyce.

Again a haggard, for the best cast of
Sore ladies i' the kingdom: you were ever
Tickle-footed, and would not truss round.
Wel. Is she fast?
E. Love. She was all night lock'd here, boy. 90
Wel. Then you may lure her, without fear of losing:
Take off her creance.—
You have a delicate gentlewoman to your sister:
Lord, what a pretty fury she was in,
When she perceived I was a man! 95
But, I thank God, I satisfied her scruple,
Without the parson o' the town.
E. Love. What did ye?
Wel. Madam, can you tell what we did?
E. Love. She has a shrewd guess at it, I see by her.
Lady. Well, you may mock us: but, my large gentlewoman, 100
My Mary Ambree, had I but seen into you,
You should have had another bed-fellow,
Fitter a great deal for your itch.

87 *a haggard*] Here simply a wild hawk: "A *Haggard Hawk*, accipiter immansuetus, agrestis" (Coles's *Dict.*).

87 *cast*] i. e. couple. Compare II. i. 148, "a cast of coach mares." The expression "a cast of faulcons," meaning a pair of falcons, occurs in a little poem by Scott, appended to his *Philomythie*, p. 89, Ed. 1616 (Dyce).

88 *Sore ladies*] QQ1—3, F. *four ladys*. The rest, followed by the moderns, except Dyce, omit the epithet. "*Sore Hawk* is from the first taking of her from the eiry, till she have mewed her feathers" (Latham's *Faulconry* (*Explan. of Words of Art*), 1658) (Dyce).

89 *tickle-footed*] uncertain (Weber).

89 *truss*] "*Trussing* is when a Hawk raseth a fowl aloft, and so descendeth down with it to the ground." *Id. ibid.* "To *truss* (in hawking), prædam pennis exuere" (Coles's *Dict.*). "*Truss the Wing* is when the Hawk keeps them close to her Body." R. Holme's *Ac. of Armory*, 1688, B. ii. p. 241 (Dyce).

91 *lure*] "*Lure* is that whereto Faulconers call their young Hawks, by casting it up in the aire, being made of feathers and leather, in such wise that in the motion it looks not unlike a fowl." Latham's *Faulconry* (*Explan. of Words of Art*) (Dyce). The verb will mean to incite the young hawk to strike it.

92 *creance*] Old eds. *cranes*.—"*Creance* is a fine small long line of strong and even twound Packthread, which is fastened to the Hawks Leash, when shee is first lured."—*Id. ibid.* (Dyce).

99 *I see by her*] Q1, Dyce: the rest *I see it by her*.

101 *Mary Ambree*] Percy's *Rel. of Anc. Eng. Poet.*, series II., book ii. 19 is the ballad entitled *The valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lovers death did play her part most gallantly*. The date is 1584.

Wel. I thank you, lady;
Methought it was well. You are so curious!
E. Love. Get on your doublet; here comes my brother. 105

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS, his Lady, MORECRAFT, SAVIL, *and* Serving-men.

Y. Love. Good-morrow, brother; and all good to your lady!
More. God save you, and good morrow to you all!
E. Love. Good morrow.—Here's a poor brother of yours.
Lady. Fie, how this shames me!
More. Prithee, good fellow, help me to a cup of beer. 110
First Serv. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Y. Love. Brother, what make you here? will this lady do?
Will she? is she not nettled still?
E. Love. No, I have cured her.—
Master Welford, pray, know this gentleman; he is my brother.
Wel. Sir, I shall long to love him. 115
Y. Love. I shall not be your debtor, sir.—But how is't with you?
E. Love. As well as may be, man: I am married.
Your new acquaintance hath her sister; and all 's well.
Y Love. I am glad on't.—Now, my pretty lady sister,
How do you find my brother? 120
Lady. Almost as wild as you are.
Y. Love. He'll make the better husband: you have tried him?
Lady. Against my will, sir.

105 Serving-men] Old eds. *two Serving-men:* but Morecraft presently gives money to more than two (Dyce).

109 *Fie, how this shames me!*] The entry of Young Loveless reminds her of the year's exile to which the Elder had been sentenced on the occasion when he introduced his brother in I. i. 68.

112 *make*] Theobald gave the misprint of F. and Eds. 8, 10 *makes:* see note, IV. i. 136.

114 *he is*] So QQ5, 6, Edd. 8, 10 and Theo. QQ1—4 *gentleman, is my brother* (*he* omitted, as often). F. *Gentleman is my brother.* The last three editors *he's.*

Y. Love. He'll make your will amends soon, do not doubt it.—
But, sir, I must intreat you to be better known 125
To this converted Jew here.

Re-enter First Serving-man, *with beer.*

First Serv. Here's beer for you, sir.
More. And here's for you an angel.
Pray, buy no land; 'twill never prosper, sir.
E. Love. How's this?
Y. Love. Bless you, and then I'll tell. He's turn'd gallant.
E. Love. Gallant! 130
Y. Love. Ay, gallant, and is now call'd Cutting Morecraft:
The reason I'll inform you at more leisure.
Wel. Oh, good sir, let me know him presently.
Y. Love. You shall hug one another.
More. Sir, I must keep
You company.
E. Love. And reason.
Y. Love. Cutting Morecraft, 135
Faces about; I must present another.
More. As many as you will, sir; I am for 'em.
Wel. Sir, I shall do you service.
More. I shall look for 't, in good faith, sir.
E. Love. Prithee, good sweetheart, kiss him.
Lady. Who? that fellow! 140
Sav. Sir, will it please you to remember me?
My keys, good sir!
Y. Love. I'll do it presently.
E. Love. Come, thou shalt kiss him for our sport-sake.
Lady. Let him come on, then; and, do you hear, do not

127 *angel*] ten shillings.
130 *Bless you*] Means, *Bless yourself* (Mason).
131 *Cutting*] i. e. swaggering, ruffling. First used, like "blade," of a highwayman than of a town buck. Cf. Greene's *Friar Bacon*, sc. v., "Such a company of cutting knaves."
136 *Faces about*] i. e. wheel, turn round: given as word of military command by Ralph in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, V. ii. (Dyce).

Instruct me in these tricks, for you may repent it. 145
E. Love. That at my peril.—Lusty Master More-
craft,
Here is a lady would salute you.
More. She shall not lose her longing, sir. What is
she?
E. Love. My wife, sir.
More. She must be, then, my mistress.
Lady. Must I, sir? [*Kisses him.*
E. Love. Oh, yes, you must.
More. And you must take 150
This ring, a poor pawn of some fifty pound.
E. Love. Take it, by any means; 'tis lawful prize.
Lady. Sir, I shall call you servant.
More. I shall be proud on 't.—What fellow's that?
Y. Love. My lady's coachman. 155
More. There's something, my friend, for you to buy
whips; and for you, sir; and you, sir.
[*Gives money to the* Servants.
E. Love. Under a miracle, this is the strangest
I ever heard of.
More. What, shall we play, or drink? what shall we
do? 160
Who will hunt with me for a hundred pounds?
Wel. Stranger and stranger!—Sir, you shall find
sport
After a day or two.
Y. Love. Sir, I have a suit unto you,
Concerning your old servant Savil.
E. Love. Oh, for his keys; I know it. 165
Sav. Now, sir, strike in.
More. Sir, I must have you grant me.
E. Love. 'Tis done, sir.—Take your keys again:
But hark you, Savil; leave off the motions
Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze
again: 170
I'll try you once more.
Sav. If ever I be taken drunk or whoring,
Take off the biggest key i' the bunch, and open
My head with it, sir.—I humbly thank your worships.
E. Love. Nay, then, I see we must keep holiday: 175

Enter ROGER *and* ABIGAIL.

Here's the last couple in hell.
Rog. Joy be amongst you all!
Lady. Why, how now, sir,
What is the meaning of this emblem?
Rog. Marriage,
An 't like your worship.
Lady. Are you married?
Rog. As well as the next priest could do it, madam. 180
E. Love. I think the sign 's in Gemini, here's such coupling.
Wel. Sir Roger, what will you take to lie from your sweetheart to-night?
Rog. Not the best benefice in your worship 's gift, sir.
Wel. A whoreson, how he swells! 185
Y. Love. How many times to-night, Sir Roger?
Rog. Sir,
You grow scurrilous. What I shall do, I shall do:
I shall not need your help.
Y. Love. For horse-flesh, Roger.

176 *the last couple in hell*] "An allusion to the game of barley-break. The following description is from Mr. Gifford's valuable edition of Massinger. 'It was played by six people (three of each sex), who were coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the middle one was called hell. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division, to catch the others who advanced from the two extremities; in which case a change of situation took place, and hell was filled by the couple who were excluded, by pre-occupation, from the other places: in this catching, however, there was some difficulty, as, by the regulations of the game, the middle couple were not to separate before they had succeeded, while the others might break hands whenever they found themselves hard pressed. When all had been taken in turn, the last couple was said *to be in hell*, and the game ended' (vol. i. 104, ed. 1813)."—(Weber.) The above description of the game is chiefly derived from a poem in Sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia*. (Dyce.) The game of Warner, still played by school-boys, is a modern extension of it. Compare Middleton's *Changeling*, V. iii., where De Flores uses it finely of himself and Beatrice—

"Yes; and the while I coupled with your mate
At barley-break; now we are left in hell."

178 *emblem*] Alluding to the custom, borrowed by Spenser from Marot, of concluding a pastoral poem with some short epigrammatic saying or sentence.

181 *sign 's*] So all: *sun's* would be better sense, but the expression is intelligible and reoccurs in *The Maid in the Mill*, IV. ii.

188 *horse-flesh*] Common expression for women in a certain aspect. Cf. III. i., 330, IV. i. 166.

E. Love. Come, prithee, be not angry; 'tis a day
Given wholly to our mirth.
Lady. It shall be so, sir. 190
Sir Roger and his bride we shall intreat
To be at our charge.
E. Love. Welford, get you to the church:
By this light you shall not lie with her again
Till y' are married.
Wel. I am gone.
More. To every bride I dedicate, this day, 195
Six healths apiece; and it shall go hard
But every one a jewel. Come, be mad, boys!
E. Love. Thou'rt in a good beginning.—Come, who leads?
Sir Roger, you shall have the van: lead the way.
Would every dogged wench had such a day! 200
[*Exeunt.*

199 *van: lead the way*] QQ1—4, F., Theo. and Dyce: but QQ5, 6, Eds. 8, 10, Col. and Web. *van, and lead the way.*

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

EDITED BY R. WARWICK BOND.

The Custom of the Country.

In the Folios 1647, 1679.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

THE TEXT.—The text of the folios is good, even in the matter of metrical arrangement, a point in which much carelessness is apparent in some of the plays. On the whole the second folio is here to be preferred. It makes about a score of corrections and needed transpositions of the text of the preceding folio; and corrupts it in only six places, while sharing its remaining errors, about twelve in number. We have corrected these corruptions and original errors; and have restored some half-dozen readings needlessly altered by Theobald or later editors.

THE ARGUMENT.—Count Clodio, an Italian governor who claims the right of the first night with every bride, is suitor to Charino's daughter Zenocia: but against her father's advice she prefers Arnoldo, the younger of two brothers on their travels; and, after her marriage, the three oppose with weapons Clodio's attempt to exact his Custom, and effect their escape to the port. Clodio embarks in pursuit; but, ere he can overtake them, they are attacked by Leopold, captain of a Portuguese vessel, into whose hands Zenocia falls, while the brothers leap overboard and swim to the coast a league distant. All parties arrive separately at Lisbon. Zenocia is placed by Leopold in the service of the beautiful Hippolita, with instructions to forward his suit to her. Hippolita, however, has conceived a passion for the stranger, Arnoldo. Failing in an endeavour to seduce him, she has him arrested on a charge of theft; but relents, and intercedes to save him from the death to which he is sentenced. Arnoldo, observing Zenocia in her company, endeavours to recover her, and an interview between the pair is witnessed by the jealous Hippolita, who orders her rival to be strangled. This cruelty is prevented by the arrival of Manuel, the governor of Lisbon, to whom Clodio, animated now by more honourable intentions, has applied for Zenocia's release. The baffled Hippolita has recourse to the bawd and witch Sulpitia, who causes Zenocia to waste away by melting a wax image of her before the fire: but Arnoldo's health fails in sympathy with hers; and at last Hippolita, moved to remorse, annuls the charm, resigning Arnoldo to Zenocia, for whom Clodio also renounces his passion, promising further to abandon henceforth the Custom that has caused their trouble.

The underplot is supplied by the adventures of the elder brother, Rutilio, who after apparently killing the governor's arrogant nephew, Duarte, in a duel, is sheltered unawares by his opponent's mother Guiomar, afterwards arrested by the watch as a conspirator, ransomed by Sulpitia on the condition of rendering her infamous and degrading service, redeemed from this by the recovered and repentant Duarte, and finally accepted as a husband by Guiomar when she learns that her son has not really perished.

DATE.—An upward limit for the date of *The Custom of the Country* is supplied by the fact that the English translation of Cervantes' *Los Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda*, the claim of which, rather than of the original, to be the source of our play does not admit of a doubt, is dated 1619. It was also entered on the Stationers' Register on Feb. 22 of that year. Evidence for the downward limit is supplied by the following entry in the Office-Book of Sir Henry Herbert:—"The benefitt of the winters day, being the second daye of an old play called *The Custome of the Cuntrye*, came to 17l. 10s. 0d. this 22 of Nov. 1628. From the Kinges company att the Blackfryers."—(Boswell's *Malone's Shakespeare*, iii. 176.)

The entries in Herbert's Office-Book commence May 14, 1622; but our play is not mentioned therein before 1628, when it is "old." During the three years 1619—1622 therefore it must have been composed.

AUTHORSHIP.—Both Prologues speak of "the poets" in the plural. The date of *Persiles and Sigismunda*, 1619 (the Spanish original appeared in 1617), puts

Beaumont (ob. 1615) out of the question. In all probability Fletcher's collaborator must be sought in Massinger. This is the view taken by Messrs. Fleay and Boyle, whose apportionment of the several scenes is almost identical. They give as Fletcher's Act I. 1, 2; III. 1, 2, 3; IV. 3, 4; V. 5: and as Massinger's, Act. II. 1, 2, 3, 4; III. 4, 5; IV. 1, 2; V. 1, 2, 3, 4: their sole difference being that Fleay also allots part of V. 5 to Massinger.

And here, as *The Custom of the Country* is the first of many plays in the Folio of 1679 in which Massinger is now believed to have had an important share, we deem it advisable to quote from Mr. Boyle's paper in the *Transactions of the New Shakspere Society*, 1880–6 (no. xxvi), a passage exhibiting the general grounds on which he rests his identification of that author's work; and to add, in the case of this play, the chief parallel passages in Massinger's undoubted plays, which may enable the reader to form some direct judgment of the value of the evidence thus offered.

Massinger, says Mr. Boyle, "is very fond of parentheses in the construction of his sentences; and though he has a larger share of the dramatic faculty than Fletcher, or even than Beaumont, he is fond of rhetorical display, and often indulges in long descriptive speeches to the detriment of the action. His characters are like Beaumont's in their frequent tendency to passionate abandonment. His ladies are, however, far more corrupt than his co-authors'. Fletcher and Beaumont are both frequently coarse in their conception of female nature. Their ladies often talk coarsely like flippant pages, but their coarseness is playful, whereas Massinger's corrupt female natures are in grain. The most marked peculiarity, however, in Massinger is his continual repetition of himself. I have, in the papers I have alluded to in the *Englische Studien*, collected about one thousand parallel passages from all his works, first taking the more remarkable repetitions in his acknowledged works and then comparing these with passages in the parts I ascribe to him in the Beaumont and Fletcher plays. In one or two cases, where I have found in a single scene no marked parallel, I have attributed such scene, on the strength of the metre alone, to Massinger, when in other scenes of the same play sufficiently well-marked parallels occur to show his hand. Many of these parallel passages are mere mannerisms, that became stronger the more they were indulged in. Most can be traced to their sources in some contemporary or predecessor. Of course the simple occurrence of such a passage in a doubtful play would be no argument for ascribing part of it to Massinger. But when we find many such passages together, more than any other author is in the habit of using, and when we find the metrical character of the doubtful play shewing the same features in much the same degree as Massinger's undoubted plays, the argument that he was part author becomes very strong indeed. If, however, the parallel passage be one betraying the peculiar sensual character of his females, or the forming of an important resolution on the part of his men, which is always accompanied by a marked hesitation, we can hardly doubt that we have a piece of Massinger's work before us. His men are the victims of one devouring passion in most instances, often in a state of incipient madness, alternately raging and melancholy. His heroines are generally the stately inmates of a palace: we hear the rustling of their silken trains as they approach. But they all seem to have grown up in a hothouse: there is not a healthy feeling about one of them. If they are unexposed to temptation, they glory in their faultless virtue, as if they were shining exceptions in a world of seething vice." Mr. Boyle adds that "Love is with Massinger either conventional or sensual, never ideal." His women are deemed "virtuous so long as they refrain from putting their corrupt thoughts into act": they "use the language of a professed voluptuary," and he has collected a very large number of passages, put into the mouths of Massinger's best heroines, which express their longing for marriage joys, a longing tempered by the regretful sense that they ought to wait until "Hymen" has made them safe and lawful.

Thus far for Massinger's general characteristics. Zenocia, it must be owned, has something of this ostentatious virginity; though the scenes where it is manifested, Acts I., IV. iii. (and cf. Guiomar in V. v.), are not in the part claimed for Massinger. For this play Mr. Boyle has not tabulated his metrical results; but the principal parallel passages from Massinger's undoubted work on which he relies are here given from *Englische Studien* (vol. 10, p. 285 compared with the preceding paper, vol. 9, pp. 209–240).

The share claimed for Massinger is II. 1, 2, 3, 4; III. 4, 5; IV. 1, 2; V. 1, 2, 3, 4.

CUST. OF COUNT.	MASSINGER (acknowledged work).
II. 1. "And rise up *such a wonder*":	Six instances of "wonder" applied to a person.
,, ,, "Galen should not be *named*":	i. e. "remembered," the expression being frequent in M.
,, ,, "I could teach Ovid courtship":	Cf. *Parlt. of Love*, i. 4, "With one that, for experience, could teach Ovid To write a better way his Art of Love." *Gt. Duke of Flor.*, iii. 1, "that beauty Which fluent Ovid if he lived again Would want words to express."
II. 2. "Death hath so many doors to let out life":	*Dk. of Milan*, i. 3, 214, "There are so many ways to let out life." *Parlt. of Love*, iv. 2, "There are a thousand doors to let out life."
II. 3. "In that alone all miseries are spoken":	Seven or eight instances where one thing is spoken of as being wholly "comprehended" in something else.
,, ,, "And that which princes have kneel'd for in vain":	*Reneg.*, ii. 4, "Which all our eastern kings have kneel'd in vain for."
III. 5. "Tempted *to the height*":	Quite common.
V. 1. "*The wonder* of our nation":	See above.
V. 2. "Thou shalt fix here":	Common.
,, ,, "And with the hazard of thy life":	Common.
,, ,, "Now *to the height* is punished":	See above.
,, ,, "*No more remembered*":	See above.
,, ,, "Above all kings though such had been his rivals":	Cf. *Maid of Honour*, i. 2, "though at this instant All scepter'd monarchs of our western world Were rivals with you . . . you alone Should wear the garland."
V. 3. "That you live, is a treasure I'll lock up here."	Cf. *Gt. Duke of Flor.*, iii. 1, "What you deliver to me shall be lock'd up In a strong cabinet, of which you yourself Shall keep the key," i. e. his secret shall not be betray'd.
,, ,, "What a frown was there!"	Cf. *Reneg.*, ii. 1, "What a frown was that!" *Maid of Hon.*, i. 1 (end), "What a frown he threw At his departure." *Picture*, iv. 1, "What a frown At her departure threw."

These passages Boyle supplements by many others, sometimes verbally the same, from such scenes in the Beaumont and Fletcher plays as he assigns to Massinger; and it cannot be denied that the total effect of the evidence accumulated with so much patient industry is very strong. Time alone, and the careful sifting of all the arguments, metrical and other, by successive competent hands, can irrefutably establish the conclusions to which he has been led: but we are free to confess that our own long-felt reluctance to accept these novel metrical tests of authorship, which Mr. Fleay was the first to apply, has been very much weakened by this demonstration of their correspondence, in the case of Massinger, with other clearly recognizable characteristics.

THE SOURCE.—In regard to sources—Weber (1812) assigned the Rutilio-Duarte-Guiomar plot to Cinthio's *Hecatommithi*, vi. 6 (first edition 1565), and Dunlop in his *History of Fiction* (1814) followed him. It appears to have been Liebrecht who, in the notes to his German translation of Dunlop (1851), first indicated Cervantes' novel as the more immediate source of our play, which he said was "composed of different portions of *Persiles and Sigismunda*." As a matter of fact there is scarcely anything to show that our authors consulted Cinthio at all. The play presents no single point of special resemblance to the Italian novel; unless such be sought in the description of Manuel (Act II. i. 64) as "a governor to the great king in Lisbon," which may recall the oversetting of the Podesta's judgment in Cinthio by appeal to the higher authority of Prospero Colonna, and in a certain likeness in Rutilio's appeal to Guiomar in Act V. v. (p. 583) to that which Cinthio puts into the murderer's mouth at an earlier stage. In some important particulars the Italian differs entirely both from Cervantes and from the play: the quarrel, for instance, in Cinthio, arises about a courtesan, not out of arrogant conduct on the part of Livia's son; and Livia's action and intercession on the murderer's behalf is carried to the point of adopting him in place of the son he has killed, and living with him at Fondi (not Forli, as Weber) till her death, when she leaves him her sole legatee. But in the English translation of *Persiles and Sigismunda* (London, 1619) we find not only the names Hippolyta, Zabulon the Jew, Clodio, Arnoldo, Rutilio, Manuel de Sosa, Alonso, Zenocia, but also Leopold, p. 174, and those of "Carino," p. 106, 8, "Don Duarte," p. 252, and "Guiomar of Sosa," p. 254, which Mr. Fleay states are not to be found therein. Sulpitia's name we do not find; her place is taken by a "Julia." The italicized passages in the following extract from Bk. ii. ch. 6, pp. 251–5 are verbally or almost verbally transferred to the verse of the play (Act II. sc. iv.), and sufficiently illustrate our authors' debt so far as the underplot is concerned. A "Polonian" relates how on the night of his arrival in Lisbon a street-quarrel occurred between him and an arrogant "disguised Portugal" (Act I. i. 170), Don Duarte, whom he left for dead, flying for refuge into a neighbouring house.—"I found open an hall well furnished, from whence I passed into a chamber better adorned, and following the light appearing in another chamber, I found in a rich bed a Lady, who sitting up as one wholly in amazement, asked who I was, what I sought, whither I went, and who had giuen mee leaue *with so little reuerence to come vnto her chamber*. I answered here: Madame, *I cannot satisfie you in so many demands, but in saying that I am a stranger*, who as I think, *haue left a man dead in this street rather through his misfortune and pride*, then by any fault of mine. I beseech you for Gods sake, and by that which you are, to save me from the *Iustice, which I suppose followeth after me. Are you a Castilian?* said she in her Portugall speech: I answered, *No, Madame*, I am a stranger, & a great way hence frõ this Country. *Though you were a Castilian a thousand times*, said she againe, *I would saue you if I might*, and will saue you if I can. Get you vp on this bed, *lift vp the hangings*, and enter into *a hollow place* which you shall there finde, and *stirre not from thence; for if the Iustice come, he will vse mee with respect, and beleeue what I shall tell him.*" No sooner is he concealed than a servant enters with news of the slaughter of "Don Duarte" her son, and that "a child said, that he saw a man come running into this house" (Act II. iv. 65). The entry of the dead body duly follows. When she has despatched the officers to search for the murderer, she entreats for solitude "because shee was *vncapable of comfort*, and in no fitt estate to entertaine her *friends and kinsfolkes*" (92–5). When all are gone, she lifts up the tapestry "and (as I thought) put her hand on my heart; which,

panting in my breast, made her knowe the feare wherewith I was environed" (53–4). She enjoins him to cover his face (101) and dismisses him with "an hundred crowns" (113); and he, "in signe of thankfulnes often vpon my knees kissed her beds foot" (116). Returned to his inn he learns that her name is the "Lady Guiomar of Sosa." He embarks the next day for the East Indies; but the next adventure of Rutilio in the play is at least suggested by the Rutilio of the novel, who relates, pp. 38–9, his rescue from the "hole" in which, as a consequence of some amour, he has been confined, by a witch who is in love with him and whom he "esteemed not as a sorceress, but an Angell sent from Heaven to deliuer him" (II. iii. 49, IV. iv. last line). The following references will exhibit the novel's relation to the main plot.

At p. 116, Clodio affects to dissuade his rival Arnaldo from pursuit of the heroine Auristela (the Zenocia of the play).

At pp. 144–7 Zenocia, a Spanish enchantress, makes love to Anthony, offering him great wealth and not insisting on marriage. Anthony defends himself against ravishment by a shaft from his bow, which, missing Zenocia, transfixes and kills Clodio who happens to enter the chamber—"a worthy punishment for his faults." This latter incident appears to be the germ of I. ii.

At p. 167, Periander (who corresponds to Arnoldo in the play) and his supposed sister, Auristela, are captured by a Rover (cf. Act II. ii.).

At p. 366 sqq., after the pilgrims have reached Rome, "Zabulon the Jew" induces Periander to visit "Hypolita of Ferrara, which was one of the fairest women of Italy," who had "seen him in the street" (cf. Act II. iii. 34–5) and conceived a passion for him. She receives him in a sumptuously-furnished house, and woos him as in the play. Periander on his exit "left his cloke in the hands of this new Egyptian" (cf. Act III. iv. 31). She thereupon charges him with theft, but afterwards confesses herself in the wrong and begs his discharge, the governor sharply rebuking her. In the following chapter (Bk. III. ch. 8), "returning to her house with greater confusion than repentance," she employs Zabulon's wife to make Auristela sick by enchantments; but in chapter 10, seeing Periander's health failing in sympathy with Auristela's, she gets the Jewess to undo the charm. All this is exactly reproduced in the play; and Zenocia's jealousy of Arnoldo's relations with Hippolyta (Act IV. sc. iii.) is fully suggested in chapter 8. But neither in Cinthio nor Cervantes is there any hint of the preservation of Duarte, of Rutilio's engagements to Sulpitia, nor of a passion between him and Guiomar.

HISTORY.—The popularity of the play is attested by the fact that Sir Henry Herbert's receipts from it, at this second of his two annual benefits in 1628, were considerably greater than from any play he selected for any similar occasion.

Samuel Pepys, having a sore throat and a bad head one "Lord's day," September 23, 1664, "went not to church but spent all the morning reading of *The Madd Lovers*, a very good play," and "another play *The Custome of the Country*, which is a very poor one, methinks."

On the 3rd January, 1667, he went "alone to the King's House, and there saw *The Custom of the Country*, the second time of its being acted, wherein Knipp does the Widow well; but, of all the plays that ever I did see, the worst—having neither plot, language, nor anything in the earth that is acceptable; only Knipp sings a song admirably." He saw the play again at the same theatre on August 1st, 1667: "The house mighty empty—more than ever I saw it—and an ill play." But after it he took the fascinating Knipp out for a treat to the Neat Houses, "my wife out of humour, as she always is, when this woman is by."

"A droll made up from the grosser portions of this comedy, and called *The Stallion*, which was acted during the suppression of the theatres, may be found in Kirkman's collection, *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport, Part First*, 1672, p. 50 [see vol. i. 200 of Dyce's ed.]. For some time after the Restoration, *The Custom of the Country* was not unfrequently performed" (Dyce).

"In 1700, Colley Cibber took one of the plots, and, combining it with that of Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, formed his comedy of *Love makes a Man, or The Fop's Fortune* . . . and, in 1715, Charles Johnson took the other plot, and engrafted it into his *Country Lasses, or The Custom of the Manor*" (Weber).

THE PROLOGUE.

So free this work is, gentlemen, from offence,
That, we are confident, it needs no defence
From us or from the poets. We dare look
On any man that brings his table-book
To write down what again he may repeat 5
At some great table, to deserve his meat:
Let such come swell'd with malice, to apply
What is mirth here, there for an injury.
Nor lord, nor lady, we have tax'd; nor state,
Nor any private person; their poor hate 10
Will be starved here; for Envy shall not find
One touch that may be wrested to her mind.
And yet despair not, gentlemen; the play
Is quick and witty; so the poets say,
And we believe them; the plot neat and new; 15
Fashion'd like those that are approved by you:
Only, 'twill crave attention in the most,
Because, one point unmark'd, the whole is lost.
Hear first, then, and judge after, and be free;
And, as our cause is, let our censure be. 20

3 *the poets*] i. e. Fletcher and (probably) Massinger.

9 *Nor lord . . . we have tax'd; . . . private person*] the common disclaimer of personal satire, repeated in Prol. to *Rule a Wife*, etc., "We taxe no farther than our Comedie." Cf. Marston's *Sophonisba* (1606 4°), (Epil.), 'sceanes exempt from ribaldry or rage Of taxings indiscreet'; also *Parasitaster* (Prol.), and Jonson's *Barthol. Fair* (Prol.), 'without particular wrong, Or just complaint of any private man.'

20 *our censure*] i. e. the judgment passed on us.

ANOTHER PROLOGUE FOR THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

For My Son Clarke.

[AT A REVIVAL.]

We wish, if it were possible, you knew
What we would give for this night's book, if new;
It being our ambition to delight
Our kind spectators with what's good and right.
Yet so far know, and credit me, 'twas made 5
By such as were held workmen in their trade;
At a time, too, when they, as I divine,
Were truly merry, and drank lusty wine,
The nectar of the Muses. Some are here,
I dare presume, to whom it did appear 10
A well-drawn piece, which gave a lawful birth
To passionate scenes, mix'd with no vulgar mirth.
But unto such to whom 'tis known by fame
From others, perhaps only by the name,
I am a suitor, that they would prepare 15
Sound palates, and then judge their bill of fare.
It were injustice to decry this now,
For being liked before: you may allow
(Your candour safe) what's taught in the old schools,—
All such as lived before you were not fools. 20

For my Son Clarke]: in Fol. of 1647 only. *Hugh Clearke* is one of the Players who sign the Dedication prefixed to that edition. (Dyce—Addenda.) He is described as the *son*, or poetic disciple of the unknown author of this prologue.

2 *book*] Dyce's probable emendation for *looke* and *look* of the folios. Theobald printed *luck*.

PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PLAY.

COUNT CLODIO, Governor, and a dishonourable pursuer of ZENOCIA.

MANUEL DU SOSA, Governor of Lisbon, and Brother to GUIOMAR.

ARNOLDO, a Gentleman contracted to ZENOCIA.

RUTILIO, a merry Gentleman, Brother to ARNOLDO.

CHARINO, Father to ZENOCIA.

DUARTE, Son to GUIOMAR, a Gentleman well qualified, but vain-glorious.

ALONZO, a young Portugal Gentleman, enemy to DUARTE.

LEOPOLD, a Sea Captain, Enamour'd on Hippolyta.

ZABULON, a Jew, servant to HIPPOLYTA.

JAQUES, servant to SULPITIA.

Doctor, Chirurgeon, Officers, Guard, Page, Bravo, Knaves of the Male Stews, Servants, [Sailors].

ZENOCIA, Mistress to ARNOLDO and a chaste wife.

GUIOMAR, a virtuous Lady, Mother to DUARTE.

HIPPOLYTA, a rich Lady, wantonly in love with ARNOLDO.

SULPITIA, a Bawd, Mistress of the Male Stews.

The SCENE sometimes *Lisbon*, sometimes *Italy*.

The principal Actors were—

Joseph Taylor.	Robert Benfeild.
John Lowin.	William Eglestone.
Nicholas Toolie.	Richard Sharpe.
John Underwood.	Thomas Holcomb.

Fol. 1679.

sometimes Italy] i. e. in the First Act only.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A town in Italy. A street.

Enter RUTILIO *and* ARNOLDO.

Rut. Why do you grieve thus still?
Arn. 'Twould melt a marble,
And tame a savage man, to feel my fortune.
Rut. What fortune? I have lived this thirty years,
And run through all these follies you call fortunes,
Yet never fix'd on any good and constant, 5
But what I made myself: why should I grieve, then,
At that I may mould any way?
Arn. You are wide still.
Rut. You love a gentlewoman, a young handsome woman:
I have loved a thousand, not so few.
Arn. You are disposed.
Rut. You hope to marry her; 'tis a lawful calling, 10
And prettily esteem'd of; but take heed then,

The Custom of the Country] Theobald, on the authority of Mons. Bayle, tells us that such a custom as is the motive of this comedy actually prevailed for some time in Italy; and also in Scotland, the ordinance of Eugenius III (acceded A.D. 535)—that the lord should have the first night's lodging with his tenant or bondman's bride—being abrogated by Malcolm III, whose reign began A.D. 1061. Its existence is, however, denied; and Weber considers it a mere tradition, originating in the feudal tax imposed on the marriage of a tenant or bondman.

ACT I . . . . street] This play is divided into Acts in FF, but the several scenes are marked only in the Third Act. Weber, 1812, completed the numbering of the scenes and marked their localities.

7 *At that*] F1 *and that.*

9 *disposed*] in special sense of "wantonly disposed," as in *Wit Without Money*, V. iv. and *Love's Labour's Lost*, II. i.: "Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd" (Dyce).

Take heed, dear brother, of a stranger fortune
Than e'er you felt yet; *Fortune my foe* is a friend to it.
Arn. 'Tis true, I love, dearly and truly love,
A noble, virtuous, and most beauteous maid; 15
And am beloved again.
Rut. That's too much, o' conscience:
To love all these, would run me out o' my wits.
Arn. Prithee, give ear: I am to marry her.
Rut. Despatch it, then, and I'll go call the piper.
Arn. But, oh, the wicked custom of this country! 20
The barbarous, most inhuman, damned custom!
Rut. 'Tis true, to marry is [as damn'd] a custom
[As any] in the world; for, look you, brother,
Would any man stand plucking for the ace of hearts,
With one pack of cards, all days on 's life?
Arn. You do not 25
Or else you purpose not to, understand me.
Rut. Proceed; I will give ear.
Arn. They have a custom
In this most beastly country—out upon't!
Rut. Let's hear it first.
Arn. That when a maid is contracted,
And ready for the tie o' the church, the governor, 30
He that commands in chief, must have her maidenhead,
Or ransom it for money, at his pleasure.
Rut. How might a man achieve that place?—a rare custom!

12 *a stranger fortune*] "cuckoldom" (Theobald).

13 Fortune my foe] the opening words of a song directed to be sung by Venturewell in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, V. iii. Dyce found the song in a collection of Ballads, etc. (Br. Mus. 643 m.), under the title "A sweet Sonnet, wherein the Lover exclaimeth against Fortune for the loss of his Ladies Favour . . . The Tune is, Fortune, my Foe." The first of its 22 stanzas was quoted by Malone from *The Maydes Metamorphosis*, 1600, sig. C. 3, and runs thus:—

"Fortune, my foe, why dost thou frown on me?
And will thy favours never better be?
Wilt thou, I say, for ever breed my pain?
And wilt thou not restore my joys again?"

Mr. Bullen adds here that it was known as the "hanging tune," because the condemned prisoners sung it on their way to Tyburn.

16 *o' conscience*] F1 *a conscience.*

22 *is* [*as damn'd*] . . . *world*] Adopting Dyce's emendation, which satisfies sense better, and disturbs the text less, than Theobald's—

"is the most inhuman
Damn'd custom in the world."

An admirable rare custom !—And none excepted ?
Arn. None, none. 35
Rut. The rarer still ! how could I lay about me
In this rare office !—Are they born to it, or chosen ?
Arn. Both equal damnable.
Rut. Methinks, both excellent :
Would I were the next heir !
Arn. To this mad fortune
Am I now come ; my marriage is proclaim'd, 40
And nothing can redeem me from this mischief.
Rut. She's very young—
Arn. Yes.
Rut. And fair I dare proclaim her,
Else mine eyes fail.
Arn. Fair as the bud unblasted.
Rut. I cannot blame him, then : if 'twere mine own case,
I would not go an ace less.
Arn. Fie, Rutilio, 45
Why do you make your brother's misery
Your sport and game ?
Rut. There is no pastime like it.
Arn. I look'd for your advice, your timely counsel,
How to avoid this blow ; not to be mock'd at,
And my afflictions jeer'd.
Rut. I tell thee, Arnoldo, 50
An thou wert my father, as thou art but my brother,
My younger brother too, I must be merry :
And where there is a wench i' the case, a young wench,
A handsome wench, and so near a good turn too,
An I were to be hang'd, thus must I handle it. 55
But you shall see, sir, I can change this habit,
To do you any service ; advise what you please,
And see with what devotion I'll attend it :
But yet, methinks, I am taken with this custom,
And could pretend to the place.
Arn. Draw off a little ; 60
Here comes my mistress and her father. [*They retire.*

45 *go an ace less*] Bate a single point. Cf. *Woman's Prize*, II. vi.
53 *i' the case*] Theobald's correction.—The first Folio has *it can ;* the second *yet can.*
54 *so near*] Theobald's correction for *sooner* of the fols., meaning *so near marriage.*

Enter CHARINO *and* ZENOCIA.

Rut. A dainty wench!
Would I might farm his custom!
Char. My dear daughter,
Now to bethink yourself of new advice,
Will be too late; later, this timeless sorrow;
No price nor prayers can infringe the fate 65
Your beauty hath cast on you. My best Zenocia,
Be ruled by me; a father's care directs ye:
Look on the count, look cheerfully and sweetly.
What though he have the power to possess ye,
To pluck your maiden honour, and then slight ye, 70
By custom unresistible to enjoy you?
Yet, my sweet child, so much your youth and goodness,
The beauty of your soul, and saint-like modesty,
Have won upon his wild mind, so much charm'd him,
That, all power laid aside, what law allows him, 75
Or sudden fires, kindled from those bright eyes,
He sues to be your servant, fairly, nobly;
For ever to be tied your faithful husband.
Consider, my best child.
Zen. I have consider'd.
Char. The blessedness that this breeds too, consider: 80
Besides your father's honour, your own peace,
The banishment for ever of this custom,
This base and barbarous use; for, after once
He has found the happiness of holy marriage,
And what it is to grow up with one beauty, 85
How he will scorn and kick at such an heritage,
Left him by lust and lewd progenitors!
All virgins too shall bless your name, shall saint it,
And, like so many pilgrims, go to your shrine,
When time has turn'd your beauty into ashes, 90
Fill'd with your pious memory.
Zen. Good father,
Hide not that bitter pill I loathe to swallow
In such sweet words.

64 *later*] for this printer's error Mr. Bullen suggests *leave then* or *let go*: but Qy? *defer*, which suits *timeless* and could more easily be misread as *later*.
74 *wild mind*] So F1. F2 *mild mind*.
76 *Or sudden . . . eyes*] Heath (MS. notes) supposed that this line should rather follow "The beauty . . . modesty."

Char. The count's a handsome gentleman;
And, having him, y'are certain of a fortune,
A high and noble fortune to attend you: 95
Where, if you fling your love upon this stranger,
This young Arnoldo, not knowing from what place
Or honourable strain of blood he is sprung, you venture
All your own sweets, and my long cares, to nothing:
Nor are you certain of his faith; why may not that 100
Wander, as he does, everywhere?
Zen. No more, sir;
I must not hear, I dare not hear him wrong'd thus:
Virtue is never wounded, but I suffer.
'Tis an ill office in your age, a poor one,
To judge thus weakly: and believe yourself too, 105
A weaker, to betray your innocent daughter
To his intemp'rate, rude, and wild embraces,
She hates as Heaven hates falsehood.
Rut. [*aside* to ARNOLDO] A good wench!
She sticks close to you, sir.
Zen. His faith uncertain!
The nobleness his virtue springs from doubted! 110
D'ye doubt 'tis day now? or, when your body's perfect,
Your stomach's well disposed, your pulses temperate,
D'ye doubt you are in health? I tell you, father,
One hour of this man's goodness, this man's nobleness,
Put in the scale against the count's whole being, 115
(Forgive his lusts too, which are half his life,)
He could no more endure to hold weight with him.
Arnoldo's very looks are fair examples;
His common and indifferent actions,
Rules and strong ties of virtue: he has my first love; 120
To him in sacred vow I have given this body;
In him my mind inhabits.
Rut. Good wench still!
Zen. And till he fling me off as undeserving,

96 *Where*] i. e. *Whereas*, Weber.
103 *Virtue . . . suffer*] Theobald compares *Philaster*—
"When any falls from virtue, I am distracted;
I have an interest in it."
105 *weakly: and believe yourself too,*] So pointed by the Fols.; *believe yourself*, meaning *be assured*. Dyce reads *weakly, and believe yourself too;* which is inconsistent with l. 182.
112 *pulses*] F2 "pulse's."

Which I confess I am of such a blessing,
But would be loath to find it so——
Arn. [*Coming forward*] Oh, never, 125
Never, my happy mistress, never, never!
When your poor servant lives but in your favour,
One foot i' the grave, the other shall not linger.
What sacrifice of thanks, what age of service,
What danger of more dreadful look than death, 130
What willing martyrdom to crown me constant,
May merit such a goodness, such a sweetness?
A love so nobly great no power can ruin:
Most blessed maid, go on: the gods that gave this,
This pure unspotted love, the child of Heaven, 135
In their own goodness must preserve and save it,
And raise you a reward beyond our recompense.
Zen. I ask but you, a pure maid, to possess,
And then they have crown'd my wishes: if I fall then,
Go seek some better love; mine will debase you. 140
Rut. [*aside*] A pretty innocent fool! Well, governor,
Though I think well of your custom, and could wish myself
For this night in your place, heartily wish it,
Yet if you play not fair play, and above-board too,
I have a foolish gin here [*Laying his hand upon his sword*]
——I say no more; 145
I'll tell you what, and if your honour's guts
Are not enchanted——
Arn. I should now chide you, sir, for so declining
The goodness and the grace you have ever shew'd me,

127 *but*] So Fols., which Mason interpreted *except*. But Qy? *not*.

144 *Yet if you play not fair play*, etc.] "Evidently to be transposed, and read thus:—

"Yet if you play not fair, above-board too,
I'll tell you what—
I've a foolish engine here:—I say no more—
But if your honour's guts are not enchanted"——

Licentious as the comic metre of B. and F. is,—a far more lawless, and yet far less happy, imitation of the rhythm of animated talk in real life than Massinger's—still it is made worse than it really is by ignorance of the halves, thirds, and two-thirds of a line, which B. and F. adopted from the Italian and Spanish dramatists.—Coleridge's *Remains*, ii. 297. But Dyce is obviously right in protesting against Coleridge's claims for an editor of the right "to transpositions of all kinds and to not a few omissions."

145 *gin*] i. e. machine, engine (Dyce).

146 *and if*] i.e. *an if*, as often.

148 *declining*] i. e. lowering, impairing (Dyce).

And your own virtue too, in seeking rashly 150
To violate that love Heaven has appointed,
To wrest your daughter's thoughts, part that affection
That both our hearts have tied, and seek to give it——
Rut. To a wild fellow, that would worry her;
A cannibal, that feeds on the heads of maids, 155
Then flings their bones and bodies to the devil.
Would any man of discretion venture such a gristle
To the rude claws of such a cat-o'-mountain?
You had better tear her between two oaks: a town-bull
Is a mere stoic to this fellow, a grave philosopher; 160
And a Spanish jennet a most virtuous gentleman.
Arn. Does this seem handsome, sir?
Rut. Though I confess
Any man would desire to have her, and by any means,
At any rate too, yet that this common hangman,
That hath whipt off the heads of a thousand maids already, 165
That he should glean the harvest, sticks in my stomach;
This rogue, that breaks young wenches to the saddle,
And teaches them to stumble ever after,
That he should have her! For my brother now,
That is a handsome young fellow, and well thought on, 170
And will deal tenderly in the business;
Or for myself, that have a reputation,
And have studied the conclusion of these causes,
And know the perfect manage—I'll tell you, old sir,
(If I should call you "wise sir," I should belie you,) 175
That thing you study to betray your child to,
This maiden-monger, when you have done your best,
And think you have fix'd her in the point of honour,
Who do you think you have tied her to? a surgeon;

154 *worry*] Theobald's correction. FF. "weary."
157 *gristle*] Substance to be ground or crushed, diminutive of "grist."
159 *You had better tear her between two oaks*] Theobald gives from Pausanias the story of the giant Sinnis, called the Pine-bender, who destroyed thus the travellers whom he caught crossing the isthmus of Peloponnesus, and was himself put to death by Theseus in the same manner. Gibbon, ii. 10, relates (from Vopiscus, c. 7) how the emperor Aurelian once inflicted a similar punishment on a soldier who had violated his rules of discipline. Cf. Plut., *Vit. Alex.*, c. 43.
167 *rogue, that breaks*] F2 omits "that."
169 *her! For*] So all Editors, except Theobald "her'fore," and l. 172, "'fore myself." FF. "her? for."

I must confess, an excellent dissector, 180
One that has cut up more young tender lamb-pies——
Char. What I spake, gentlemen, was mere compulsion,
No father's free will; nor did I touch your person
With any edge of spite, or strain your loves
With any base or hired persuasions: 185
Witness these tears, how well I wish'd your fortunes!
[*Exit.*
Rut. There's some grace in thee yet.—You are determined
To marry this count, lady?
Zen. Marry him, Rutilio!
Rut. Marry him, and lie with him, I mean.
Zen. You cannot mean that;
If you be a true gentleman, you dare not, 190
The brother to this man, and one that loves him.
I'll marry the devil first.
Rut. A better choice;
And, lay his horns by, a handsomer bed-fellow;
A cooler, o' my conscience.
Arn. Pray, let me ask you;
And, my dear mistress, be not angry with me 195
For what I shall propound. I am confident
No promise, nor no power, can force your love,
I mean, in way of marriage never stir you;
Nor, to forget my faith, no state can win you;
But, for this custom, with which this wretched country 200
Hath wrought into a law, and must be satisfied;
Where all the pleas of honour are but laugh'd at,
And modesty regarded as a May-game;
What shall be here consider'd? Power we have none
To make resistance, nor policy to cross it: 205
'Tis held religion too, to pay this duty.
Zen. I'll die an atheist, then.
Arn. My noblest mistress,
(Not that I wish it so, but say it were so,)

181 *lamb-pies*] Dekker, in his *Belman of London*, calls "*Lamb-pye*, a good meat vpon a table," Ch. viii. etc. (Weber).

182 *spake*] F1 *speake*.

184 *strain*] "i. e. constrain or force against their natural bent" (Mason). Rather "distort," "misrepresent." Theobald and Sympson "stain."

199 *win*] Theobald's correction for *wound* of the fols.

Say you did render up part of your honour,
(For, whilst your will is clear, all cannot perish,) 210
Say, for one night you entertain'd this monster;
Should I esteem you worse, forced to this render?
Your mind, I know, is pure; and full as beauteous,
After this short eclipse, you would rise again,
And, shaking off that cloud, spread all your lustre. 215
Zen. Who made you witty, to undo yourself, sir?
Or are you loaden with the love I bring you,
And fain would fling that burden on another?
Am I grown common in your eyes, Arnoldo,
Old, or unworthy of your fellowship? 220
D' ye think, because a woman, I must err;
And therefore rather wish that fall before-hand,
Colour'd with custom not to be resisted?
D' ye love, as painters do, only some pieces,
Some certain handsome touches of your mistress, 225
And let the mind pass by you unexamined?
Be not abused: with what the maiden vessel
Is season'd first——you understand the proverb.
Rut. [*aside*] I am afraid this thing will make me virtuous.
Zen. Should you lay by the least part of that love 230
Y'ave sworn is mine, your youth and faith has given me,
To entertain another, nay, a fairer,
And,—make the case thus desp'rate,—she must die else;
D' ye think I would give way, or count this honest?
Be not deceived; these eyes should never see you more, 235
This tongue forget to name you, and this heart
Hate you, as if you were born my full Antipathy.
Empire, and more imperious love, alone

227 *with what the maiden vessel*
Is season'd first—you understand the proverb] Theobald quotes:
"Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diu."—Hor., *Epp.*, I. ii. 69; Weber, an English proverb still (1812) in use—"The cask savours of the first fill."

237 *Antipathy*] A creature abhorrent from one's nature and instinct. *Thierry and Theod.* I. i.:—
"Let him be to thee an antipathy,
A thing thy nature sweats at and turns backward."

238 *Empire . . . no rivals*] Dyce in his Addenda quotes *Mons. Thomas*, I. i. "Love and high rule allow no rivals, brother;" and Warner's *Pan his Syrinx or Pipe* (n. d. lic. 1584) sig. P. 4. "You are not, I trow, to learn that loue and principalitie brooke no co-partners."

Rule, and admit no rivals : the purest springs,
When they are courted by lascivious land-floods, 240
Their maiden pureness and their coolness perish ;
And though they purge again to their first beauty,
The sweetness of their taste is clean departed :
I must have all or none ; and am not worthy
Longer the noble name of wife, Arnoldo, 245
That I can bring a whole heart, pure and handsome.
Arn. I never shall deserve you ; not to thank you !
You are so heavenly good, no man can reach you.
I am sorry I spake so rashly, 'twas but to try you.
Rut. You might have tried a thousand women so, 250
And nine hundred fourscore and nineteen should ha' follow'd your counsel :
Take heed o' clapping spurs to such free cattle.
Arn. We must bethink us suddenly and constantly,
And wisely too ; we expect no common danger.
Zen. Be most assured I'll die first.
Rut. An 't come to that once, 255
The devil pick his bones that dies a coward !
I'll jog along with you.—Here comes the stallion :

Enter CLODIO *and* Guard.

[*Aside to* ARNOLDO] How smug he looks upon the imagination
Of what he hopes to act !—Pox on your kidneys,
How they begin to melt !—How big he bears ! 260
Sure, he will leap before us all. What a sweet company
Of rogues and panders wait upon his lewdness !—
Plague of your chops ! you ha' more handsome bits
Than a hundred honester men, and more deserving.—
How the dog leers !
Clod. [*To* ARNOLDO] You need not now be jealous : 265
I speak at distance to your wife ; but when the priest has done,

247 *not to thank you*] Though to say so is far short of an acknowledgment.
257 *jog along with you*] Support your action.
260 *How big he bears*] How he swells and struts.
263 *handsome bits*] i. e. handsome women.

We shall grow nearer and more familiar.
Rut. [*aside*] I'll watch you for that trick, baboon;
I'll smoke you.
The rogue sweats, as if he had eaten grains; he broils:
If I do come to the basting of you——
Arn. Your lordship 270
May happily speak this to fright a stranger;
But 'tis not in your honour to perform it.
The custom of this place, if such there be,
At best most damnable, may urge you to it;
But, if you be an honest man, you hate it. 275
However, I will presently prepare
To make her mine; and most undoubtedly
Believe you are abused; this custom feign'd too;
And what you now pretend, most fair and virtuous.
Clod. Go, and believe; a good belief does well, sir;— 280
And you, sir, clear the place;—but leave her here.
Arn. Your lordship's pleasure.
Clod. That anon, Arnoldo;
This is but talk.
Rut. Shall we go off?
Arn. By any means:
I know she has pious thoughts enough to guard her;
Besides, here's nothing due to him till the tie be done, 285
Nor dare he offer.
Rut. Now do I long to worry him.
Pray, have a care to the main chance. [*To* ZENOCIA.
Zen. Pray, sir, fear not. [*Exeunt* ARN. *and* RUT.
Clod. Now, what say you to me?
Zen. Sir, it becomes
The modesty that maids are ever born with,
To use few words.
Clod. Do you see nothing in me? 290

267 *nearer and*] So Dyce, following both fols., and recognizing *nearer* rightly as a trisyllable. He quotes "near" as a dissyllable in *The Faithful Friends*, iii. 3. "Order our troops and bring 'em near us." Theobald printed "nearer *then* and."

269 *grains*] The draff or refuse of malt after brewing, given to pigs and cows.

282 *Your lordship's pleasure*] Spoken in assent. No mark of interrogation in fols.

Nothing to catch your eyes, nothing of wonder,
The common mould of men come short, and want in?
Do you read no future fortune for yourself here?
And what a happiness it may be to you,
To have him honour you, all women aim at? 295
To have him love you, lady, that man love you,
The best and the most beauteous have run mad for?
Look, and be wise; you have a favour offer'd you
I do not every day propound to women.
You are a pretty one; and, though each hour 300
I am glutted with the sacrifice of beauty,
I may be brought, as you may handle it,
To cast so good a grace and liking on you——
You understand. Come, kiss me, and be joyful:
I give you leave.
Zen. Faith, sir, 'twill not shew handsome; 305
Our sex is blushing, full of fear, unskill'd too
In these alarums.
Clod. Learn, then, and be perfect.
Zen. I do beseech your honour, pardon me,
And take some skilful one can hold you play;
I am a fool.
Clod. I tell thee, maid, I love thee; 310
Let that word make thee happy; so far love thee,
That, though I may enjoy thee without ceremony,
I will descend so low to marry thee.
Methinks, I see the race that shall spring from us:
Some, princes; some, great soldiers.
Zen. I am afraid 315
Your honour's cozen'd in this calculation;
For, certain, I shall ne'er have a child by you.
Clod. Why?
Zen. Because I must not think to marry you:
I dare not, sir; the step betwixt your honour
And my poor humble state——
Clod. I will descend to thee, 320
And buoy thee up.
Zen. I'll sink to the centre first.
Why would your lordship marry, and confine that pleasure

307 *alarums*] So spelt in F1 (1647), as required by metre. F2 (1679) alters it to "alarms," as often elsewhere.

You ever have had freely cast upon you?
Take heed, my lord; this marrying is a mad matter:
Lighter a pair of shackles will hang on you, 325
And quieter a quartan fever find you.
If you wed me, I must enjoy you only:
Your eyes must be call'd home; your thoughts in cages,
To sing to no ears then but mine; your heart bound;
The custom, that your youth was ever nursed in, 330
Must be forgot; I shall forget my duty else,
And how that will appear——
Clod. We'll talk of that more.
Zen. Besides, I tell you, I am naturally,
As all young women are that shew like handsome,
Exceeding proud; being commended, monstrous; 335
Of an unquiet temper, seldom pleased,
Unless it be with infinite observance,
Which you were never bred to: once well anger'd,
As every cross in us provokes that passion,
And, like a sea, I roll, toss, and chafe a week after: 340
And then all mischief I can think upon,
Abusing of your best the least and poorest;
I tell you what you'll find: and in these fits,
This little beauty you are pleased to honour,
Will be so changed, so alter'd to an ugliness, 345
To such a vizard——ten to one, I die too;
Take 't, then, upon my death, you murder'd me.
Clod. Away, away, fool! why dost thou proclaim these,
To prevent that in me thou hast chosen in another?
Zen. Him I have chosen I can rule and master, 350
Temper to what I please; you are a great one,
Of a strong will to bend; I dare not venture.
Be wise, my lord, and say you were well counsell'd;
Take money for my ransom, and forget me;

324 *this marrying*] F1 *marring*.
326 *quartan fever*] Recurring every fourth day, that is, after an interval of seventy-two hours.
335 *monstrous*] "The oldest folio has the following marginal direction here —'Boy ready for the Songs'; which proves that the play was printed from the prompter's book" (Weber).
341 *And then all mischief*] Qy? "And *plan* all mischief," but Zenocia speaks in some hurry of vehemence.

'Twill be both safe and noble for your honour : 355
And wheresoever my fortunes shall conduct me,
So worthy mentions I shall render of you,
So virtuous and so fair——
Clod. You will not marry me ?
Zen. I do beseech your honour, be not angry
At what I say,—I cannot love ye, dare not ; 360
But set a ransom for the flower you covet. [*Kneels.*
Clod. No money, nor no prayers, shall redeem that,
Not all the art you have.
Zen. Set your own price, sir.
Clod. Go to your wedding ; never kneel to me :
When that's done, you are mine ; I will enjoy you : 365
Your tears do nothing ; I will not lose my custom,
To cast upon myself an empire's fortune.
Zen. My mind shall not pay this custom, cruel man !
Clod. Your body will content me : I'll look for you.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

A bed-chamber in CHARINO'S *house.*

Enter CHARINO *and* Servants *in blacks, covering the place with blacks.*

Char. Strew all your wither'd flowers, your autumn sweets,
By the hot sun ravish'd of bud and beauty,
Thus round about her bride-bed ; hang those blacks there,
The emblems of her honour lost : all joy,

361 *set*] So the second folio.—The first folio *such*,—which may be right, i. we suppose Clodio to interrupt her [at *covet*—] (Dyce).

SCENE II. *Enter* Charino *and* Servants *in blacks, covering the place with blacks*] *Blacks* for "mourning garments" occurs in *The Maid in the Mill*, IV. ii.; *blacks* for "mourning hangings" occurs in *Love's Cure*, I. ii.

4 *all joy*] "Here F1 has the stage-direction '*Bowle of wine ready*'" (Web.), and "wine" is printed in both fols., just after Clodio's entrance farther on. It is to meet his subsequent call for drink.

That leads a virgin to receive her lover, 5
Keep from this place; all fellow-maids that bless her,
And blushing do unloose her zone, keep from her;
No merry noise, nor lusty songs, be heard here,
Nor full cups crown'd with wine make the rooms giddy:
This is no masque of mirth, but murder'd honour. 10
Sing mournfully that sad epithalamion
I gave thee now; and, prithee, let thy lute weep.

Song and dance.

Enter RUTILIO.

Rut. How now! what livery's this? do you call this a wedding?
This is more like a funeral.
Char. It is one,
And my poor daughter going to her grave,— 15
To his most loath'd embraces that gapes for her.—
Make the earl's bed ready.—Is the marriage done, sir?
Rut. Yes, they are knit. But must this slubberdegullion
Have her maidenhead now?
Char. There's no avoiding it.
Rut. And there's the scaffold where she must lose it?
Char. The bed, sir. 20
Rut. No way to wipe his mouldy chaps?
Char. That we know.
Rut. To any honest well-deserving fellow,
An 'twere but to a merry cobbler, I could sit still now,
I love the game so well; but that this puckfist,
This universal rutter——Fare ye well, sir; 25

7 *do unloose*] F2's correction for "and unloose" of F1.

18 *slubberdegullion*] Weber compares "tatterdemallion," derives from "slubberer," and interprets "kissing," "pawing," not (as usual) "bungling." Dyce quotes *Hudibras*, Pt. I. c. iii. 886, "Base slubbergullion."

19 *Char.*] In both folios, the prefix to this and the next speech but one, is "Arn.," corrected by Colman.

21 *wipe his mouldy chaps*] Our expression "to wipe a person's eye" retains the same sense of anticipation.

24 *puckfist*] puff-ball.

And if you have any good prayers, put 'em forward,
There may be yet a remedy.
Char. I wish it;
And all my best devotions offer to it. [*Exit* RUT.

Enter CLODIO *and* Guard.

Clod. Now, is this tie despatch'd?
Char. I think it be, sir,
Clod. And my bed ready?
Char. There you may quickly find, sir, 30
Such a loath'd preparation—
Clod. Never grumble,
Nor fling a discontent upon my pleasure:
It must and shall be done.—Give me some wine,
And fill it till it leap upon my lips.— [*Wine.*
Here's to the foolish maidenhead you wot of, 35
The toy I must take pains for.
Char. I beseech your lordship,
Load not a father's love.
Clod. Pledge it, Charino;
Or, by my life, I'll make thee pledge thy last:
And be sure she be a maid, a perfect virgin,
(I will not have my expectation dull'd,) 40
Or your old pate goes off; I am hot and fiery,
And my blood beats alarums through my body,
And fancy high.—You of my guard, retire,
And let me hear no noise about the lodging,
But music and sweet airs [*Ex.* Guard].—Now fetch your daughter; 45
And bid the coy wench put on all her beauties,
All her enticements; out-blush damask roses,
And dim the breaking east with her bright crystals.
I am all on fire; away!
Char. And I am frozen. [*Exit with* Servants.

Enter ZENOCIA *with bow and quiver, an arrow bent;* ARNOLDO *and* RUTILIO *after her, armed.*

Zen. Come fearless on.
Rut. Nay, and I budge from thee, 50
Beat me with dirty sticks.

Clod. What masque is this?
What pretty fancy to provoke me high?
The beauteous huntress, fairer far and sweeter!
Diana shews an Ethiop to this beauty,
Protected by two virgin knights.
Rut. [*aside*] That's a lie, 55
A loud one, if you knew as much as I do.—
The guard's dispersed.
Arn. Fortune, I hope, invites us.
Clod. I can no longer hold; she pulls my heart from me.
Zen. Stand and stand fix'd; move not a foot, nor speak not;
For, if thou dost, upon this point thy death sits. 60
Thou miserable, base, and sordid lecher,
Thou scum of noble blood, repent, and speedily;
Repent thy thousand thefts from helpless virgins,
Their innocence betray'd to thy embraces!
Arn. The base dishonour that thou dost to strangers, 65
In glorying to abuse the laws of marriage;
The infamy thou hast flung upon thy country,
In nourishing this black and barbarous custom!
Clod. My guard!
Arn. One word more, and thou diest.
Rut. One syllable
That tends to any thing, but "I beseech you," 70
And "as you're gentlemen, tender my case,"
And I'll thrust my javelin down thy throat. Thou dog-whelp,
Thou—pox upon thee, what should I call thee?—pompion,
Thou kiss my lady? thou scour her chamber-pot!
Thou have a maidenhead? a motley coat, 75
You great blind fool! Farewell and be hang'd to ye.—
Lose no time, lady.
Arn. Pray, take your pleasure, sir;
And so, we'll take our leaves.
Zen. We are determined,
Die, before yield.

53 *The beauteous*, etc.], Theo. printed *This beauteous*, and transposed this with the following line. 67 *The*] Both the folios *Thy*.
73 *pompion*] Or *pumpion*—pumpkin (Dyce).

Arn. Honour and a fair grave—
Zen. Before a lustful bed. So, for our fortunes! 80
Rut. *Du cat a whee*, good count! cry, prithee, cry;
Oh, what a wench hast thou lost! cry, you great booby!
[*Exeunt* ZEN., ARN., *and* RUT.
Clod. And is she gone, then? am I dishonour'd thus,
Cozen'd and baffled?—My guard there!—No man answer?
My guard, I say!

Re-enter CHARINO.

Sirrah, you knew of this plot.— 85
Where are my guard?—I'll have your life, you villain,
You politic old thief!
Char. Heaven send her far enough,
And let me pay the ransom!

Re-enter Guard.

Guard. Did your honour call us?
Clod. Post every way, and presently recover
The two strange gentlemen and the fair lady. 90
Guard. This day was married, sir?
Clod. The same.
Guard. We saw 'em
Making with all main speed to th' port.
Clod. Away, villains!
Recover her, or I shall die. [*Ex.* Guard].—Deal truly;
Didst not thou know?
Char. By all that's good, I did not.
If your honour mean their flight, to say I grieve for that, 95
Will be to lie; you may handle me as you please.
Clod. Be sure, with all the cruelty, with all the rigour;
For thou hast robb'd me, villain, of a treasure.

81 *Du cat a whee*] The words, which occur again in *Monsieur Thomas* and in *The Night-Walker*, are a corruption of the Welsh *Duw cadw chwi*—God bless or preserve you (Dyce).

87 *You politic old thief*] Printed by mistake in F1 as part of Charino's following speech.

Re-enter Guard.

How now?

Guard. They're all aboard; a bark rode ready for 'em;

And now are under sail, and past recovery. 100

Clod. Rig me a ship with all the speed that may be;
I will not lose her.—Thou, her most false father,
Shalt go along; and if I miss her, hear me,
A whole day will I study to destroy thee.

Char. I shall be joyful of it; and so you'll find me. 105

[*Exeunt.*

104 *A*] om. F1.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Lisbon.—A room in the house of GUIOMAR.

Enter MANUEL DU SOSA *and* GUIOMAR.

Man. I hear and see too much of him, and that
Compels me, madam, though unwillingly,
To wish I had no uncle's part in him;
And much I fear, the comfort of a son
You will not long enjoy.
Gui. 'Tis not my fault, 5
And therefore from his guilt my innocence
Cannot be tainted. Since his father's death,
(Peace to his soul!) a mother's prayers and care
Were never wanting in his education:
His childhood I pass o'er, as being brought up 10
Under my wing; and growing ripe for study,
I overcame the tenderness and joy
I had to look upon him, and provided
The choicest masters, and of greatest name,
Of Salamanca, in all liberal arts 15
To train his youth up.
Man. I must witness that.
Gui. How there he prosper'd, to the admiration
Of all that knew him, for a general scholar,
Being one of note before he was a man,
Is still remember'd in that acadèmy. 20
From thence I sent him to the emperor's court,
Attended like his father's son; and there
Maintain'd him in such bravery and height
As did become a courtier.
Man. 'Twas that spoil'd him;
My nephew had been happy [but for that]. 25

10 *o'er*] om. F1.

16 *To train his youth up*] These words, assigned in fols. to Manuel, were rightly joined to Guiomar's speech by Theo., to whom Dyce in his Addenda acceded. 23 *bravery*] Fine equipment.

25 [*but for that*] "These words have been introduced by modern editors, and their insertion seems to be absolutely necessary" (Weber). Both fols.

The court's a school, indeed, in which some few
Learn virtuous principles ; but most forget
Whatever they brought thither good and honest :
Trifling is there in practice ; serious actions
Are obsolete and out of use. My nephew 30
Had been a happy man, had he ne'er known
What's there in grace and fashion.
Gui. I have heard yet,
That, while he lived in court, the emperor
Took notice of his carriage and good parts ;
The grandees did not scorn his company ; 35
And of the greatest ladies he was held
A complete gentleman.
Man. He, indeed, danced well :
A turn o' th' toe, with a lofty trick or two,
To argue nimbleness and a strong back,
Will go far with a madam. 'Tis most true 40
That he's an excellent scholar, and he knows it ;
An exact courtier, and he knows that too ;
He has fought thrice, and come off still with honour,
Which he forgets not.
Gui. Nor have I much reason
To grieve his fortune that way.
Man. You are mistaken : 45
Prosperity does search a gentleman's temper
More than his adverse fortune. I have known
Many, and of rare parts, from their success
In private duels, raised up to such a pride,
And so transform'd from what they were, that all 50
That loved them truly wish'd they had fallen in them.
I need not write examples ; in your son
'Tis too apparent ; for ere Don Duarte
Made trial of his valour, he, indeed, was
Admired for civil courtesy ; but now 55
He's swoln so high, out of his own assurance
Of what he dares do, that he seeks occasions,
Unjust occasions, grounded on blind passion,
Ever to be in quarrels ; and this makes him
Shunn'd of all fair societies.
Gui. Would it were 60

print *'Twas that . . . happy* as a single line, leaving the preceding line incomplete.

In my weak power to help it! I will use,
With my entreaties, th' authority of a mother,
As you may of an uncle, and enlarge it
With your command, as being a governor
To the great king in Lisbon.
Man. Here he comes: 65
We are unseen; observe him.

Enter DUARTE *and his* Page.

Du. Boy.
Page. My lord?
Du. What saith the Spanish captain, that I struck,
To my bold challenge?
Page. He refused to read it.
Du. Why didst not leave it there?
Page. I did, my lord;
But to no purpose, for he seems more willing 70
To sit down with the wrongs, than to repair
His honour by the sword. He knows too well,
That from your lordship nothing can be got
But more blows and disgraces.
Du. He's a wretch,
A miserable wretch, and all my fury 75
Is lost upon him. Holds the masque, appointed
I' th' honour of Hippolyta?
Page. 'Tis broke off.
Du. The reason?
Page. This was one; they heard your lordship
Was, by the ladies' choice, to lead the dance;
And therefore they, too well assured how far 80
You would out-shine 'em, gave it o'er, and said
They would not serve for foils to set you off.
Du. They at their best are such, and ever shall be,
Where I appear.
Man. [*Aside to* GUIOMAR] Do you note his modesty?
Du. But was there nothing else pretended?
Page. Yes; 85
Young Don Alonzo, the great captain's nephew,
Stood on comparisons.
Du. With whom?

85 *nothing else pretended*] No other excuse alleged.

Page. With you;
And openly profess'd that all precedence,
His birth and state consider'd, was due to him;
Nor were your lordship to contend with one 90
So far above you.
Du. I look down upon him
With such contempt and scorn as on my slave;
He's a name only, and all good in him
He must derive from his great grandsires' ashes;
For, had not their victorious acts bequeath'd 95
His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,
"This is a lord," he had lived unobserved
By any man of mark, and died as one
Among the common rout. Compare with me?
'Tis giant-like ambition; I know him, 100
And know myself: that man is truly noble,
And he may justly call that worth his own,
Which his deserts have purchased. I could wish
My birth were more obscure, my friends and kinsmen
Of lesser power, or that my provident father 105
Had been like to that riotous emperor
That chose his belly for his only heir;
For, being of no family then, and poor,
My virtues, wheresoe'er I lived, should make
That kingdom my inheritance.
Gui. [*aside*] Strange self-love! 110
Du. For, if I studied the country's laws,
I should so easily sound all their depth,
And rise up such a wonder, that the pleaders,
That now are in most practice and esteem,
Should starve for want of clients: if I travell'd, 115

103 *deserts have purchased*] Theo. quoted Hor., C. III. 30, 14:

"Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis."

He might have added Juv. *Sat.* viii. 68—70

"Ergo ut miremur te, non tua, primum aliquid da,
Quod possim titulis incidere praeter honores
Quos illis damus, et dedimus, quibus omnia debes."

106 *that riotous emperor*, etc.] Suetonius does not give this in his lives of Caligula, Vitellius, or Domitian. Heliogabalus is a likely candidate; but it is not among the details preserved by Lampridius, or other writers. Lampridius says, however, c. 24, "Idem nunquam minus C H-S. cœnavit, hoc est argenti libris triginta. Aliquando autem tribus millibus H-S. cœnavit, omnibus supputatis quæ impendit. Cœnas vero & Vitellii & Apicii vicit;" and our author may merely mean that he spent his whole revenue on gluttony.

Like wise Ulysses, to see men and manners,
I would return in act more knowing than
Homer could fancy him : if a physician,
So oft I would restore death-wounded men,
That, where I lived, Galen should not be named ; 120
And he that join'd again the scatter'd limbs
Of torn Hippolytus should be forgotten :
I could teach Ovid courtship, how to win
A Julia, and enjoy her, though her dower
Were all the sun gives light to : and for arms, 125
Were the Persian host, that drank up rivers, added
To the Turk's present powers, I could direct,
Command, and marshal them.

Man. [*advancing*] And yet you know not
To rule yourself ; you would not to a boy else,
Like Plautus' braggart, boast thus.

Du. All I speak, 130
In act I can make good.

Gui. Why, then, being master
Of such and so good parts, do you destroy them
With self-opinion ; or, like a rich miser,
Hoard up the treasures you possess, imparting,
Nor to yourself nor others, the use of them ? 135
They are to you but like enchanted viands,
On which you seem to feed, yet pine with hunger ;
And those so rare perfections in my son,
Which would make others happy, render me
A wretched mother.

Man. You are too insolent ; 140
And those too many excellencies, that feed
Your pride, turn to a plurisy, and kill

121 *he that join'd . . . Hippolytus*] Aesculapius (Hygin., *Fab.* 47, 49; Apollod. iii. 10, § 3). Cf. Massinger's *Duke of Milan*, V. ii. :—

"O you earthly gods,
You second natures, that from your great master
Who *join'd the limbs of torn Hippolytus*," etc.

126 *the Persian host*] The army of Xerxes (Hdt. vii. 187).

127 *Turk's*] "So we should undoubtedly read, and not *Turks'*. The Grand Signior was commonly called by the title of the Great Turk, or merely the Turk" (Weber). In spite of the treaty with Austria by which in 1606 the Turks gave up the Hungarian tribute, they still loomed very large in the eyes of Western Europe.

130 *Plautus' braggart*] i. e. Pyrgopolinices, in *Miles Gloriosus*.

139 *render*] F1 "renders."

142 *a plurisy*] i. e. a superabundance.—So the first folio.—The second folio

That which should nourish virtue. Dare you think,
All blessings are conferr'd on you alone?
You're grossly cozen'd; there's no good in you 145
Which others have not. Are you a scholar? so
Are many, and as knowing: are you valiant?
Waste not that courage, then, in brawls, but spend it
In the wars, in service of your king and country.
Du. Yes, so I might be general: no man lives 150
That's worthy to command me.
Man. Sir, in Lisbon,
I am; and you shall know it. Every hour
I am troubled with complaints of your behaviour
From men of all conditions, and all sexes:
And my authority, which you presume 155
Will bear you out, in that you are my nephew,
No longer shall protect you; for I vow,
Though all that's past I pardon, I will punish
The next fault with as much severity
As if you were a stranger; rest assured on't. 160
Gui. And by that love you should bear, or that duty
You owe a mother, once more I command you
To cast this haughtiness off; which if you do,
All that is mine is yours: if not, expect
My prayers and vows for your conversion only, 165
But never means nor favour. [*Exeunt* MAN. *and* GUI.
Du. I am tutor'd
As if I were a child still. The base peasants,
That fear and envy my great worth, have done this:
But I will find them out; I will aboard.—
Get my disguise.—I have too long been idle; 170
Nor will I curb my spirit; I was born free,
And will pursue the course best liketh me. [*Exeunt.*

---

has "pleurisie"; so Theobald, and so the Editors of 1778 "pleurisy" (Dyce). Boyle compares *Two Noble Kinsmen*, V. i. 64:—

"That heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
O' the plurisy of people."

150 *so*] provided that.

154 *and all sexes*] i. e. and *from* all sexes (Weber). Theobald, on Sympson's suggestion read "sects."

169 *aboard*] So F1; F2 "o' boord." Duarte in his pique determines to travel; a project which is hindered by his duel with Rutilio. Preceding edd. adopted Sympson's reading "abroad," which Web. perversely interpreted as "out of the house," followed by Dyce.

SCENE II.

The harbour.

Enter LEOPOLD, Sailors, *and* ZENOCIA.

Leop. Divide the spoil amongst you ; this fair captive
I only challenge for myself.
Sail. You have won her,
And well deserve her. Twenty years I have lived
A burgess of the sea, and have been present
At many a desperate fight, but never saw 5
So small a bark with such incredible valour
So long defended, and against such odds ;
And by two men scarce arm'd too.
Leop. 'Twas a wonder :
And yet the courage they express'd, being taken,
And their contempt of death, wan more upon me 10
Than all they did when they were free. Methinks
I see them yet, when they were brought aboard us,
Disarm'd and ready to be put in fetters ;
How on the sudden, as if they had sworn
Never to taste the bread of servitude, 15
Both snatching up their swords, and from this virgin
Taking a farewell only with their eyes,
They leap'd into the sea.
Sail. Indeed, 'twas rare.
Leop. It wrought so much on me, that, but I fear'd
The great ship that pursued us, our own safety 20
Hindering my charitable purpose to 'em,
I would have took 'em up, and with their lives
They should have had their liberties.
Zen. Oh, too late !
For they are lost, for ever lost.
Leop. Take comfort ;
'Tis not impossible but that they live yet ; 25
For, when they left the ships, they were within

4 *A burgess of the sea*] i. e. "full sailor," or "at home on the sea." Cf. *Double Marriage*, II. i., "How long have we been inhabitants at sea here?"—"Some fourteen years." 10 *their contempt*] F1 "the contempt."
10 *wan*] Altered by Weber to "won," as in III. v. 66.

A league o' th' shore, and with such strength and cunning
They, swimming, did delude the rising billows,
With one hand making way, and with the other,
Their bloody swords advanced, threatening the sea-gods 30
With war, unless they brought them safely off,
That I am almost confident they live,
And you again may see them.

Zen. In that hope
I brook a wretched being, till I am
Made certain of their fortunes; but, they dead, 35
Death has so many doors to let out life,
I will not long survive them.

Leop. Hope the best;
And let the courteous usage you have found,
Not usual in men of war, persuade you
To tell me your condition.

Zen. You know it; 40
A captive my fate and your power have made me;
Such I am now: but what I was, it skills not,
For, they being dead in whom I only live,
I dare not challenge family or country;
And therefore, sir, inquire not. Let it suffice, 45
I am your servant, and a thankful servant
(If you will call that so, which is but duty)
I ever will be; and, my honour safe,
(Which nobly hitherto you have preserved,)
No slavery can appear in such a form, 50
Which, with a masculine constancy, I will not
Boldly look on and suffer.

Leop. You mistake me:
That you are made my prisoner, may prove
The birth of your good fortune. I do find
A winning language in your tongue and looks, 55
Nor can a suit by you moved be denied;
And, therefore, of a prisoner you must be

28 *delude*] Mock, defy.

30 *Their bloody swords advanced*] Dyce illustrates by *Arcadia*, i. p. 4, Ed. 1598, where Pyrocles on the mast of the wreck waves his sword, "as though he wold threaten the world in that extremitie."

36 *Death has so many doors to let out life*] Theo. quotes Virgil—"Mille viæ mortis." Cf. Hughes' *Misfortunes of Arthur* (1588), I. iii., "A thousand ways do guide us to our graves."

57 *of a prisoner*] de captivo.

The victor's advocate.
Zen. To whom?
Leop. A lady;
In whom all graces, that can perfect beauty,
Are friendly met. I grant that you are fair; 60
And, had I not seen her before, perhaps
I might have sought to you.
Zen. This I hear gladly.
Leop. To this incomparable lady I will give you;
(Yet, being mine, you are already hers;)
And to serve her is more than to be free, 65
At least I think so: and when you live with her,
If you will please to think on him that brought you
To such a happiness, (for so her bounty
Will make you think her service,) you shall ever
Make me at your devotion.
Zen. All I can do, 70
Rest you assured of.
Leop. At night I'll present you;
Till when, I am your guard.
Zen. Ever your servant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter ARNOLDO *and* RUTILIO.

Arn. To what are we reserved?
Rut. Troth, 'tis uncertain:
Drowning we have scaped miraculously, and
Stand fair, for aught I know, for hanging; money
We have none, nor e'er are like to have, 'tis to be doubted;
Besides, we are strangers, wondrous hungry strangers; 5

62 *sought to you*] i. e. solicited you (as a lover). So afterwards in this play, "And *seek to her* as a lover," III. sc. v.—"be admir'd and *sought to*," V. sc. ii. 13 (Dyce).

70 *at your devotion*] "your devoted servant." Boyle compares *Double Marriage*, I. i., "That are at his devotion." *Love's Cure*, I. i., "To be at his devotion."

4 *e'er are*] Omitted by Theo. and the Editors of 1778.

And charity growing cold, and miracles ceasing,
Without a conjuror's help [I] cannot find
When we shall eat again.
Arn. These are no wants,
If put in balance with Zenocia's loss;
In that alone all miseries are spoken: 10
Oh, my Rutilio, when I think on her,
And that which she may suffer, being a captive,
Then I could curse myself; almost those powers
That send me from the fury of the ocean!
Rut. You have lost a wife, indeed, a fair and chaste one; 15
Two blessings not found often in one woman.
But she may be recover'd: questionless,
The ship that took us was of Portugal;
And here in Lisbon, by some means or other,
We may hear of her.
Arn. In that hope I live. 20
Rut. And so do I: but hope is a poor salad
To dine and sup with, after a two-days' fast too.
Have you no money left?
Arn. Not a denier.
Rut. Nor any thing to pawn? 'tis now in fashion:
Having a mistress, sure you should not be 25
Without a neat historical shirt.
Arn. For shame,
Talk not so poorly.
Rut. I must talk of that
Necessity prompts us to; for beg I cannot;
Nor am I made to creep in at a window,
To filch to feed me. Something must be done, 30
And suddenly; resolve on't.

14 *send*] So both fols., Col. and Web. Theo. "fenc'd"; Sympson "serv'd." Dyce adopted Seward's proposal "sav'd."

26 *historical*] i. e. with stories worked on it. Sympson (*Addenda* to Theo.'s Ed. 1750, vol. ii.) cites Mayne's *City-Match*:—

> "She works religious petticoats; for flowers
> She'll make church histories; her needle doth
> So sanctify my cushionets!"
>
> (Dodsley's *Old Plays*, ix. 251, last ed.)

31 *resolve on't*] i. e. let us consider it. Mason explained, "be assured of it."

Enter ZABULON *and a* Servant.

Arn. What are these?
Rut. One, by his habit, is a Jew.
Zab. No more:
Thou art sure that's he?
Serv. Most certain.
Zab. How long is it
Since first she saw him?
Serv. Some two hours.
Zab. Be gone;
Let me alone to work him. [*Exit* Servant.
Rut. How he eyes you! 35
Now he moves towards us: in the devil's name,
What would he with us?
Arn. Innocence is bold;
Nor can I fear.
Zab. That you are poor, and strangers,
I easily perceive.
Rut. But that you'll help us,
Or any of your tribe, we dare not hope, sir. 40
Zab. Why think you so?
Rut. Because you are a Jew, sir;
And courtesies come sooner from the devil
Than any of your nation.
Zab. We are men,
And have, like you, compassion, when we find
Fit subjects for our bounty; and, for proof 45
That we dare give, and freely—(not to you, sir;
[*To* RUTILIO.
Pray, spare your pains)—there's gold: stand not amazed;
'Tis current, I assure you.
Rut. Take it, man:
Sure, thy good angel is a Jew, and comes
In his own shape to help thee. I could wish now, 50
Mine would appear too, like a Turk.

49 *comes*] "Opposite this word F1 has the marginal direction—'Tapers ready.' And in the next column opposite Rutilio's speech, beginning, *To be disgraced as you are*, etc.—'Lights ready.' They are both to remind the prompter to order candles for the ensuing scene" (Weber).

51 *like a Turk*] no point beyond the paradox of an angel appearing either as Jew or Turk.

Arn. I thank you;
But yet must tell you, if this be the prologue
To any bad act you would have me practise,
I must not take it.
Zab. This is but the earnest
Of that which is to follow; and the bond, 55
Which you must seal to for 't, is your advancement.
Fortune, with all that's in her power to give,
Offers herself up to you: entertain her;
And that which princes have kneel'd for in vain,
Presents itself to you.
Arn. 'Tis above wonder. 60
Zab. But far beneath the truth, in my relation
Of what you shall possess, if you embrace it.
There is an hour in each man's life appointed
To make his happiness, if then he seize it;
And this (in which, beyond all expectation, 65
You are invited to your good) is yours.
If you dare follow me, so; if not, hereafter
Expect not the like offer. [*Exit.*
Arn. 'Tis no vision.
Rut. 'Tis gold, I'm sure.
Arn. We must like brothers share;
There's for you.
Rut. By this light, I'm glad I have it: 70
There are few gallants (for men may be such,
And yet want gold, yea, and sometimes silver)
But would receive such favours from the devil,
Though he appear'd like a broker, and demanded
Sixty i' th' hundred.
Arn. Wherefore should I fear 75
Some plot upon my life? 'tis now to me
Not worth the keeping. I will follow him.
Farewell; wish me good fortune; we shall meet
Again, I doubt not.
Rut. Or I'll ne'er trust Jew more,
Nor Christian, for his sake. [*Exit* ARNOLDO.
Plague o' my stars, 80
How long might I have walk'd without a cloak,

63 *There is an hour in each man's life appointed, etc.*] Theo. quotes the "tide in the affairs of men," from *Jul. Cæs.* IV. iii. 216.
69 Arn.] This and the next prefix are omitted by mistake in the first folio.

Before I should have met with such a fortune!
We elder brothers, though we are proper men,
Ha' not the luck; ha' too much beard; that spoils us;
The smooth chin carries all.—What's here to do now? 85
[*Manet* RUTILIO.

Enter DUARTE, ALONZO, *and* Page.

Du. I'll take you as I find you.
Alon. That were base;
You see I am unarm'd.
Du. Out with your bodkin,
Your pocket-dagger, your stiletto; out with it,
Or, by this hand, I'll kill you. Such as you are
Have studied the undoing of poor cutlers, 90
And made all manly weapons out of fashion:
You carry poniards to murder men,
Yet dare not wear a sword to guard your honour.
Rut. [*aside*] That's true, indeed. Upon my life this gallant
Is bribed to repeal banish'd swords.
Du. I'll shew you 95
The difference now between a Spanish rapier
And your pure Pisa.
Alon. Let me fetch a sword!
Upon mine honour, I'll return.
Du. Not so, sir.
Alon. Or lend me yours, I pray you, and take this.

83 *proper*] handsome.
84 Ha' not the luck] the italics seem to indicate some proverbial phrase.
87 *bodkin*] i. e. small dagger: *Hamlet*, III. i. 76.
95 *bribed to repeal banish'd swords*] See l. 87, and below, "*spite of the fashion, . . go arm'd.*" This might possibly refer to some temporary regulation of James I, who studied to put down duelling: but the suggestion of a mere passing fashion finds more support from two passages quoted by Mr. Boyle (*N. Sh. Soc. Transactions*, 1880–6, no. xxvi.); *Eld. Broth.* V. i. :—

"swinge me
And soundly, three or four walking velvet cloaks,
That wear no swords to guard 'em, yet deserve it":

and *Two Noble Kinsmen*, I. ii. 55–7:—

"What canon's there
That does command my rapier from my hip,
To dangle 't in my hand?"

97 *pure Pisa*] Cf. *Every Man in his Humour*, II. ii., "Nay, 'tis a most pure Toledo." The term, though one of praise, is nevertheless used ironically by Duarte as Mason observed. Theo. printed "poor"; and Col. explained "pure" as "mere."

Rut. To be disgraced as you are? no, I thank you. 100
Spite of the fashion, while I live, I am
Instructed to go arm'd. What folly 'tis
For you, that are a man, to put yourself
Into your enemy's mercy!
Du. Yield it quickly,
Or I'll cut off your hand, and now disgrace you; 105
Thus kick and baffle you [*kicks him*]. As you like this,
You may again prefer complaints against me
To my uncle and my mother, and then think
To make it good with a poniard.
Alon. I am paid
For being of the fashion.
Du. Get a sword; 110
Then, if you dare, redeem your reputation:
You know I am easily found. I'll add this to it,
To put you in mind. [*Kicks him.*
Rut. You are too insolent,
And do insult too much on the advantage
Of that which your unequal weapon gave you, 115
More than your valour.
Du. This to me, you peasant?
Thou art not worthy of my foot, poor fellow;
'Tis scorn, not pity, makes me give thee life:
Kneel down and thank me for't. How! do you stare?
Rut. I have a sword, sir; you shall find, a good one; 120
This is no stabbing guard.
Du. Wert thou thrice arm'd,
Thus yet I durst attempt thee. [*Strikes him.*
Rut. Then have at you;
I scorn to take blows. [*Fight.*
Du. Oh, I am slain! [*Falls.*
Page. Help! murder! murder!
Alon. Shift for yourself; you are dead else;
You have kill'd the governor's nephew.

106 *baffle*] Treat with ignominy; properly a punishment of recreant knights, including hanging up by the heels. Cf. 1 *Henry IV.* I. ii. 113, "Call me villain and baffle me": *A King and no King*, III. ii., "a baffled, whipped fellow."

121 *no stabbing guard*] i. e. no ward such as might be assumed in *dagger*-combat.

Page. Raise the streets, there! 125
Alon. If once you are beset, you cannot scape:
Will you betray yourself?
Rut. Undone for ever!
[*Exeunt* RUTILIO *and* ALONZO.

Enter Officers.

First Off. Who makes this outcry?
Page. Oh, my lord is murder'd!
This way he took; make after him.—Help, help there!
[*Exit.*
Sec. Off. 'Tis Don Duarte.
First Off. Pride has got a fall: 130
He was still in quarrels, scorn'd us peace-makers,
And all our bill-authority; now h'as paid for't;
You ha' met with your match, sir, now. Bring off his body,
And bear it to the governor. Some pursue
The murderer; yet, if he scape, it skills not: 135
Were I a prince, I would reward him for't:
He has rid the city of a turbulent beast.
There's few will pity him: but for his mother
I truly grieve, indeed! she's a good lady. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A bed-chamber in the house of GUIOMAR.

Enter GUIOMAR *and* Servants.

Gui. He's not i' the house?
Serv. No, madam.
Gui. Haste and seek him;
Go all, and every where; I'll not to bed
Till you return him. Take away the lights too;
The moon lends me too much, to find my fears;
And those devotions I am to pay, 5
Are written in my heart, not in this book;
And I shall read them there without a taper.
[*She kneels. Exeunt* Servants.

132 *bill-authority*] Reference to the pike or halberd carried by watchmen; cf. *The Coxcomb*, I. vi., "Give me the bill, for I'll be the sergeant" (Dyce).

Enter RUTILIO.

Rut. I am pursued; all the ports are stopt too;
Not any hope to escape; behind, before me,
On either side, I am beset—cursed fortune! 10
My enemy on the sea, and on the land too!—
Redeem'd from one affliction to another.
Would I had made the greedy waves my tomb,
And died obscure and innocent! not, as Nero,
Smear'd o'er with blood. Whither have my fears brought me? 15
I am got into a house; the doors all open;
This, by the largeness of the room, the hangings,
And other rich adornments, glistring through
The sable mask of night, says it belongs
To one of means and rank. No servant stirring? 20
Murmur nor whisper?
Gui. Who's that?
Rut. [*aside*] By the voice,
This is a woman.
Gui. Stephano, Jasper, Julia!
Who waits there?
Rut. [*aside*] 'Tis the lady of the house;
I'll fly to her protection.
Gui. Speak, what are you?
Rut. Of all that ever breathed, a man most wretched. 25
Gui. I am sure you are a man of most ill manners;
You could not with so little reverence else
Press to my private chamber. Whither would you?
Or what do you seek for?
Rut. Gracious woman, hear me:
I am a stranger, and in that I answer 30
All your demands; a most unfortunate stranger,
That, call'd unto it by my enemy's pride,
Have left him dead i' the streets. Justice pursues me,
And for that life I took unwillingly,
And in a fair defence, I must lose mine, 35
Unless you, in your charity, protect me:
Your house is now my sanctuary; and the altar

8 *all the ports*] i. e. "gates," as in *The Double Marriage*, V. i., "The ports are ours." Theobald, metr. gra. "*and* all, etc."

I gladly would take hold of, your sweet mercy.
By all that 's dear unto you, by your virtues,
And by your innocence that needs no forgiveness, 40
Take pity on me!
Gui. Are you a Castilian?
Rut. No, madam; Italy claims my birth.
Gui. I ask not
With purpose to betray you; if you were
Ten thousand times a Spaniard, the nation
We Portugals most hate, I yet would save you, 45
If it lay in my power. Lift up these hangings;
Behind my bed's head there's a hollow place,
Into which enter. [RUTILIO *conceals himself.*] So;
but from this stir not:
If the officers come, as you expect they will do,
I know they owe such reverence to my lodgings, 50
That they will easily give credit to me,
And search no further.
Rut. The blest saints pay for me
The infinite debt I owe you!
Gui. How he quakes!
Thus far I feel his heart beat.—Be of comfort;
Once more I give my promise for your safety. 55
All men are subject to such accidents,
Especially the valiant;—and who knows not,
But that the charity I afford this stranger,
My only son elsewhere may stand in need of?

Enter Page, Officers, *and* Servants, *with the body of* DUARTE.

First Serv. Now, madam, if your wisdom ever could 60
Raise up defences against floods of sorrow,
That haste to overwhelm you, make true use of
Your great discretion.
Sec. Serv. Your only son,
My lord Duarte, 's slain.
First Off. His murderer,
Pursued by us, was by a boy discover'd 65
Entering your house, and that induced us

44 *a Spaniard . . . Portugals most hate*] Portugal, annexed to Spain 1580, revolted 1640.

To press into it for his apprehension.
Gui. Oh!
First Serv. Sure, her heart is broke.
Officer. Madam!
Gui. Stand off:
My sorrow is so dear and precious to me,
That you must not partake it; suffer it, 70
Like wounds that do bleed inward, to despatch me.—
[*Aside*] Oh, my Duarte, such an end as this
Thy pride long since did prophecy! thou art dead;
And, to increase my misery, thy sad mother
Must make a wilful shipwreck of her vow, 75
Or thou fall unrevenged. My soul's divided;
And piety to a son, and true performance
Of hospitable duties to my guest,
That are to others angels, are my Furies:
Vengeance knocks at my heart, but my word given 80
Denies the entrance. Is no medium left,
But that I must protect the murderer,
Or suffer in that faith he made his altar?
Motherly love, give place; the fault made this way,
To keep a vow to which high Heaven is witness, 85
Heaven may be pleased to pardon.

Enter MANUEL DU SOSA, Doctors, *and* Surgeons.

Man. 'Tis too late;
He's gone, past all recovery: now my reproof
Were but unseasonable, when I should give comfort;
And yet remember, sister——
Gui. Oh, forbear!
Search for the murderer, and remove the body, 90
And, as you think fit, give it burial.
Wretch that I am, uncapable of all comfort!
And therefore I entreat my friends and kinsfolk,
And you, my lord, for some space to forbear
Your courteous visitations.
Man. We obey you. 95
[*Exeunt omnes with the body.* Manet GUIOMAR.

71 *bleed*] Theobald's correction for "breed" of the folios, which may, however, possibly be right, as intended to convey the idea of festering. Here the first folio has a stage-direction, "Hold a purse ready," *i. e.* for Guiomar's gift to Rutilio at end of scene.

Rut. [*aside*] My spirits come back, and now despair resigns
Her place again to hope.
Gui. Whate'er thou art,
To whom I have given means of life, to witness
With what religion I have kept my promise,
Come fearless forth: but let thy face be cover'd, 100
That I hereafter be not forced to know thee;
For motherly affection may return,
My vow once paid to Heaven.
[RUTILIO *comes forth, with his face covered.*
Thou hast taken from me
The respiration of my heart, the light
Of my swoln eyes, in his life that sustain'd me: 105
Yet my word given to save you I make good,
Because what you did was not done with malice.
You are not known; there is no mark about you
That can discover you; let not fear betray you:
With all convenient speed you can, fly from me, 110
That I may never see you; and that want
Of means may be no let unto your journey,
There are a hundred crowns. You are at the door now,
And so, farewell for ever.
Rut. Let me first fall
Before your feet, and on them pay the duty 115
I owe your goodness: next, all blessings to you,
And Heaven restore the joys I have bereft you,
With full increase hereafter! Living, be
The goddess styled of hospitality! [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A hall in the house of HIPPOLYTA.

Enter LEOPOLD *and* ZENOCIA.

Leop. Fling off these sullen clouds; you are enter'd now
Into a house of joy and happiness;
I have prepared a blessing for ye.
Zen. Thank ye:
My state would rather ask a curse.
Leop. You are peevish,
And know not when ye are friended: I have used those means,
The lady of this house, the noble lady,
Will take ye as her own, and use ye graciously.
Make much of what you are mistress of, that beauty,
And expose it not to such betraying sorrows:
When ye are old, and all those sweets hang wither'd,
Then sit and sigh.
Zen. My autumn is not far off.

Enter Servant.

Leop. Have you told your lady?
Serv. Yes, sir; I have told her
Both of your noble service, and your present,
Which she accepts.
Leop. I should be blest to see her.
Serv. That now you cannot do: she keeps her chamber,
Not well disposed, and has denied all visits.
The maid I have in charge to receive from you,
So please you render her.

SCENE I.] In the case of this Third Act only is the commencement of the several scenes specified in the folios—"scena, secunda, tertia, etc."

4 *My state would rather ask a curse*] "In the first folio these words were misplaced (so as to fall between the fifth and sixth lines of our text), which mistake was rectified in the second" (Weber).

11 *sigh*] So the second folio.—The first folio "sight," which Mr. Bullen tell's me is a common variant; though I recall, and Skeat quotes, no instance. Qy 'sigh 't.

Leop. With all my service :
But fain I would have seen——
Serv. 'Tis but your patience ;
No doubt, she cannot but remember nobly. 20
Leop. These three years I have loved this scornful lady,
And follow'd her with all the truth of service ;
In all which time, but twice she has honour'd me
With sight of her blest beauty.—When you please, sir,
You may receive your charge ; and tell your lady, 25
A gentleman, whose life is only dedicated
To her commands, kisses her beauteous hands.—
And, fair one, now your help : you may remember
The honest courtesies, since you are mine,
I ever did your modesty : you shall be near her ; 30
And, if sometimes you name my service to her,
And tell her with what nobleness I love her,
'Twill be a gratitude I shall remember.
Zen. What in my poor power lies, so it be honest—
Leop. I ask no more.
Serv. You must along with me, fair. 35
Leop. And so I leave you two ; but to a fortune
Too happy for my fate : you shall enjoy her.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in the same, splendidly furnished.

Enter ZABULON *and* Servants.

Zab. Be quick, be quick ; out with the banquet there!
These scents are dull ; cast richer on, and fuller ;

21 *three years*, etc.] Mr. Bullen compares Antonio in *A Very Woman*, IV. iii. (Fletcher's part):—

"long did I love this lady,
Long was my travail, long my trade to win her."

29 *are*] so fols.; Dyce "were."

36 *but to a fortune*] F2 omits "*to*"; which led Sympson to suggest, and Theobald to print, "here" for "her" (of both fols.) at the end of the following line.

1 *banquet*] i. e. dessert, after dinner had been taken in another room. Cf. *Scorn. Lady*, II. i., *Honest Man's Fortune*, V. iii., and *The Faithful Friends*, III. ii. In *Timon of Athens*, Act I. sc. ii. 160, and *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. v. 124, "an idle banquet" and "a trifling foolish banquet" are offered to ladies who have been dancing. F1 reads "bucket," which Theobald explained as to hold the perfumes.

Scent every place. Where have you placed the music?
First Serv. Here they stand ready, sir.
Zab. 'Tis well. Be sure
The wines be lusty, high, and full of spirit, 5
And amber'd all.
First Serv. They are.
Zab. Give fair attendance:
In the best trim and state make ready all.
I shall come presently again.
Sec. Serv. We shall, sir.
[*Banquet set forth. Exit* ZABULON.
What preparation's this? some new device
My lady has in hand.
First Serv Oh, prosper it, 10
As long as it carries good wine in the mouth,
And good meat with it! Where are all the rest?
Sec. Serv. They are ready to attend. [*Music.*
First Serv. Sure, some great person;
They would not make this hurry else.
Sec. Serv. Hark, the music!
It will appear now, certain; here it comes. 15
Now to our places.

Re-enter ZABULON *with* ARNOLDO.

Arn. [*aside*] Whither will he lead me?
What invitation's this? to what new end
Are these fair preparations? a rich banquet,
Music, and every place stuck with adornment,
Fit for a prince's welcome! What new game 20
Has Fortune now prepared, to shew me happy,
And then again to sink me? 'Tis no illusion;
Mine eyes are not deceived, all these are real:
What wealth and state!
Zab. Will you sit down and eat, sir?
These carry little wonder, they are usual; 25
But you shall see, if you be wise to observe it,
That that will strike indeed, strike with amazement:

6 *amber'd*] i. e. scented with ambergris, a secretion of the spermaceti whale found floating on the sea in warm latitudes, and a supposed provocative. Milton's *Par. Reg.* ii. 344, "(meats) grisamber-steamed."

8 Banquet set forth] This stage-direction, and those which concern the music, are in FF. The rest are supplied by Weber as usual.

27 *strike indeea*] F1, which F2 corrupts to "strike *dead*."

Then, if you be a man—this fair health to you.
[*Drinks.*
Arn. What shall I see? I pledge ye, sir. [*Drinks.*]
I was never
So buried in amazement.
Zab. You are so still: 30
Drink freely.
Arn. The very wines are admirable.
Good sir, give me leave to ask this question,
For what great worthy man are these prepared?
And why do you bring me hither?
Zab. They are for you, sir;
And undervalue not the worth you carry, 35
You are that worthy man: think well of these,
They shall be more and greater.
Arn. Well, blind Fortune,
Thou hast the prettiest changes, when thou art pleased
To play thy game out wantonly——
Zab. Come, be lusty.
And awake your spirits. [*Cease music.*
Arn. Good sir, do not wake me, 40
For willingly I would die in this dream. Pray, whose servants
Are all these that attend here?
Zab. They are yours;
They wait on you.
Arn. I never yet remember
I kept such faces, nor that I was ever able
To maintain so many.
Zab. Now you are, and shall be. 45
Arn. You'll say this house is mine too?
Zab. Say it! swear it.
Arn. And all this wealth?
Zab. This is the least you see, sir.
Arn. Why, where has this been hid these thirty years?
For certainly I never found I was wealthy
Till this hour; never dream'd of house and servants: 50
I had thought I had been a younger brother, a poor gentleman.

32 *me leave*] Theobald printed, "*me* but *leave*."
51 *gentleman*] Fols. "Gent." I doubt the abbreviation in *speech*.

I may eat boldly, then?
Zab. 'Tis prepared for ye.
[ARNOLDO *sits and eats.*
Arn. The taste is perfect and most delicate:
But why for me?—Give me some wine:—I do drink,
I feel it sensibly; and I am here, 55
Here in this glorious place: I am bravely used too.—
Good gentle sir, give me leave to think a little;
For either I am much abused——
Zab. Strike, music;
And sing that lusty song. [*Music, and a Song.*
Arn. Bewitching harmony!
Sure, I am turn'd into another creature, 60

Enter HIPPOLYTA.

Happy and blest; Arnoldo was unfortunate.—
Ha, bless mine eyes! what precious piece of nature
To pose the world?
Zab. I told you, you would see that
Would darken these poor preparations:
What think ye now? Nay, rise not; 'tis no vision. 65
Arn. 'Tis more; 'tis miracle.
Hip. You are welcome, sir.
Arn. It speaks, and entertains me; still more glorious!
She is warm, and this is flesh here: how she stirs me!
Bless me, what stars are there!
Hip. May I sit near ye?
Arn. No, you are too pure an object to behold, 70
Too excellent to look upon and live;
I must remove.
Zab. She is a woman, sir:
Fie, what faint heart is this!
Arn. The house of wonder!
Zab. Do you not think yourself now truly happy?
You have the abstract of all sweetness by ye, 75
The precious wealth youth labours to arrive at:
Nor is she less in honour than in beauty;
Ferrara's royal duke is proud to call her

His best, his noblest, and most happy sister;
Fortune has made her mistress of herself, 80
Wealthy and wise, without a power to sway her;
Wonder of Italy, of all hearts mistress.
Arn. And all this is——
Zab. Hippolyta, the beauteous.
Hip. You are a poor relater of my fortunes,
Too weak a chronicle to speak my blessings, 85
And leave out that essential part of story
I am most high and happy in, most fortunate,
The acquaintance and the noble fellowship
Of this fair gentleman.—Pray ye, do not wonder,
Nor hold it strange to hear a handsome lady 90
Speak freely to ye. With your fair leave and courtesy,
I will sit by ye.
Arn. I know not what to answer,
Nor where I am, nor to what end, consider:
Why do you use me thus?
Hip. Are ye angry, sir,
Because ye are entertain'd with all humanity? 95
Freely and nobly used?
Arn. No, gentle lady,
That were uncivil; but it much amazes me,
A stranger, and a man of no desert,
Should find such floods of courtesy.
Hip. I love ye,
I honour ye, the first and best of all men; 100
And, where that fair opinion leads, 'tis usual
These trifles, that but serve to set off, follow.
I would not have you proud now, nor disdainful,
Because I say I love ye, though I swear it;
Nor think it a stale favour I fling on ye: 105
Though ye be handsome, and the only man,
I must confess, I ever fix'd mine eye on,
And bring along all promises that please us,
Yet I should hate ye then, despise ye, scorn ye,
And with as much contempt pursue your person, 110
As now I do with love. But you are wiser,

93 *Nor where . . . thus?*] So printed in fols. followed by Dyce. *Consider*, as Mason says, means "conceive." A various punctuation by other editors variously spoils the sense.

At least, I think, more master of your fortune;
And so I drink your health.
Arn. [*aside*] Hold fast, good honesty!
I am a lost man else.
Hip. Now you may kiss me;
'Tis the first kiss I ever ask'd, I swear to ye. 115
Arn. That I dare do, sweet lady. [*Kisses her.*
Hip. You do it well too;
You are a master, sir; that makes you coy.
Arn. Would you would send your people off!
Hip. Well thought on.—
Wait all without.
Zab. [*aside*] I hope she is pleased throughly.
[*Exit* ZAB. *and* Servants.
Hip. Why stand ye still? here's no man to detect ye; 120
My people are gone off. Come, come, leave conjuring;
The spirit you would raise is here already;
Look boldly on me.
Arn. What would you have me do?
Hip. Oh, most unmanly question! have you do?
Is't possible your years should want a tutor? 125
I'll teach ye: come, embrace me.
Arn. Fie, stand off;
And give me leave, more now than e'er, to wonder,
A building of so goodly a proportion,
Outwardly all exact, the frame of heaven,
Should hide within so base inhabitants. 130
You are as fair as if the morning bare ye;
Imagination never made a sweeter;
Can it be possible, this frame should suffer,
And, built on slight affections, fright the viewer?
Be excellent in all, as you are outward, 135
The worthy mistress of those many blessings
Heaven has bestow'd; make 'em appear still nobler,
Because they are trusted to a weaker keeper.

133 *suffer*] Theobald, at Seward's suggestion, printed "totter," which succeeding edd. hesitated to follow. It is perhaps worth while to recall *Macbeth*, III. ii. 16—"But let the *frame* of things disjoint, both the worlds *suffer*, etc."

138 *a weaker keeper*] "i. e. a keeper who is not devoid of weakness,—there being, perhaps, as Theobald supposes, an allusion to the ἀσθενέστερον σκεῦος, the 'weaker vessel,' of Scripture [1 Pet. iii. 7]. Seward proposed to read '*a* wealthy *keeper*'; and Mason defends his conjecture" (Dyce).

Would ye have me love ye?
Hip. Yes.
Arn. Not for your beauty,
Though, I confess, it blows the first fire in us; 140
Time, as he passes by, puts out that sparkle:
Nor for your wealth, although the world kneel to it,
And make it all addition to a woman;
Fortune, that ruins all, makes that his conquest:
Be honest, and be virtuous, I'll admire ye; 145
At least, be wise; and where ye lay these nets,
Strow over 'em a little modesty;
'Twill well become your cause, and catch more fools.
Hip. Could any one, that loved this wholesome counsel,
But love the giver more? You make me fonder: 150
You have a virtuous mind; I want that ornament.
Is it a sin I covet to enjoy ye?
If ye imagine I am too free a lover,
And act that part belongs to you, I am silent:
Mine eyes shall speak, my blushes parley with ye; 155
I will not touch your hand, but with a tremble
Fitting a vestal nun; not long to kiss ye,
But gently as the air, and undiscern'd too,
I'll steal it thus: I'll walk your shadow by ye,
So still and silent, that it shall be equal 160
To put me off as that; and when I covet
To give such toys as these—— [*Giving jewels.*
Arn. [*aside*] A new temptation!
Hip. Thus, like the lazy minutes, will I drop 'em,
Which past once are forgotten.
Arn. [*aside*] Excellent vice!
Hip. Will ye be won? Look steadfastly upon me, 165
Look manly, take a man's affections to you:
Young women, in the old world, were not wont, sir,
To hang out gaudy bushes for their beauties,
To talk themselves into young men's affections:
How cold and dull you are!
Arn. [*aside*] How I stagger! 170

158 *and*] Edd. 1778 proposed "as."
168 *bushes*] Alluding to the ivy-bush over a tavern-door. Dyce compares *Wit without Money*, II. iii.:—

"Only the sign of a man; the bush pull'd down,
Which shews the house stands empty."

She is wise as fair; but 'tis a wicked wisdom;
I'll choke before I yield.
Hip. Who waits within there?
Make ready the green chamber.
Zab. [*within*] It shall be, madam.
Arn. [*aside*] I am afraid she will enjoy me indeed.
Hip. What music do ye love?
Arn. A modest tongue. 175
Hip. We'll have enough of that. Fie, fie, how lumpish!
In a young lady's arms thus dull?
Arn. For Heaven sake,
Profess a little goodness.
Hip. Of what country?
Arn. I am of Rome.
Hip. Nay, then, I know you mock me;
The Italians are not frighted with such bugbears. 180
Prithee, go in.
Arn. I am not well.
Hip. I'll make thee;
I'll kiss thee well.
Arn. I am not sick of that sore.
Hip. Upon my conscience, I must ravish thee;
I shall be famous for the first example:
With this I'll tie ye first, then try your strength, sir. 185
Arn. My strength! away, base woman, I abhor thee!
I am not caught with stales: disease dwell with thee!
[*Exit.*
Hip. Are ye so quick? and have I lost my wishes?—
Ho, Zabulon! my servants!

Re-enter ZABULON *and* Servants.

Zab. Call'd ye, madam?
Hip. [*aside*] Is all that beauty scorn'd, so many sued for? 190
So many princes? by a stranger too?

187 *stales*] Explained by Weber—strumpets; so in Shakespeare:
"I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common *stale*."
Much Ado about Nothing, Act IV. sc. i.
But here more probably "alluring devices," "decoys." See *Wit at several Weapons*, II. ii.—"the stale to catch another bird with."

Must I endure this?
Zab. Where's the gentleman?
Hip. Go presently, pursue the stranger, Zabulon;
He has broke from me. Jewels I have given him:
Charge him with theft; he has stoln my love, my freedom: 195
Draw him before the governor, imprison him.
Why dost thou stay?
Zab. I'll teach him a new dance,
For playing fast and loose with such a lady.—
Come, fellows, come.—I'll execute your anger,
And to the full.
Hip. His scorn shall feel my vengeance. 200
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter SULPITIA *and* JAQUES.

Sul. Shall I never see a lusty man again?
Ja. Faith, mistress,
Yo do so over-labour 'em when you have 'em,
And so dry-founder 'em, they cannot last.
Sul. Where's the Frenchman?
Ja. Alas, he's all to fitters,
And lies, taking the height of his fortune with a syringe! 5
He's chined, he's chined, good man; he is a mourner.
Sul. What's become of the Dane?
Ja. Who, goldy-locks?
He's foul i' the touch-hole, and recoils again;
The main-spring's weaken'd that holds up his cock;
He lies at the sign of the Sun, to be new-breech'd. 10

3 *dry-founder*] To knock up a horse, the prefix *dry-* being intensive. See note on "dry-beating," *A King and No King*, V. i. 56. "Dry-foundered" is used again in V. iii. 91 of that play. In 2 *H. IV.*, IV. iii, 39, Falstaff has "foundered nine-score and odd posts."

4 *all to fitters*] "i. e. all to pieces, fragments" (Web.).

5 *taking the height of his fortune with a syringe*] "Alluding to judicial astrology, and the astrolabe" (Web.).

6 *chined*] "i. e. broken-backed. A term of horsemanship" (Web.).

Sul. The Rutter, too, is gone.
Ja. Oh, that was a brave rascal!
He would labour like a thresher: but, alas,
What thing can ever last? he has been ill-mew'd,
And drawn too soon; I have seen him in the hospital.
Sul. There was an Englishman.
Ja. Ay, there was an Englishman; 15
You'll scant find any now to make that name good.
There were those English, that were men indeed,
And would perform like men; but now they are vanish'd:
They are so taken up in their own country,
And so beaten off their speed by their own women, 20
When they come here they draw their legs like hackneys:
Drink and their own devices have undone 'em.
Sul. I must have one that's strong,—no life in Lisbon else,—
Perfect and young; my custom with young ladies
And high-fed city-dames will fall and break else: 25
I want myself, too, in mine age to nourish me:
They are all sunk I maintain'd.—Now, what's this business?
What goodly fellow's that?

Enter RUTILIO *and* Officers.

Rut. Why do you drag me?
Pox o' your justice! let me loose.
First Off. Not so, sir.
Rut. Cannot a man fall into one of your drunken cellars, 30
And venture the breaking on's neck, your trap-doors open,
But he must be used thus rascally?
First Off. What made you wandering
So late i' th' night? you know, that is imprisonment.
Rut. May be, I walk in my sleep.

11 *Rutter*] i. e. German trooper (*reiter*, *reuter*) (Web.). As in *The Woman's Prize*, I. iv.
13 *ill-mew'd*] "i. e. not sufficiently confined and kept up. An epithet from falconry" (Web.).

Sec. Off. May be, we'll walk ye.
What made you wandering, sir, into that vault, 35
Where all the city-store and the munition lay?
Rut. I fell into it by chance; I broke my shins for't;
Your worships feel not that: I knock'd my head
Against a hundred posts; would you had had it!
Cannot I break my neck in my own defence? 40
Sec. Off. This will not serve; you cannot put it off so:
Your coming thither was to play the villain,
To fire the powder, to blow up that part o' the city.
Rut. Yes, with my nose. Why were the trap-doors open?
Might not you fall, or you, had you gone that way? 45
I thought your city had sunk.
First Off. You did your best, sir,
We must presume, to help it into th' air,
If you call that sinking. We have told you what's the law;
He that is taken there, unless a magistrate
And have command in that place, presently, 50
If there be nothing found apparent near him
Worthy his torture or his present death,
Must either pay his fine for his presumption,
(Which is six hundred ducats,) or for six years
Tug at an oar i' th' galleys. Will ye walk, sir? 55
For, we presume, you cannot pay the penalty.
Rut. Row in the galleys, after all this mischief!
Sec. Off. May be, you were drunk: they'll keep you sober there.
Rut. Tug at an oar! you are not arrant rascals,
To catch me in a pit-fall, and betray me? 60
Sul. A lusty-minded man.
Ja. A wondrous able.

34 *we'll walk ye*] So fols., which Theobald needlessly altered to "wake," followed by Weber and Dyce.
43 *blow up*] so F2. F1 simply "blow."
46 *I thought your city had sunk*] "Opposite this passage, in my copy of Ed. 1750, some one has written, 'A kind of prophecy, 1755'" (Dyce).
51 *found apparent near him*] *near* in same sense of menace in *Rom. and Jul.* I. v. 22: "come near you." *Oth.* IV. i. 210: "If it touch not you it comes near nobody." *Ham.* V. ii. 58: "They are not near my conscience."
54 *ducats*] The Venetian ducat in 1608 was worth 4*s.* 8*d.*

Sul. Pray, gentlemen, allow me but that liberty
To speak a few words with your prisoner,
And I shall thank you.
First Off. Take your pleasure, lady.
Sul. What would you give that woman should redeem ye, 65
Redeem ye from this slavery?
Rut. Besides my service,
I would give her my whole self; I would be her vassal.
Sul. She has reason to expect as much, considering
The great sum she pays for't; yet take comfort:
What ye shall do to merit this, is easy, 70
And I will be the woman shall befriend ye;
'Tis but to entertain some handsome ladies
And young fair gentlewomen: you guess the way;
But giving of your mind——
Rut. I am excellent at it;
You cannot pick out such another living. 75
I understand ye: is't not thus? [*Whispers.*
Sul. Ye have it.
Rut. Bring me a hundred of 'em; I'll despatch 'em.
I will be none but yours: should another offer
Another way to redeem me, I should scorn it.
What women you shall please: I am monstrous lusty, 80
Not to be taken down: would you have children?
I'll get you those as fast and thick as fly-blows.
Sul. I admire him, wonder at him.
Rut. Hark ye, lady;
You may require sometimes— [*Whispers.*
Sul. Ay, by my faith.
Rut. And you shall have it, by my faith, and handsomely.— 85
[*Aside*] This old cat will suck shrewdly.—You have no daughters?—
I fly at all.—[*Aside*] Now I am in my kingdom.
Tug at an oar! no; tug in a feather-bed,
With good warm caudles; hang your bread and water!—
I'll make you young again, believe that, lady; 90

82 *fly-blows*] *fly-stains.* Trinculo (*Tempest*, V. 284), after the "pickle" of the pool, says, "I shall not fear fly-blowing." But the word may equally refer to the swelling caused by a fly's bite.

I will so frubbish you!
Sul. Come, follow, officers;
This gentleman is free: I'll pay the ducats.
Rut. And when you catch me in your city-powdering-tub
Again, boil me with cabbage.
First Off. You are both warn'd and arm'd, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A room in HIPPOLYTA'S *house.*

Enter HIPPOLYTA *and* ZENOCIA, LEOPOLD *behind.*

Zen. Will your ladyship wear this dressing?
Hip. Leave thy prating;
I care not what I wear.
Zen. Yet 'tis my duty
To know your pleasure, and my worst affliction
To see you discontented.
Hip. Weeping, too?
Prithee, forgive me; I am much distemper'd, 5
And speak I know not what: to make thee amends,
The gown that I wore yesterday is thine.
Let it alone a while.
Leop. Now you perceive,
And taste her bounty.
Zen. Much above my merit.
Leop. But have you not yet found a happy time 10
To move for me?
Zen. I have watch'd all occasions;
But hitherto without success: yet doubt not
But I'll embrace the first means.
Leop. Do, and prosper.——
Excellent creature, whose perfections make
[*Coming forward.*
Even sorrow lovely, if your frowns thus take me, 15

91 *frubbish*] Is, of course, a vulgar corruption of—"furbish." Cf. *A King and no King*, I. i. 30: "cruddles" for "curdles."

94 *both warn'd and arm'd*] Cf. Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, I. ii. 26: "You are warn'd—be arm'd."

3 *affliction*] So F2 and Dyce. F1 has "affection," followed by Weber, who says it was often used for "passion," and "passion" for "grief."

What would your smiles do?
Hip. Pox o' this stale courtship!
If I have any power——
Leop. I am commanded;
Obedience is the lover's sacrifice,
Which I pay gladly. [*He retires.*
Hip. [*aside*] To be forced to woo,
Being a woman, could not but torment me: 20
But bringing for my advocates youth and beauty,
Set off with wealth, and then to be denied too,
Does comprehend all tortures. They flatter'd me
That said my looks were charms, my touches fetters,
My locks soft chains to bind the arms of princes, 25
And make them, in that wish'd-for bondage, happy.
I am, like others of a coarser feature,
As weak to allure, but in my dotage stronger:
I am no Circe; he, more than Ulysses,
Scorns all my offer'd bounties, slights my favours, 30
And, as I were some new Egyptian, flies me,
Leaving no pawn, but my own shame behind him.
But he shall find, that in my fell revenge
I am a woman; one that never pardons
The rude contemner of her proffer'd sweetness. 35

Enter ZABULON.

Zab. Madam, 'tis done.
Hip. What's done?
Zab. The uncivil stranger
Is at your suit arrested.
Hip. 'Tis well handled.
Zab. And under guard sent to the governor;
With whom my testimony, and the favour
He bears your ladyship, have so prevail'd, 40
That he is sentenced——
Hip. How?
Zab. To lose his head.
Hip. Is that the means to quench the scorching heat
Of my enraged desires? must innocence suffer,
'Cause I am faulty? or is my love so fatal,

31 *some new Egyptian . . . no pawn*] not like Joseph leaving his garment in the hand of Potiphar's wife. (Theobald.)

That of necessity it must destroy 45
The object it most longs for? Dull Hippolyta,
To think that injuries could make way for love,
When courtesies were despised! that by his death
Thou shouldst gain that, which only thou canst hope for
While he is living! My honour's at the stake now, 50
And cannot be preserved, unless he perish.
The enjoying of the thing I love, I ever
Have prized above my fame: why doubt I now, then?
One only way is left me to redeem all.—
Make ready my caroch!
Leop. What will you, madam? 55
Hip. And yet I am impatient of such stay.—
Bind up my hair—fie, fie, while that is doing,
The law may cease his life! Thus as I am, then,
Not like Hippolyta, but a bacchanal,
My frantic love transports me. [*Exit.*
Leop. Sure, she's distracted. 60
Zab. Pray you, follow her; I will along with you:
I more than guess the cause. Women that love
Are most uncertain; and one minute crave
What in another they refuse to have. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A street.

Enter CLODIO *and* CHARINO, *disguised.*

Clod. Assure thyself, Charino, I am alter'd
From what I was: the tempests we have met with

49 *gain*] So the second folio.—The first folio "give."
55 *caroch*] coach.
58 *cease his life*] I have, with Weber, preferred "cease," the reading of F1, that verb being sometimes used in an active sense (obsolete by 1679), as in *Timon of Athens*, II. i. 16:—

"Be not ceased
With slight denial, nor then silenced, etc."

F2 reads "seise," and Dyce quotes, in favour of that, the following obvious misprint or misspelling of F1 in Act V. sc. ii.:—

"*Hip.* Where was she when the inchantment
First *ceas'd* upon her?"

61 *Pray you*] Addressed to both Zenocia and Leopold. See next scene.
disguised] Added by Weber.

In our uncertain voyage, were smooth gales
Compared to those the memory of my lusts
Raised in my conscience: and, if e'er again 5
I live to see Zenocia, I will sue
And seek to her as a lover and a servant;
And not command affection like a tyrant.
Char. In hearing this, you make me young again;
And Heaven, it seems, favouring this good change in you, 10
In setting of a period to our dangers,
Gives us fair hopes to find that here in Lisbon,
Which hitherto in vain we long have sought for.
I have received assured intelligence,
Such strangers have been seen here; and, though yet 15
I cannot learn their fortunes nor the place
Of their abode, I have a soul presages
A fortunate event here.
Clod. There have pass'd
A mutual interchange of courtesies
Between me and the governor; therefore, boldly 20
We may presume of him and of his power,
If we find cause to use them; otherwise,
I would not be known here; and these disguises
Will keep me from discovery.

Enter MANUEL DU SOSA, *Doctor*, ARNOLDO, *and Guard.*

Char. What are these?
Clod. The governor; with him my rival, bound. 25
Char. For certain, 'tis Arnoldo.
Clod. Let's attend
What the success will be.
Man. Is't possible
There should be hope of his recovery,
His wounds so many and so deadly?
Doct. So they appear'd at first; but, the blood stopt, 30
His trance forsook him, and, on better search,
We found they were not mortal.
Man. Use all care

7 *seek to her*] See note II. ii., p. 512. Clodio's hope to win Zenocia by honourable suit seems to ignore her previous marriage to Arnoldo.

27 *success*] succession, sequel, as often, e.g. *Wint. Tale*, I. ii. 394, "parents . . . in whose success we are gentle."

To perfect this unhoped-for cure; that done,
Propose your own rewards; and, till you shall
Hear farther from me, for some ends I have, 35
Conceal it from his mother.

Doct. We'll not fail, sir. [*Exit.*

Man. You still stand confident on your innocence?

Arn. It is my best and last guard, which I will not
Leave, to rely on your uncertain mercy.

Enter HIPPOLYTA, ZABULON, LEOPOLD, ZENOCIA, *and two* Servants.

Hip. [*to* ZENOC.] Who bade you follow me? go home:—and you, sir, [*to* LEOPOLD] 40
As you respect me, go with her.

Arn. [*aside*] Zenocia!
And in her house a servant!

Char. 'Tis my daughter.

[ZENOCIA *passes over the stage, and exit with* ZABULON *and* Servants. LEOPOLD *retires.*

Clod. My love!—[*To* CHARINO] Contain your joy; observe the sequel.

Man. Fie, madam, how undecent 'tis for you,
So far unlike yourself, to be seen thus 45
In th' open streets! why do you kneel? pray you, rise.
I am acquainted with the wrong and loss
You have sustain'd, and the delinquent now
Stands ready for his punishment.

Hip. Let it fall, sir,
On the offender: he is innocent, 50
And most unworthy of these bonds he wears;
But I made up of guilt.

Man. What strange turn's this?

Leop. [*aside*] This was my prisoner once.

Hip. If chastity
In a young man, and tempted to the height too,
Did e'er deserve reward or admiration, 55
He justly may claim both. Love to his person
(Or, if you please, give it a fouler name)
Compell'd me first to train him to my house;

All engines I raised there to shake his virtue,
Which in the assault were useless; he unmoved still, 60
As if he had no part of human frailty,
Against the nature of my sex, almost
I play'd the ravisher. You might have seen,
In our contention, young Apollo fly,
And love-sick Daphne follow: all arts failing, 65
By flight he wan the victory, breaking from
My scorn'd embraces. The repulse (in women
Unsufferable) invited me to practise
A means to be revenged; and from this grew
His accusation, and the abuse 70
Of your still-equal justice. My rage ever
Thanks heaven, though wanton, I found not myself
So far engaged to hell, to prosecute
To the death what I had plotted; for that love,
That made me first desire him, then accuse him, 75
Commands me, with the hazard of myself,
First to entreat his pardon, then acquit him.

Man. [*To* ARNOLDO] Whate'er you are, so much I love your virtue,
That I desire your friendship.—Do you unloose him
From those bonds you are worthy of. Your repentance 80
Makes part of satisfaction; yet I must
Severely reprehend you.

Leop. [*aside*] I am made
A stale on all parts: but this fellow shall
Pay dearly for her favour.

Arn. [*aside*] My life's so full
Of various changes, that I now despair 85
Of any certain port; one trouble ending,
A new, and worse, succeeds it: what should Zenocia
Do in this woman's house? can chastity
And hot lust dwell together without infection?
I would not be or jealous or secure; 90
Yet something must be done, to sound the depth on't.
That she lives is my bliss; but living there,

66 *wan*] So in II. ii. 10. A.S. *winnan*, past *wann*, p.p. *wunnen*. Theobald printed "won."

71 *ever Thanks heaven*] So both fols. intelligibly enough: but Theobald followed by the other edd. altered it to "*my rage ever*, (*Thank Heav'n*) *though wanton, I*" etc.

83 *stale*] Decoy to catch another bird, here rather in the sense of "tool."

A hell of torments: there's no way to her
In whom I live, but by this door, through which
To me 'tis death to enter; yet I must 95
And will make trial.

Man. Let me hear no more
Of these devices, lady; this I pardon,
And, at your intercession, I forgive
Your instrument the Jew too. Get you home.
The hundred thousand crowns you lent the city, 100
Towards the setting forth of the last navy
Bound for the Islands, was a good then, which
I balance with your ill now.

Char. [*To* CLODIO] Now, sir, to him;
You know my daughter needs it.

Hip. Let me take
A farewell with mine eye, sir, though my lip 105
Be barr'd the ceremony courtesy,
And custom too, allows of.

Arn. Gentle madam,
I neither am so cold nor so ill-bred,
But that I dare receive it. You are unguarded;
And let me tell you, that I am ashamed 110
Of my late rudeness, and would gladly therefore,
If you please to accept my ready service,
Wait on you to your house.

Hip. [*aside*] Above my hope!
[*Aloud*] Sir, if an angel were to be my convoy,
He should not be more welcome.

[*Exit with* ARNOLDO.

Clod. Now you know me. 115

Man. Yes, sir, and honour you; ever remembering
Your many bounties, being ambitious only
To give you cause to say, by some one service,
That I am not ungrateful.

Clod. 'Tis now offer'd:
I have a suit to you, and an easy one, 120
Which ere long you shall know.

Man. When you think fit, sir;
And then as a command I will receive it;

101 *navy Bound for the Islands*] *i. e.* the Moluccas, of which the Dutch dispossessed the Portuguese 1605–9. (Payne's *History of European Colonization*, p. 55.) Cf. *Love's Cure*, II. i., "*press'd to the islands.*"

Till when, most welcome.—[*To* CHARINO.] You are
welcome too, sir;
'Tis spoken from the heart, and therefore needs not
Much protestation.—At your better leisure, 125
I will inquire the cause that brought you hither;
In the mean time serve you.

Clod. You out-do me, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A room in the Doctor's *house.*

Enter DUARTE *disguised, and* Doctor.

Du. You have bestow'd on me a second life,
For which I live your creature; and have better'd
What nature framed unperfect: my first being
Insolent pride made monstrous; but this later
In learning me to know myself, hath taught me 5
Not to wrong others.
Doct. Then we live indeed,
When we can go to rest without alarum
Given every minute to a guilt-sick conscience,
To keep us waking, and rise in the morning
Secure in being innocent: but when, 10
In the remembrance of our worser actions,
We ever bear about us whips and furies,
To make the day a night of sorrow to us,
Even life's a burden.
Du. I have found and felt it;
But will endeavour, having first made peace 15
With those intestine enemies, my rude passions,
To be so with mankind. But, worthy doctor,
Pray, if you can, resolve me,—was the gentleman,
That left me dead, e'er brought unto his trial?
Doct. Nor known, nor apprehended.
Du. That's my grief. 20
Doct. Why, do you wish he had been punish'd?
Du. No;
The stream of my swoln sorrow runs not that way;
For could I find him, as I vow to Heaven
It shall be my first care to seek him out,
I would with thanks acknowledge that his sword, 25

disguised] Added by Dyce.
4 *later*] So fols. Theobald and the rest altered it to "latter."
7 *alarum*] F1; altered to "alarm" in F2.

In opening my veins which proud blood poison'd,
Gave the first symptoms of true health.
Doct. 'Tis in you
A Christian resolution. That you live
Is by the governor's, your uncle's, charge
As yet conceal'd; and though a son's loss never 30
Was solemnized with more tears of true sorrow
Than have been paid by your unequall'd mother
For your supposed death, she's not acquainted
With your recovery.
Du. For some few days,
Pray, let her so continue. Thus disguised, 35
I may abroad unknown.
Doct. Without suspicion
Of being discover'd.
Du. I am confident,
No moisture sooner dries than women's tears;
And therefore, though I know my mother virtuous,
Yet being one of that frail sex, I purpose 40
Her farther trial.
Doct. That as you think fit;
I'll not betray you.
Du. To find out this stranger,
This true physician of my mind and manners,
Were such a blessing! He seem'd poor, and may,
Perhaps, be now in want: would I could find him! 45
The inns I'll search first, then the public stews:
He was of Italy, and that country breeds not
Precisians that way, but hot libertines;
And such the most are: 'tis but a little travail.
I am unfurnish'd too: pray, master doctor, 50
Can you supply me?
Doct. With what sum you please.
Du. I will not be long absent.
Doct. That I wish too;
For, till you have more strength, I would not have you
To be too bold.
Du. Fear not; I will be careful. [*Exeunt.*

38 *dries*] So Theobald printed, at the suggestion of Sympson.—Both the folios have "dies," which Colman and Weber retained. Duarte's alleged reason for concealment is one of several instances in the play where the authors have failed to secure adequacy of motive to support the intricacies of their plot. The concealment, of course, is really required to forward the fortunes of Rutilio.

SCENE II.—*A street.*

Enter LEOPOLD, ZABULON, *and a* BRAVO.

Zab. I have brought him, sir; a fellow that will do it,
Though hell stood in his way; ever provided
You pay him for 't.
Leop. He has a strange aspect,
And looks much like the figure of a hangman
In a table of the Passion.
Zab. He transcends 5
All precedents, believe it; a flesh'd ruffian,
That hath so often taken the strappado,
That 'tis to him but as a lofty trick
Is to a tumbler: he hath perused too
All dungeons in Portugal; thrice seven years 10
Row'd in the galleys, for three several murders;
Though I presume that he has done a hundred,
And scaped unpunish'd.
Leop. He is much in debt to you.
You set him off so well.—What will you take, sir,
To beat a fellow for me, that thus wrong'd me? 15
Bra. To beat him, say you?
Leop. Yes, beat him to lameness;
To cut his lips or nose off; any thing
That may disfigure him.
Bra. Let me consider:
Five hundred pistolets for such a service,
I think, were no dear pennyworth.
Zab. Five hundred! 20
Why, there are of your brotherhood in the city,
I'll undertake, shall kill a man for twenty.
Bra. Kill him! I think so; I'll kill any man

5 *a table*] "i. e. a picture" (Weber).
6 *precedents*] spelt "presidents" in F1.
6 *flesh'd*] harden'd (Dyce). "To flesh" is to feed a hawk or dog with the game first struck by it, as a training. "Flesh'd at these smaller sports, they grow strong enough for hunting down larger game." Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, iii.
9 *perused*] Surveyed, examined. "Monsieur Soubiez having perused the fleet, returned to the King." *Harl.* MS. 383.
15 *thus*] Theobald, at Sympson's suggestion, printed "has." "The acute Mr. Sympson did not observe that *thus* might refer to a supposed explanation by Zabulon, before the bravo's interview with Leopold." Ed. 1778.
19 *pistolets*] or *pistoles*, gold coins current in Spain and Italy, worth about fifteen or sixteen shillings.

For half the money.
Leop. And will you ask more
For a sound beating than a murder?
Bra. Ay, sir, 25
And with good reason; for a dog that's dead,
The Spanish proverb says, will never bite;
But should I beat or hurt him only, he may
Recover, and kill me.
Leop. A good conclusion.
[*Aside*] The obduracy of this rascal makes me tender: 30
I'll run some other course.—There's your reward,
Without the employment. [*Gives money.*
Bra. For that, as you please, sir.
When you have need to kill a man, pray, use me;
But I am out at beating. [*Exit.*
Zab. What's to be done, then?
Leop. I'll tell thee, Zabulon, and make thee privy 35
To my most dear designs. This stranger, which
Hippolyta so dotes on, was my prisoner
When the last virgin I bestow'd upon her
Was made my prize; how he escaped, hereafter
I'll let thee know; and it may be, the love 40
He bears the servant makes him scorn the mistress.
Zab. 'Tis not unlike; for, the first time he saw her,
His looks express'd so much; and, for more proof,
Since he came to my lady's house, though yet
He never knew her, he hath practised with me 45
To help him to a conference, without
The knowledge of Hippolyta; which I promised.
Leop. And by all means perform it, for their meeting;
But work it so, that my disdainful mistress
(Whom, notwithstanding all her injuries, 50
'Tis my hard fate to love) may see and hear them.
Zab. To what end, sir?
Leop. This, Zabulon: when she sees
Who is her rival, and her lover's baseness
To leave a princess for her bond-woman,
The sight will make her scorn what now she dotes on. 55
I'll double thy reward.
Zab. You are like to speed, then:
For, I confess, what you will soon believe,

55 *will*] So F2, omitted in F1.

We serve them best that are most apt to give.
For you, I'll place you where you shall see all,
And yet be unobserved.
Leop. That I desire too. [*Exeunt.* 60

SCENE III.

A room in HIPPOLYTA'S *house, with a gallery.*

Enter ARNOLDO.

Arn. I cannot see her yet. How it afflicts me,
The poison of this place should mix itself
With her pure thoughts! 'Twas she that was commanded,
Or my eyes fail'd me grossly; that youth, that face,
And all that noble sweetness. May she not live here, 5
And yet be honest still?

Enter ZENOCIA, *behind.*

Zen. [*aside*] It is Arnoldo,
From all his dangers free! Fortune, I bless thee!
My noble husband! how my joy swells in me!
But why in this place? what business hath he here?
He cannot hear of me; I am not known here. 10
I left him virtuous; how I shake to think now,
And how that joy I had cools and forsakes me!

Enter, above, HIPPOLYTA *and* ZABULON.

This lady is but fair; I have been thought so,
Without compare admired. She has bewitch'd him,
And he forgot——
Arn. 'Tis she again; the same, 15
The same Zenocia!
Zab. There they are together;
Now you may mark.
Hip. Peace; let 'em parley.
Arn. That you are well, Zenocia, and once more
Bless my despairing eyes with your wish'd presence,
I thank the gods; but that I meet you here—— 20
Hip. They are acquainted.
Zab. I found that secret, madam

When you commanded her go home. Pray, hear 'em.
Zen. That you meet me here! ne'er blush at that, Arnoldo.
Your coming comes too late: I am a woman;
And one woman with another may be trusted. 25
Do you fear the house?
Arn. More than a fear, I know it;
Know it not good, not honest.
Zen. What do you here, then?
I' the name of virtue, why do you approach it?
Will you confess the doubt, and yet pursue it?
Where have your eyes been wandering, my Arnoldo? 30
What constancy, what faith, do you call this? Fie,
Aim at one wanton mark, and wound another!

LEOPOLD *places himself unseen below.*

I do confess the lady fair, most beauteous,
And able to betray a strong man's liberty;
But you that have a love, a wife——you do well 35
To deal thus wisely with me. Yet, Arnoldo,
Since you are pleased to study a new beauty,
And think this old and ill, beaten with misery,
Study a nobler way, for shame, to leave me:
Wrong not her honesty——
Arn. You have confirm'd me. 40
Zen. Who, though she be your wife, will never hinder you;
So much I rest a servant to your wishes,
And love your loves, though they be my destructions.
No man shall know me, nor the share I have in thee;
No eye suspect I am able to prevent you: 45
For since I am a slave to this great lady,
Whom I perceive you follow——

24 *coming*] I have restored the reading of the fols. which Theobald printed (though he suggested "coining" in a note), preferring the simplicity of "coming comes" to the vagueness of Colman's alteration, "cunning," for which he seeks support in "deal thus wisely with me," l. 36. Martin Scriblerus (*Explanation of some passages in . . . Beaumont and Fletcher*, London, 1814) interprets "cunning" as "your pretence of indignation at meeting me here comes too late to deceive me."

32 *Aim at . . . wound another*] By aiming at wanton love with Hippolyta you wound another woman.

39 *leave me*] So Theobald, at Seward's suggestion, foll. by Edd. 1778 and Dyce, for "love me" of the fols. Weber, "love her."

Arn. Be not blinded.
Zen. Fortune shall make me useful to your service:
I will speak for you.
Arn. Speak for me! you wrong me.
Zen. I will endeavour all the ways I am able, 50
To make her think well of you;—will that please?—
To make her dote upon you, dote to madness.
So far against myself I will obey you:
But when that's done, and I have shew'd this duty,
This great obedience (few will buy it at my price), 55
Thus will I shake hands with you, wish you well,
But never see you more, nor receive comfort
From any thing, Arnoldo.
Arn. You are too tender;
I neither doubt you, nor desire longer
To be a man, and live, than I am honest, 60
And only yours: our infinite affections
Abused us both.
Zab. Where are your favours now?
The courtesies you shew'd this stranger, madam?
Hip. Have I now found the cause?
Zab. Attend it further.
Zen. Did she invite you, do you say?
Arn. Most cunningly; 65
And with a preparation of that state
I was brought in and welcomed——
Zen. Seem'd to love you?
Arn. Most infinitely, at first sight, most dotingly.
Zen. She is a goodly lady.
Arn. Wondrous handsome.
At first view, being taken unprepared, 70
Your memory not present then to assist me,
She seem'd so glorious sweet, and so far stirr'd me——
Nay, be not jealous, there's no harm done.
Zen. Prithee,
Didst thou not kiss, Arnoldo?
Arn. Yes, faith, did I.
Zen. And then——
Arn. I durst not, did not.

55 *buy it at my price*] Be obedient when it costs so much.
59 *desire*] A trisyllable (Weber).
62 *Abused us both*] Made each think wrongly of the other.

Zen. I forgive you; 75
Come, tell the truth.
Arn. May be, I lay with her.
Hip. He mocks me too, most basely.
Zen. Did you, faith?
Did you forget so far? [*Weeps.*
Arn. Come, come, no weeping;
I would have lyen first in my grave; believe that.
Why will you ask those things you would not hear? 80
She is too untemperate to betray my virtues,
Too openly lascivious; had she dealt
But with that seeming modesty she might,
And flung a little art upon her ardour——
But 'twas forgot, and I forgot to like her, 85
And glad I was deceived. No, my Zenocia,
My first love, here begun, rests here unreap'd yet,
And here for ever.
Zen. You have made me happy,
Even in the midst of bondage blest.
Zab. You see now
What rubs are in your way.
Hip. And quickly, Zabulon, 90
I'll root 'em out [*Whispers*].—Be sure you do this presently.
Zab. Do not you alter, then.
Hip. I am resolute. [*Exit* ZABULON.
Arn. To see you only I came hither last,
Drawn by no love of hers, nor base allurements;
For, by this holy light, I hate her heartily. 95
Leop. [*Aside.*] I am glad of that; you have saved me so much vengeance,
And so much fear. From this hour, fair befall you! [*Exit.*
Arn. Some means I shall make shortly to redeem you;
Till when, observe her well, and fit her temper,
Only her lust contemn.
Zen. When shall I see you? 100

86 *glad*] Elliptical for "I am glad" as not infrequently in other authors. If Theobald's correction ("my" for "may") be accepted, V. iv. 94, "And in that she my equal" affords another instance. Mason took "glad" as a verb, = rejoice.

Arn. I will live hereabouts, and bear her fair still,
Till I can find a fit hour to redeem you.
Hip. [*Aloud*] Shut all the doors.
Arn. Who's that?
Zen. We are betray'd;
The lady of the house has heard our parley,
Seen us, and seen our loves.
Hip. You, courteous gallant, 105
You that scorn all I can bestow, that laugh at
The afflictions and the groans I suffer for you,
That slight and jeer my love, contemn the fortune
My favours can fling on you, have I caught you?
Have I now found the cause you fool my wishes? 110
Is my own slave my bane? I nourish that,
That sucks up my content. I'll pray no more,
Nor woo no more: thou shalt see, foolish man,
And, to thy bitter pain and anguish, look on
The vengeance I shall take, provoked and slighted: 115
Redeem her, then, and steal her hence.—Ho, Zabulon!
Now to your work.

Re-enter ZABULON *with* Servants; *some holding* ARNOLDO, *some ready with a cord to strangle* ZENOCIA.

Arn. Lady, but hear me speak first,
As you have pity!
Hip. I have none: you taught me;
When I even hung about your neck, you scorn'd me.
Zab. Shall we pluck yet?
Hip. No, hold a little, Zabulon; 120
I'll pluck his heart-strings first.—Now am I worthy
A little of your love?
Arn. I'll be your servant:
Command me through what danger you shall aim at,
Let it be death!
Hip. Be sure, sir, I shall fit you.

101 *bear her fair*] Maintain a courteous bearing to her. To "bear one hard" occurs more often, in the sense of bearing a grudge against, e. g. *Jul. Cæs.*, II. i. 215, "Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard." Mr. Bullen thinks it a metaphor from a tight or gentle rein: I refer it simply to the general use of *bear* to express bearing, behaviour, treatment. It is not a classicism, *malè ferre* not being constructed with acc. pers. [Cf. p. 443, l. 15, etc.—A. H. Bullen.]

123 *Command . . . aim at*] Send me on the most dangerous service you can conceive. 124 *fit you*] accommodate you, ironically referring to "death."

Arn. But spare this virgin !
Hip. I would spare that villain first, 125
Had cut my father's throat.
Arn. Bounteous lady, [*Kneels.*
If in your sex there be that noble softness,
That tenderness of heart women are crown'd for——
Zen. Kneel not, Arnoldo ; do her not that honour ;
She is not worthy such submission : 130
I scorn a life depends upon her pity.—
Proud woman, do thy worst, and arm thy anger
With thoughts as black as hell, as hot and bloody :
I bring a patience here shall make 'em blush,
And innocence shall outlook thee and death too. 135
Arn. Make me your slave ; I give my freedom to ye,
For ever to be fetter'd to your service :
'Twas I offended ; be not so unjust, then,
To strike the innocent : this gentle maid
Never intended fear and doubt against you ; 140
She is your servant ; pay not her observance
With cruel looks, her duteous faith with death.
Hip. Am I fair now ? now am I worth your liking ?
Zen. Not fair, not to be liked, thou glorious Devil,
Thou varnish'd piece of lust, thou painted fury ! 145
Arn. Speak gently, sweet, speak gently.
Zen. I'll speak nobly ;
'Tis not the saving of a life I aim at.—
Mark me, lascivious woman, mark me truly,
And then consider how I weigh thy angers.
Life is no longer mine, nor dear unto me, 150
Than useful to his honour I preserve it.
If thou hadst studied all the courtesies
Humanity and noble blood are link'd to,
Thou couldst not have propounded such a benefit,
Nor heap'd upon me such unlook'd-for honour, 155
As dying for his sake, to be his martyr ;
'Tis such a grace !
Hip. You shall not want that favour :
Let your bones work miracles.

125 *first*] Theobald, not recognizing the trisyllable in "bounteous," attempted to cure that line by transferring "first" to the end of Hippolyta's speech.
149 *angers*] F1 : F2 *anger*.
158 *Let*] Theo. (ever tampering with the text) printed "And *let*."

Arn. Dear lady,
By those fair eyes——
Hip. There is but this way left ye
To save her life——
Arn. Speak it, and I embrace it. 160
Hip. Come to my private chamber presently,
And there, what love and I command——
Arn. I'll do it.
Be comforted, Zenocia.
Zen. Do not do this;
To save me, do not lose yourself, I charge you;
I charge you by your love, that love you bear me, 165
That love, that constant love you have twined to me,
By all your promises;—take heed you keep 'em;
Now is your constant trial. If thou dost this,
Or mov'st one foot to guide thee to her lust,
My curses and eternal hate pursue thee! 170
Redeem me at the base price of disloyalty?
Must my undoubted honesty be thy bawd too?
Go, and intwine thyself about that body;
Tell her, for my life thou hast lost thine honour,
Pull'd all thy vows from Heaven; basely, most basely, 175
Stoop'd to the servile flames of that foul woman,
To add an hour to me that hate thee for it,
Know thee not again, nor name thee for a husband!
Arn. [*Aside.*] What shall I do to save her?
Hip. How now! what haste there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The governor, attended with some gentlemen, 180
Are newly enter'd, to speak with your ladyship.
Hip. Pox o' their business! Reprieve her for this hour;

166 *twined to me*] intertwined with mine.
168 *your constant trial*] your constancy's trial.
172 *Must my . . . bawd too?*] Excessive care for Zenocia's repute had brought him to the house. Zenocia's jealousy is reviving.
176 *Stoop'd to the servile flames*, etc. . . . *add an hour*, etc.] So F2. F1 transposes these two lines.
178 *Know thee not again, nor*, etc.] So F2, followed by Edd. 1778. F1 omits "not," followed by Weber and Dyce, who preferred to understand it from the following "nor." "Know," "name," "hate," are all constructed with the relative "that."

I shall have other time.
Arn. Now, Fortune, help us!
Hip. I'll meet 'em presently. Retire a while all.
[*Exeunt* HIP. *and* Servants.
Zab. You rise to-day upon your right side, lady.— 185
You know the danger too, and may prevent it;
And, if you suffer her to perish thus,
(As she must do, and suddenly, believe it,
Unless you stand her friend,—you know the way on't)
I guess you poorly love her, less your fortune. 190
Let her know nothing, and perform this matter;
There are hours ordain'd for several businesses:
You understand?
Arn. I understand you bawd, sir,
And such a counsellor I never cared for.

Enter MANUEL DU SOSA, CLODIO, CHARINO, LEOPOLD, *and* Attendants *at one door;* HIPPOLYTA *at the other.*

Hip. Your lordship does me honour.
Man. Fair Hippolyta, 195
I am come to ease you of a charge.
Hip. I keep none
I count a burden, sir.—[*Aside*] And yet I lie too.
Man. Which is the maid? is she here?
Clod. Yes, sir; this is she, this is Zenocia;
The very same I sued to your lordship for. 200
Zen. Clodio again? more misery? more ruin?
Under what angry star is my life govern'd?
Man. Come hither, maid: you are once more a free woman;
Here I discharge your bonds.
Arn. Another smile,
Another trick of Fortune to betray us! 205
Hip. Why does your lordship use me so unnobly,
Against my will to take away my bond-woman?
Man. She was no lawful prize, therefore no bond-woman:
She's of that country we hold friendship with,
And ever did; and therefore to be used 210

185 *rise . . . right side*] i. e. this is your lucky day.

With entertainment fair and courteous.
The breach of league in us gives foul example;
Therefore, you must be pleased to think this honest.—
Did you know what she was? [*To* LEOPOLD.
Leop. Not till this instant;
For, had I known her, she had been no prisoner. 215
Man. There, take the maid; she is at her own dispose now:
And, if there be aught else to do your honour
Any poor service in——
Clod. I am vow'd your servant.
Arn. Your father's here too, that's our only comfort;
And in a country now we stand, free people, 220
Where Clodio has no power. Be comforted.
Zen. I fear some trick yet.
Arn. Be not so dejected.
Man. [*to* HIP.] You must not be displeased; so, farewell, lady.—
Come, gentlemen. Captain, you must with me too;
I have a little business.
Leop. I attend your lordship. 225
[*Aside*] Now my way's free, and my hope's lord again.
[*Exeunt all except* HIP. *and* ZAB.
Hip. D'ye jeer me now ye are going? I may live yet
To make you howl both.
Zab. You might have done; you had power then;
But now the chains are off, the command lost;
And such a story they will make of this, 230
To laugh out lazy time——
Hip. No means yet left me?
For now I burst with anger! none to satisfy me?
No comfort? No revenge?
Zab. You speak too late;
You might have had all these your useful servants,
Had you been wise and sudden. What power or will 235
Over her beauty have you now, by violence
To constrain his love? she is as free as you are,

226 *hope's lord again*] With Theo. and Col. I much prefer this, the reading of F2, to "hopes lords," Web.'s correction for "hopes. Lords," of F1.
237 *love?*] Theo. rightly transferred the interrogation-point from "now" to this word.

And no law can impeach her liberty;
And whilst she is so, Arnoldo will despise you.
Hip. Either my love or anger must be satisfied, 240
Or I must die.
Zab. I have a way would do it,
Would do it yet, protect me from the law.
Hip. From any thing: thou knowest what power I have,
What money, and what friends.
Zab. 'Tis a devilish one:
But such must now be used. Walk in, I'll tell you; 245
And, if you like it, if the devil can do any thing——
Hip. Devil, or what thou wilt, so I be satisfied.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the house of SULPITIA.

Enter SULPITIA *and* JAQUES.

Sul. This is the rarest and the lustiest fellow,
And so bestirs himself——
Ja. Give him breath, mistress;
You'll melt him else.
Sul. He does perform such wonders——
The women are mad on him.
Ja. Give him breath, I say;
The man is but a man; he must have breath. 5
Sul. How many had he yesterday?
Ja. About fourteen;
And they paid bravely too. But still I cry,
Give breath; spare him, and have him.

7 *And they paid bravely too*] In both fols. these words were subjoined to Sulpitia's preceding speech. Theo. made the necessary transposition, but not the required metrical alteration, which I have attempted. The fols. divide the lines as follows—

"And they paid . . . fourteen.
But still . . . have him.
Five dames . . . stage:
He may . . . cry still;
Body o' me . . . else.
Feed . . . Gentlewomen,
Y'are . . . fellow."

Sul. Five dames to-day:
This was a small stage; he may endure five more.
Ja. Breath, breath, I cry still; body o' me, give breath; 10
The man's a lost man else: feed him, and give him breath.

Enter two Gentlewomen.

Sul. Welcome, gentlewomen; y'are very welcome.
First Gent. We hear you have a lusty and well-complexion'd fellow,
That does rare tricks: my sister and myself here
Would trifle out an hour or two, so please you. 15
Sul. Jaques, conduct 'em in.
Both Gent. There's for your courtesy.
[*Giving money.*
[*Exeunt* JAQUES *and* Gentlewomen.
Sul. Good pay still, good round pay. This happy fellow
Will set me up again; he brings in gold
Faster than I have leisure to receive it.
Oh, that his body were not flesh and fading! 20
But I'll so pap him up——nothing too dear for him:
What a sweet scent he has!

Re-enter JAQUES.

Now, what news, Jaques?
Ja. He cannot last; I pity the poor man,
I suffer for him. Two coaches of young city-dames,
And they drive as the devil were in the wheels, 25
Are ready now to enter: and behind these,
An old dead-palsied lady in a litter;
And she makes all the haste she can. The man's lost:
You may gather up his dry bones to make nine-pins;
But, for his flesh——
Sul. These are but easy labours; 30
Yet, for I know he must have rest——
Ja. He must;
You'll beat him off his legs else presently.

Sul. Go in, and bid him please himself; I am pleased too:
To-morrow's a new day: but, if he can,
I would have him take pity o' the old lady; 35
Alas, 'tis charity!
Ja. I'll tell him all this;
And, if he be not too fool-hardy—— [*Exit.*

Enter ZABULON.

Sul. How now!
What news with you?
Zab. You must presently
Shew all the art you have, and for my lady.
Sul. She may command.
Zab. You must not dream nor trifle. 40
Sul. Which way?
Zab. A spell you must prepare, a powerful one;
Peruse but these directions, you shall find all;
There is the picture too: be quick and faithful,
And do it with that strength——When 'tis perform'd,
Pitch your reward at what you please, you have it. 45
Sul. I'll do my best, and suddenly. But, hark ye,
Will you never lie at home again?
Zab. Excuse me;
I have too much business yet.
Sul. I am right glad on 't.
Zab. Think on your business; so farewell.
Sul. I'll do it.
Zab. Within this hour I'll visit you again, 50
And give you greater lights.
Sul. I shall observe ye.
This brings a brave reward; bravely I'll do it.
And all the hidden art I have express in 't.
[*Exeunt at both doors.*

Enter RUTILIO, *in a night-cap.*

Rut. Now do I look as if I were crow-trodden:
Fie, how my hams shrink under me! oh me, 55

34 *To-morrow's a new day*] In the sense of "We'll do no more to-day." Cf. *Night Walker*, II. iii., "To-morrow's a new day, sweet," when Lurcher opposes his mistress' wish to examine the chest that night.

54 *crow-trodden*] Dyce rightly interprets of crow's-feet about the eyes: Web. of his walk resembling a crow's waddle, or of the wooden legs of scarecrows.

I am broken-winded too! Is this a life?
Is this the recreation I have aim'd at?
I had a body once, a handsome body,
And wholesome too: now I appear like a rascal
That had been hung a year or two in gibbets. 60
Fie, how I faint!—Women! keep me from women!
Place me before a cannon, 'tis a pleasure;
Stretch me upon a rack, a recreation;
But women, women! oh, the devil! women!
Curtius's gulf was never half so dangerous. 65
Is there no way to find the trap-door again,
And fall into the cellar, and be taken?
No lucky fortune to direct me that way?
No galleys to be got, nor yet no gallows?
For I fear nothing now, no earthly thing, 70
But these unsatisfied men-leeches, women.
How devilishly my bones ache! oh, the old lady!
I have a kind of waiting-woman lies 'cross my back too;
Oh, how she stings! No treason to deliver me?

Enter three Men *in night-caps, very faintly.*

Now, what are you? do you mock me?
First Man. No, sir, no; 75
We were your predecessors in this place.
Sec. Man. And come to see [how] you bear up.
Rut. Good gentlemen!
You seem to have a snuffing in your head, sir,
A parlous snuffing; but this same dampish air—
Sec. Man. A dampish air, indeed.
Rut. Blow your face tenderly, 80
Your nose will ne'er endure it.—[*Aside*] Mercy o' me,
What are men changed to here! is my nose fast yet?
Methinks it shakes i' th' hilts—Pray, tell me, gentlemen,
How long is 't since you flourish'd here?
Third Man. Not long since.
Rut. Move yourself easily; I see you are tender.— 85
Nor long endured?

77 [*how*] added by Dyce.
78 *snuffing*] Altered by Theo. to "snuffling"; and so the editors of 1778.
79 *parlous*] i. e. *perilous*,—excessive.
83 *i' th' hilts*] i. e. in its fastening.

Sec. Man. The labour was so much, sir,
And so few to perform it——
Rut. [*Aside*] Must I come to this,
And draw my legs after me, like a lame dog?
I cannot run away, I am too feeble.—
Will you sue for this place again, gentlemen?
First Man. No, truly, sir; 90
The place has been too warm for our complexions.
Sec. Man. We have enough on 't: rest you merry, sir!
We came but to congratulate your fortune;
You have abundance.
Third Man. Bear your fortune soberly;
And so we leave you to the next fair lady. 95
[*Exeunt three* Men.
Rut. Stay but a little, and I'll meet you, gentlemen,
At the next hospital.—There 's no living thus,
Nor am I able to endure it longer:
With all the helps and heats that can be given me,
I am at my trot already. They are fair and young, 100
Most of the women that repair unto me;
But they stick on like burs, shake me like feathers.

Re-enter SULPITIA.

More women yet? Would I were honestly married
To any thing that had but half a face,
And not a groat to keep her nor a smock, 105
That I might be civilly merry when I pleased,
Rather than labouring in these fulling-mills!
Sul. [*Aside*] By this, the spell begins to work.—
You are lusty;

100 *I am at my trot already*] Reduced to a trot (Dyce). The "helps and heats" are the "broths and strengthening caudles" Sulpitia mentions below.

102 *shake me like feathers*] Tied on a line to scare birds and kept in perpetual motion by the wind.

107 *fulling-mills*] mentioned by Strype, *Annals* Edw. VI. 1553. It is doubtful whether Rutilio alludes to his paling complexion, or to the pounding by which washing was often assisted.

108 *By this, the spell begins to work*] "She is speaking of the incantations which she is employed in at the instance of Hippolyta. The spell was undoubtedly the wax image of Zenocia, one of the strongest within the knowledge of witches. In Middleton's *Witch*, Ed. 1778, p. 100, Heccat proffers to destroy Almachildes in the following manner:

'His picture made in wax, and gently molten
By a blue fire, kindled with dead men's eyes,
Will waste him by degrees'" (Weber).

I see, you bear up bravely yet.
Rut. Do you hear, lady?
Do not make a game-bear of me, to play me hourly, 110
And fling on all your whelps; it will not hold:
Play me with some discretion; to-day one course,
And, two days hence, another.
Sul. If you be so angry,
Pay back the money I redeem'd you at,
And take your course; I can have men enough. 115
You have cost me an hundred crowns, since you came hither,
In broths and strengthening caudles; till you do pay me,
If you will eat and live, you shall endeavour;
I'll chain you to 't else.
Rut. Make me a dog-kennel,
I'll keep your house, and bark, and feed on bare bones, 120
And be whipp'd out o' doors; do you mark me, lady? whipp'd;
I'll eat old shoes.

Enter DUARTE, *diguised.*

Du. In this house, I am told,
There is a stranger of a goodly person;
And such a one that was; if I could see him,
I yet remember him.
Sul. Your business, sir? 125
If it be for a woman, ye are cozen'd;
I keep none here. [*Exit.*
Du. [*Aside*] Certain, this is the gentleman;
The very same.
Rut. [*Aside*] 'Death, if I had but money,
Or any friend to bring me from this bondage,
I would thresh, set up a cobbler's shop, keep hogs, 130
And feed with 'em, sell tinder-boxes and knights of gingerbread,
Thatch for three half-pence a-day, and think it lordly,

110 *game-bear . . . one course*] *Macbeth*, V. vii. 2, "bear-like, I must fight the course."
122 disguised] Dyce's addition.
124 *that*] Mason's correction.—Heath (*MS. Notes*) proposes to read "this." FF. and Edd. before Dyce "there."

From this base stallion-trade!—Why does he eye me,
Eye me so narrowly?
Du. It seems you are troubled, sir;
I heard you speak of want.
Rut. 'Tis better hearing 135
Far, than relieving, sir.
Du. I do not think so:
You know me not.
Rut. Not yet, that I remember.
Du. You shall, and for your friend; I am beholding to ye,
Greatly beholding, sir. If you remember,
You fought with such a man they call'd Duarte, 140
A proud distemper'd man: he was my enemy,
My mortal foe; you slew him fairly, nobly.
Rut. Speak softly, sir; you do not mean to betray me?—
[*Aside*] I wish'd the gallows; now th'are coming fairly.
Du. Be confident; for, as I live, I love you; 145
And now you shall perceive it: for that service,
Me and my purse command; there, take it to ye;
'Tis gold, and no small sum; a thousand ducats:
Supply your want.
Rut. But do you do this faithfully?
Du. If I mean ill, spit in my face, and kick me. 150
In what else I may serve you, sir—
Rut. I thank you.—
[*Aside.*] This is as strange to me as knights' adventures—
I have a project, 'tis an honest one,
And now I'll tempt my fortune.
Du. Trust me with it.
Rut. You are so good and honest, I must trust ye; 155
'Tis but to carry a letter to a lady
That saved my life once.
Du. That will be most thankful;
I will do 't with all care.
Rut. Where are you, White-broth?

138 *beholding*] frequent in Shakespeare and elsewhere for *beholden*, to which it is altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.
158 *White-broth*] Dubbing her after her favourite restorative.

Re-enter SULPITIA.

Now, lusty blood, come in, and tell your money;
'Tis ready here: no threats, nor no orations, 160
Nor prayers now!
Sul. You do not mean to leave me?
Rut. I'll live in hell sooner than here, and cooler.
Come, quickly, come, despatch; this air's unwholesome:
Quickly, good lady, quickly to 't.
Sul. Well, since it must be,
The next I'll fetter faster sure, and closer. 165
Rut. And pick his bones, as y'ave done mine, pox take ye!
Du. At my lodging, for a while, you shall be quarter'd,
And there take physic for your health.
Rut. I thank ye.—
[*Aside*] I have found my angel now too, if I can keep him.

[*Exeunt, on one side* DUARTE *and* RUTILIO, *on the other* SULPITIA.

169 *I have found my angel now too*] Referring, as in V. i. 40, to the scene where Zabulon offers money to Arnoldo, II. iii. 49:—

"Sure, thy good angel is a Jew . . . I could wish now,
Mine would appear too." (Dyce quoting Mason.)

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter RUTILIO *and* DUARTE.

Rut. You like the letter?
Du. Yes; but I must tell you,
You tempt a desperate hazard, to solicit
The mother (and the grieved one too, 'tis rumour'd)
Of him you slew so lately.
Rut. I have told you
Some proofs of her affection; and I know not 5
A nearer way to make her satisfaction
For a lost son, than speedily to help her
To a good husband; one that will beget
Both sons and daughters, if she be not barren.
I have had a breathing now, and have recover'd 10
What I lost in my late service; 'twas a hot one;
It fired and fired me; but, all thanks to you, sir,
You have both freed and cool'd me.
Du. What is done, sir,
I thought well done, and was in that rewarded;
And therefore spare your thanks.
Rut. I'll no more whoring; 15
This fencing 'twixt a pair of sheets more wears one
Than all the exercise in the world besides:
To be drunk with good canary, a mere julep,
Or like gourd-water, to't; twenty surfeits
Come short of one night's work there. If I get this lady, 20
(As ten to one I shall, I was ne'er denied yet,)
I will live wondrous honestly; walk before her
Gravely and demurely,

12 *It fired and fired me*] Theobald, at Sympson's suggestion, printed, "*It fir'd and* fetter'd *me*," but the antithesis to "freed," which Sympson sought, is to be found in "service." 18 *julep*] cooling drink.

23 *Gravely and demurely*] Dyce ventures to complete the line with "twice to church o' Sundays." As he remarks, other editors "seem not to have perceived" the necessity of any addition.

And then instruct my family. You are sad;
What do you muse on, sir?
Du. Truth, I was thinking
What course to take for the delivery of your letter;
And now I have it. But, faith, did this lady
(For do not gull yourself) for certain know
You kill'd her son?
Rut. Give me a book, I 'll swear 't:
Denied me to the officers that pursued me,
Brought me herself to the door, then gave me gold
To bear my charges, and shall I make doubt, then,
But that she loved me? I am confident,
Time having ta'en her grief off, that I shall be
Most welcome to her: for then to have woo'd her
Had been unseasonable.
Du. Well, sir, there's more money
To make you handsome. I 'll about your business:
You know where you must stay.
Rut. There you shall find me.
[*Aside*] Would I could meet my brother now, to know
Whether the Jew, his genius, or my Christian,
Has proved the better friend! [*Exit.*
Du. Oh, who would trust
Deceiving woman? or believe that one,
The best and most canònized ever was,
More than a seeming goodness? I could rail now
Against the sex, and curse it; but the theme
And way 's too common. Yet that Guiomar,
My mother, (nor let that forbid her to be
The wonder of our nation,) she that was
Mark'd out the great example for all matrons,
Both wife and widow; she that in my breeding
Express'd the utmost of a mother's care
And tenderness to a son; she that yet feigns
Such sorrow for me; good God, that this mother,
After all this, should give up to a stranger
The wreak she owed her son! I fear her honour.

37 *make*] F2 by misprint "may."
45 *the theme And way 's too common*] The invective of Posthumus (*Cymb.* II. v.), to which Reed refers, and the speech of Hamlet (I. ii.) to which Weber points, as the example of this tirade against women, were both probably suggested by the discourses of Euphues (and Guevara) on the same subject.
55 *The wreak*] the vengeance.

That he was saved much joys me; and grieve only
That she was his preserver. I'll try further,
And, by this engine, find whether the tears,
Of which she is so prodigal, are for me,
Or used to cloke her base hypocrisy. [*Exit.* 60

SCENE II.

Another street.

Enter HIPPOLYTA, *and* SULPITIA *in the dress of a Magician.*

Hip. Are you assured the charm prevails?
Sul. Do I live?
Or do you speak to me? now, this very instant,
Health takes its last leave of her; meagre paleness,
Like winter, nips the roses and the lilies,
The spring that youth and love adorn'd her face with. 5
To force affection is beyond our art;
For I have proved all means that hell has taught me,
Or the malice of a woman, which exceeds it,
To change Arnoldo's love; but to no purpose:
But, for your bond-woman——
Hip. Let her pine and die: 10
She removed, which, like a brighter sun,
Obscures my beams, I may shine out again,
And, as I have been, be admired and sought to.
How long has she to live?
Sul. Lady, before
The sun twice rise and set, be confident 15
She is but dead; I know my charm hath found her;
Nor can the governor's guard, her lover's tears,
Her father's sorrow, or his power that freed her,
Defend her from it.

56 *and grieve*] Theobald substituted *I* for *and*; but such ellipse is not unknown. In IV. iii. 86 we have "glad" for "I am glad."
58 *by this engine*] Rutilio's letter.
in the dress of a Magician] Weber's addition.
2 *Or do you*] F2 and Theob.: F1 followed by Dyce omits "do."
11 *She removed*] Theobald printed "*She* once *removed*"; and so probably the poet wrote (Dyce). 13 *sought to*] See note, p. 512, II. ii. 62.

Enter ZABULON.

Zab. All things have succeeded
As you could wish; I saw her brought sick home, 20
The image of pale death stamp'd on her forehead.
Let me adore this second Hecate,
This great commandress of the fatal sisters,
That, as she pleases, can cut short or lengthen
The thread of life!
Hip. Where was she when the enchantment 25
First seized upon her?
Zab. Taking the fresh air,
In the company of the governor and Count Clodio;
Arnoldo too was present, with her father;
When, in a moment (so the servants told me),
As she was giving thanks to the governor 30
And Clodio for her unexpected freedom,
As if she had been blasted, she sunk down,
To their amazement.
Hip. 'Tis thy master-piece,
Which I will so reward, that thou shalt fix here;
And with the hazard of thy life no more 35
Make trial of thy powerful art; which known,
Our laws call death. Off with this magical robe,
And be thyself.
Sul. Stand close; you shall hear more.
[*Takes off her robe, and retires with* HIP. *and* ZAB.

Enter MANUEL DU SOSA, CLODIO, *and* CHARINO.

Man. You must have patience; all rage is vain now,
And piety forbids that we should question 40
What is decreed above, or ask a reason
Why Heaven determines this or that way of us.
Clod. Heaven has no hand in 't; tis a work of hell:
Her life hath been so innocent, all her actions
So free from the suspicion of crime, 45
As rather she deserves a saint's place here,
Than to endure what now her sweetness suffers.

24 *cut short*] Colman's "shut *short*" was merely a misprint.
34 *fix here*] Halt at this point.
45 *suspicion of crime*] Theobald, not recognizing "suspicion" as a quadrisyllable, read "*suspicion of* a *crime*."

Char. Not for her fault, but mine, sir, Zenocia suffers.
The sin I made, when I sought to raze down
Arnoldo's love, built on a rock of truth, 50
Now to the height is punish'd. I profess,
Had he no birth nor parts, the present sorrow
He now expresses for her, does deserve her
Above all kings, though such had been his rivals.
Clod. All ancient stories of the love of husbands 55
To virtuous wives be now no more remember'd!
Char. The tales of turtles ever be forgotten,
Or, for his sake, believed!
Man. I have heard there has been
Between some married pairs such sympathy,
That th' husband has felt really the throes 60
His wife, then teeming, suffers: this true grief
Confirms, 'tis not impossible.
Clod. We shall find
Fit time for this hereafter; let 's use now
All possible means to help her.
Man. Care, nor cost,
Nor what physicians can do, shall be wanting. 65
Make use of any means or men.
Char. You are noble.
[*Exeunt* MAN., CLOD., *and* CHAR.
Sul. Ten colleges of doctors shall not save her.
Her fate is in your hand.
Hip. Can I restore her?
Sul. If you command my art.
Hip. I'll die myself first:
And yet I will go visit her, and see 70
This miracle of sorrow in Arnoldo;
An 'twere for me, I should change places with her,
And die most happy; such a lover's tears
Were a rich monument; but too good for her
Whose misery I glory in. Come, Sulpitia, 75
You shall along with me.—Good Zabulon,
Be not far off.
Zab. I will attend you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

52 *sorrow*] F2. F1, "sorrowes."
70 *I will go visit*] Theobald printed "*I will*" for the "*I'le*" of the fols., which disregards the metre.

SCENE III.

An ante-room in GUIOMAR'S *house.*

Enter DUARTE *disguised, and a* Servant.

Serv. I have served you from my youth, and ever you
Have found me faithful. That you live 's a treasure
I'll lock up here; nor shall it be let forth
But when you give me warrant.
Du. I rely
Upon thy faith: nay, no more protestations; 5
Too many of them will call that in question
Which now I doubt not. She is there?
Serv. Alone too;
But, take it on my life, your entertainment,
Appearing as you are, will be but coarse.
For the displeasure I shall undergo 10
I am prepared.
Du. Leave me; I'll stand the hazard.
[*Exit* Servant.
The silence that's observed, her close retirements,
No visitants admitted, not the day,
These sable colours, all signs of true sorrow,
Or hers is deeply counterfeit. I'll look nearer; 15
Manners, give leave.—She sits upon the ground;
By Heaven, she weeps; my picture in her hand too;
She kisses it, and weeps again.

Enter GUIOMAR.

Gui. Who's there?
Du. [*aside*] There is no starting back now.—Madam.
Gui. Ha!
Another murderer! I'll not protect thee, 20
Though I have no more sons.
Du. Your pardon, lady;
There's no such foul fact taints me.

SCENE III. An ante-room, etc.] So Dyce. Weber *A room*, etc., adding *Guiomar seated in the background.*
disguised] Added by Dyce.
19 Du. [aside]. . . *now.*] Mason, replacing the comma of FF. by a full-point, first indicated the aside.

Gui. What makes[t] thou here, then?
Where are my servants? do none but my sorrows
Attend upon me?—Speak, what brought thee hither?
Du. A will to give you comfort.
Gui. Thou art but a man, 25
And 'tis beyond a human reach to do it.
If thou could raise the dead out of their graves,
Bid time run back, make me now what I was,
A happy mother, gladly I would hear thee:
But that 's impossible.
Du. Please you but to read this; 30
You shall know better there why I am sent,
Than if I should deliver it.
Gui. From whom comes it?
Du. That will instruct you.—[*Aside*] I suspect this stranger;
Yet she spake something that holds such alliance
With his reports, I know not what to think on't. 35
What a frown was there! she looks me through and through;
Now reads again, now pauses; and now smiles,
And yet there's more of anger in't than mirth:
These are strange changes: oh, I understand it;
She's full of serious thoughts.
Gui. [*aside*] You are just, you Heavens, 40
And never do forget to hear their prayers,
That truly pay their vows! The deferr'd vengeance,
For you and my word's sake so long deferr'd,
Under which, as a mountain, my heart groans yet,
When 'twas despair'd of, now is offer'd to me; 45
And, if I lose it, I am both ways guilty.
The woman's mask, dissimulation, help me!—
Come hither, friend; I am sure you know the gentleman
That sent these charms.
Du. Charms, lady!
Gui. These charms;

22 *makes[t]* Fols. "makes." Theobald "makest."
30 *but to read*] Theobald, with F2, *but read.*
39 *oh, I understand it*, etc.] The reader, hardly so fortunate, most suppose Duarte to imagine her under the influence of religous emotion.
49 *These charms*] So fols. Theobald and Edd. 1778 printed "Ay, *these charms.*"

I well may call them so, they 've won upon me 50
More than e'er letter did. Thou art his friend,
(The confidence he has in thee confirms it,)
And therefore I'll be open-breasted to thee:
To hear of him, though yet I never saw him,
Was most desired of all men—let me blush, 55
And then I'll say I love him.

Du. [*aside*] All men see
In this a woman's virtue!

Gui. I expected,
For the courtesy I did, long since to have seen him;
And though I then forbad it, you men know,
Between our hearts and tongues there's a large distance; 60
But I'll excuse him; may be, hitherto
He has forborne it, in respect my son
Fell by his hand.

Du. And reason, lady.

Gui. No;
He did me a pleasure in't; a riotous fellow,
And, with that, insolent, not worth the owning. 65
I have indeed kept a long solemn sorrow,
For my friends' sake partly, but especially
For his long absence.

Du. [*aside*] Oh, the devil!

Gui. Therefore,
Bid him be speedy; a priest shall be ready
To tie the holy knot. This kiss I send him; 70
Deliver that and bring him.

Du. [*aside*] I am dumb:
A good cause I have now, and a good sword,
And something I shall do.—I wait upon you.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.

A room in the palace of MANUEL DU SOSA.

Enter MANUEL DU SOSA, CLODIO, CHARINO, ARNOLDO, ZENOCIA *borne in a chair, and two* Doctors.

Doct. Give her more air ; she dies else.
Arn. O, thou dread power,
That madest this all, and of thy workmanship
This virgin wife the master-piece, look down on her!
Let her mind's virtues, clothed in this fair garment,
That worthily deserves a better name 5
Than flesh and blood, now sue, and prevail for her!
Or, if those are denied, let Innocence,
To which all passages in Heaven stand open,
Appear in her white robe, before thy throne,
And mediate for her! or, if this age of sin 10
Be worthy of a miracle, the sun
In his diurnal progress never saw
So sweet a subject to employ it on!
Man. Wonders are ceased, sir; we must work by means.
Arn. 'Tis true, and such reverend physicians are.— 15
To you thus low I fall, then [*kneels*] : so may you ever
Be styled the hands of Heaven, Nature's restorers;
Get wealth and honours; and by your success
In all your undertakings propagate
Your great opinion in the world, as now 20
You use your saving art! for know, good gentlemen,
Besides the fame, and all that I possess,
For a reward, posterity shall stand
Indebted to you; for (as Heaven forbid it!)
Should my Zenocia die, robbing this age 25
Of all that's good or graceful, times succeeding,
The story of her pure life not yet perfect,
Will suffer in the want of her example.
Doct. Were all the world to perish with her, we
Can do no more than what art and experience 30

16 kneels] Weber's addition. 20 *opinion*] reputation.

Give us assurance of. We have used all means
To find the cause of her disease, yet cannot:
How should we, then, promise the cure?
Arn. [*Rising*] Away!
I did belie you, when I charged you with
The power of doing: ye are mere names only, 35
And even your best perfection accidental.—
Whatever malady thou art, or spirit,
(As some hold all diseases that afflict us,)
As love already makes me sensible
Of half her sufferings, ease her of her part, 40
And let me stand the butt of thy fell malice,
And I will swear thou'rt merciful!
Doct. Your hand, lady.
What a strange heat is here!—Bring some warm water.
Arn. She shall use nothing that is yours; my sorrow
Provides her of a better bath; my tears 45
Shall do that office.
Zen. Oh, my best Arnoldo,
The truest of all lovers! I would live,
Were Heaven so pleased, but to reward your sorrow
With my true service; but since that's denied me,
May you live long and happy! Do not suffer— 50
By your affection to me, I conjure you!—
My sickness to infect you; though much love
Makes you too subject to it.
Arn. In this only
Zenocia wrongs her servant. Can the body
Subsist, the soul departed? 'tis as easy 55
As I to live without you. I am your husband,
And long have been so, though our adverse fortune,
Bandying us from one hazard to another,
Would never grant me so much happiness
As to pay a husband's debt: despite of fortune, 60
In death I'll follow you, and guard mine own;
And there enjoy what here my fate forbids me.
Clod. So true a sorrow, and so feelingly
Express'd, I never read of.
Man. I am struck
With wonder to behold it, as with pity. 65

31 *Give*] F2. F1 *Gives*. 33 Rising] Weber's addition.
58 *Bandying*] F2. F1, "banding."

Char. If you, that are a stranger, suffer for them,
Being tied no further than humanity
Leads you to soft compassion; think, great sir,
What of necessity I must endure
That am a father.

Enter HIPPOLYTA, *speaking to* ZABULON *and* SULPITIA *at the door.*

Hip. Wait me there; I hold it 70
Unfit to have you seen: as I find cause,
You shall proceed.
Man. You are welcome, lady.
Hip. Sir,
I come to do a charitable office.
How does the patient?
Clod. You may inquire
Of more than one; for two are sick and deadly: 75
He languishes in her; her health's despair'd of,
And in hers, his.
Hip. 'Tis a strange spectacle:
With what a patience they sit unmoved!
Are they not dead already?
First Doct. By her pulse,
She cannot last a day.
Arn. Oh, by that summons 80
I know my time too!
Hip. Look to the man.
Clod. Apply
Your art to save the lady; preserve her,
A town is your reward.
Hip. I 'll treble it
In ready gold, if you restore Arnoldo;
For in his death I die too.
Clod. Without her 85
I am no more.

70 ZABULON and] ought perhaps to be omitted; for afterwards in this scene Sulpitia only comes on the stage. Yet both the folios have "*Zabulon and Sulpitia at the door*" (Dyce).
70 Hip.] Theobald's correction for *Zab.* of the fols.
75 *Of more*] i. e. *for more.*
83 *town*] For this hyperbolical expression Theobald, at Sympson's suggestion, printed "crown," eliciting an amusing note from Weber "to refute their arrogance."

Arn. Are you there, madam? now
You may feast on my miseries. My coldness
In answering your affections, or hardness,
(Give it what name you please,) you are revenged of;
For now you may perceive our thread of life 90
Was spun together, and the poor Arnoldo
Made only to enjoy the best Zenocia,
And not to serve the use of any other;
And in that she may equal; my lord Clodio
Had long since else enjoy'd her; nor could I 95
Have been so blind as not to see your great
And many excellencies, far, far beyond
Or my deservings or my hopes. We are now
Going our latest journey, and together,
Our only comfort: we desire—pray, give it— 100
Your charity to our ashes—such we must be—
And not to curse our memories.
Hip. I am much moved.
Clod. I am wholly overcome. All love to women
Farewell for ever!—Ere you die, your pardon;
And yours, sir: had she many years to live, 105
Perhaps I might look on her as a brother,
But as a lover never: and since all
Your sad misfortunes had original
From the barbarous custom practised in my country,
Heaven witness, for your sake, I here release it! 110
So, to your memory chaste wives and virgins
Shall ever pay their vows. I give her to you;
And wish she were so now as when my lust
Forced you to quit the country.
Hip. It is in vain
To strive with destiny; here my dotage ends.— 115
Look up, Zenocia: health in me speaks to you;
She gives him to you, that by divers ways
So long has kept him from you: and repent not

94 *And in that she may equal*, etc.] So fols., *i. e.* corresponds to me, is set apart for me as I for her. Theobald (unfollowed) printed "*And, in that, she* my *equal*" (ellipse of "is"), with which we might compare IV. iii. 86, "And [I am] glad I was deceived."

100 *Our only comfort: we desire*, etc.] Mason rightly explained that their going together was their only comfort, a meaning obscured by the absence in the fols. of any stop at *com'fort* (Dyce).

That you were once my servant; for, with health,
In recompense of what I made you suffer, 120
The hundred thousand crowns the city owes me,
Shall be your dower.
Man. 'Tis a magnificent gift,
Had it been timely given.
Hip. It is, believe it.—

Enter a Servant, *who whispers* MANUEL.

Sulpitia!

Enter SULPITIA.

Sul. Madam?
Hip. Quick, undo the charm:
Ask not a reason why; let it suffice, 125
It is my will.
Sul. Which I obey, and gladly. [*Exit.*
Man. Is to be married, say'st thou?
Serv. So she says, sir,
And does desire your presence.
Man. Tell her I'll come. [*Exit* Servant.
Hip. Pray, carry them to their rest; for though already
They do appear as dead, let my life pay for't, 130
If they recover not.
Man. What you have warranted,
Assure yourself, will be expected from you.—
Look to them carefully; and till the trial——
[ZENOCIA *and* ARNOLDO *are borne off in chairs.*
Hip. Which shall not be above four hours.
Man. Let me

119 *for, with health,*] FF. read "for which health," requiring the addition of "And" at the beginning of the next line (as Weber, while Dyce substitutes "And" for "In"), or of the line after (as Theo. and Col.). We adopt a suggestion of Mr. Bullen's, that "which" was a printer's error for "with" ("wh" in orig. MS.), meaning "in addition to."

124 Enter a *Servant* . . . MANUEL] Enter SULPITIA] Theobald's change for the "Enter a Servant, and Sulpitia" of FF.

127 *So she says*] this order having been given to the Servant in order to deceive Duarte, who must be supposed to have been with her.

128 *Tell*] Theobald's alteration for "and *tell*" of the fols (Dyce). (The eye of the original compositor having caught "*And*" in the preceding line.)

Zenocia . . . in chairs] This stage-direction is given in the fols.

Entreat your companies: there is something 135
Of weight invites me hence.
All. We'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A room in the house of GUIOMAR.

Enter GUIOMAR *and* Servants.

Gui. You understand what my directions are,
And what they guide you to; the faithful promise
You have made me all?
All. We do, and will perform it.
Gui. The governor will not fail to be here presently.
Retire a while, till you shall find occasion; 5
And bring me word when they arrive.
All. We shall, madam.
Gui. Only stay you to entertain.
First Serv. I am ready. [*Exeunt* Servants.
Gui. I wonder at the bold and practised malice
Men ever have o'foot against our honours;
That nothing we can do, never so virtuous, 10
No shape put on so pious (no, not think
What a good is, be that good ne'er so noble,
Never so laden with admired example),
But still we end in lust; our aims, our actions,
Nay, even our charities, with lust are branded. 15
Why should this stranger else, this wretched stranger,
Whose life I saved—at what dear price sticks here yet—
Why should he hope? he was not here an hour;
And certainly in that time, I may swear it,
I gave him no loose look—I had no reason— 20
Unless my tears were flames, my curses courtships,
The killing of my son a kindness to me—
Why should he send to me, or with what safety,

135 *there is something*] So fols. Theobald, "*there* now *is something*." If anything be added, "for there is something" would be preferable.
11 *think What a good is*] Entertain a thought of good.
17 *sticks here yet*] F2. F1 "stick *here yet*," the printer possibly misunderstanding it of Rutilio remaining still in Lisbon.

(Examining the ruin he had wrought me,)
Though at that time my pious pity found him, 25
And my word fix'd? I am troubled, strongly troubled.

Re-enter First Servant.

First Serv. The gentlemen are come.
Gui. Then bid 'em welcome:
I must retire. [*Exit.*

Enter RUTILIO, *and* DUARTE *disguised.*

First Serv. You are welcome, gentlemen.
Rut. I thank you, friend; I would speak with your lady.
First Serv. I'll let her understand.
Rut. It shall befit you. [*Exit First* Servant. 30
How do I look, sir, in this handsome trim?
Methinks I am wondrous brave.
Du. You are very decent.
Rut. These by themselves, without more helps of nature,
Would set a woman hard: I know 'em all,
And where their first aims light: I'll lay my head on't, 35
I'll take her eye as soon as she looks on me;
And, if I come to speak once, woe be to her!
I have her in a nooze, she cannot scape me:
I have their several lasts.
Du. You are throughly studied.
But tell me, sir, being unacquainted with her, 40
As you confess you are——
Rut. That's not an hour's work;
I'll make a nun forget her beads in two hours.
Du. She being set in years, next none of those lustres
Appearing in her eye that warm the fancy,

25 *found*] Was shewn to him. So fols. Theobald silently altered the word to "fenc'd."

28 *welcome, gentlemen*] So F2. F1 has "*welcome* home *Gentlemen.*"

39 *their several lasts*] i. e. as we now say, the measure of their feet (Dyce). Weber also suggests, "I know what burden they carry," a metaphor from the last or burthen of a ship.

43 *years, next none*] So F2 "next" meaning "almost."—F. "years next, none," which Weber adopted. Theobald omitted "next" altogether. Colman printed "years; next, none," etc.

Nor nothing in her face but handsome ruins——
Rut. I love old stories: those live believed, authentic,
When twenty of your modern faces are call'd in,
For new opinion, paintings, and corruptions;
Give me an old confirm'd face. Besides, she saved me,
She saved my life; have I not cause to love her?
She's rich, and of a constant state, a fair one;
Have I not cause to woo her? I have tried sufficient
All your young fillies; I think, this back has tried 'em,
And smarted for it too; they run away with me,
Take bit between the teeth, and play the devils:
A staid pace now becomes my years, a sure one,
Where I may sit and crack no girths.
Du. [*aside*] How miserable,
If my mother should confirm what I suspect now,
Beyond all human cure, were my condition!
Then I shall wish this body had been so too.—
Here comes the lady, sir.

Re-enter GUIOMAR.

Rut. Excellent lady,
To show I am a creature bound to your service,
And only yours——
Gui. Keep at that distance, sir;
For if you stir——
Rut. I am obedient.
[*Aside to* DUARTE] She has found already I am for her turn:
With what a greedy hawk's eye she beholds me!
Mark how she musters all my parts.
Gui. [*aside*] A goodly gentleman,
Of a more manly set I never look'd on.
Rut. [*as before*] Mark, mark her eyes still; mark but the carriage of 'em.
Gui. [*aside*] How happy am I now, since my son fell,

47 *call'd in*] Withdrawn from currency, as bad coin. For stories, faces, and coins as convertible terms, cf. the abuse of Savil in *Sc. La.* I. ii. 71, 'old Harry-groat;' I. ii. 66, 'face like an old ephemerides.'
51 *state*] Estate, income, as Dyce explains.

He fell not by a base unnoble hand!
As that still troubled me. How far more happy
Shall my revenge be, since the sacrifice
I offer to his grave shall be both worthy
A son's untimely loss and a mother's sorrow! 75
Rut. [*aside to* DUARTE] Sir, I am made, believe it;
she is mine own:
I told you what a spell I carried with me:
All this time does she spend in contemplation
Of that unmatch'd delight—I shall be thankful to ye;
And, if you please to know my house, to use it, 80
To take it for your own——
Gui. Who waits without there?

Enter Guard *and* Servants; *they seize upon* RUTILIO, *and bind him.*

Rut. How now! what means this, lady?
Gui. Bind him fast.
Rut. Are these the bride-laces you prepare for me?
The colours that you give?
Du. Fie, gentle lady!
This is not noble dealing.
Gui. Be you satisfied: 85
It seems you are a stranger to this meaning;
You shall not be so long.
Rut. Do you call this wooing?
[*Aside*] Is there no end of women's persecutions?
Must I needs fool into mine own destruction?
Have I had not fair warnings, and enough too? 90
Still pick the devil's teeth?—You are not mad, lady?
Do I come fairly, and like a gentleman,
To offer you that honour——
Gui. You are deceived, sir;
You come, besotted, to your own destruction;
I sent not for you. What honour can ye add to me, 95
That brake that staff of honour my age lean'd on?
That robb'd me of that right made me a mother?

83 *bride-laces*] Ribands to tie up the bunches of rosemary-sprigs carried by a bridal-party (Gifford).
84 *colours*] i. e. wedding-favours (Dyce).
89 *fool into*] So fols. Theobald at Seward's suggestion, printed "*fool* it to," unfollowed.

Hear me, thou wretched man, hear me with terror,
And let thine own bold folly shake thy soul;
Hear me pronounce thy death, that now hangs o'er thee! 100
Thou desperate fool, who bade thee seek this ruin?
What mad unmanly fate made thee discover
Thy cursed face to me again? was't not enough
To have the fair protection of my house,
When misery and justice close pursued thee? 105
When thine own bloody sword cried out against thee,
Hatch'd in the life of him? Yet I forgave thee:
My hospitable word, even when I saw
The goodliest branch of all my blood lopt from me,
Did I not seal still to thee?
Rut. [*aside*] I am gone. 110
Gui. And when thou went'st, to imp thy misery,
Did I not give thee means? but hark, ungrateful!
Was it not thus, to hide thy face and fly me?
To keep thy name for ever from my memory,
Thy cursed blood and kindred? did I not swear then, 115
If ever (in this wretched life thou hast left me,
Short and unfortunate) I saw thee again,
Or came but to the knowledge where thou wandredst,
To call my vow back, and pursue with vengeance,
With all the miseries a mother suffers? 120
Rut. [*aside*] I was born to be hang'd; there's no avoiding it.
Gui. And dar'st thou with this impudence appear here,
Walk like the winding-sheet my son was put in,
Stain'd with those wounds?
Du. [*aside*] I am happy now again:
Happy the hour I fell, to find a mother 125
So pious, good, and excellent in sorrows!

107 *Hatch'd*] Coloured, stained: properly "inlayed," "adorned": see note, *Sc. La.* II. ii. 12, p. 389.

111 *imp*] *The Gentleman's Recreation*, Part II. p. 59, ed. 1686, *Hawking*. "It often falls out, that a hawk breaks her wing and Train-feathers, so that others must be set in their steads, which is termed Ymping them" (Dyce). Cf. *Thierry and Theod.*, II. ii. (of two children), "imp out your age."

113 *Was it not thus*] *thus* cannot refer to *ungrateful*, but to *give thee means*; and must be understood as "with this purpose, that thou mightest hide," etc.

124 *Stain'd*] Colman's correction for "stand" of the fols.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The governor's come in.
Gui. Oh, let him enter. [*Exit* Servant.
Rut. [*aside*] I have fool'd myself a fair thread of all my fortunes:
This strikes me most; not that I fear to perish,
But that this unmannerly boldness has brought me to it. 130

Enter MANUEL DU SOSA, CLODIO, *and* CHARINO.

Man. Are these fit preparations for a wedding, lady?
I came prepared a guest.
Gui. Oh, give me justice!
As ever you will leave a virtuous name,
Do justice, justice, sir!
Man. You need not ask it;
I am bound to it.
Gui. Justice upon this man, 135
That kill'd my son!
Man. Do you confess the act?
Rut. Yes, sir.
Clod. Rutilio?
Cha. 'Tis the same.
Clod. How fell he thus?
Here will be sorrow for the good Arnoldo.
Man. Take heed, sir, what you say.
Rut. I have weigh'd it well;
I am the man: nor is it life I start at; 140
Only I am unhappy I am poor,
Poor in expense of lives; there I am wretched,
That I have not two lives lent me for this sacrifice,
One for her son, another for her sorrows.—
Excellent lady, now rejoice again; 145
For though I cannot think y'are pleased in blood,
Nor with that greedy thirst pursue your vengeance,
(The tenderness, even in those tears, denies that,)

128 *a fair thread of all my fortunes*] The line is broken by no internal point in the fols.: but Colman put a ! at *thread*, thus joining *of all my fortunes* to the succeeding words: and Weber and Dyce followed him.
140 *nor is it life I start at*] Nor do I protest against losing my life.
143 *this*] Sympson's correction for "his" of the fols.

Yet, let the world believe you loved Duarte:
The unmatch'd courtesies you have done my miseries, 150
Without this forfeit to the law, would charge me
To tender you this life, and proud 'twould please you.
Gui. Shall I have justice?
Man. Yes.
Rut. I'll ask it for ye;
I'll follow it myself, against myself.—
Sir, 'tis most fit I die: despatch it quickly; 155
The monstrous burden of that grief she labours with
Will kill her else; then blood on blood lies on me:
Had I a thousand lives, I'd give 'em all,
Before I would draw one tear more from that virtue.
Gui. Be not too cruel, sir—and yet his bold sword— 160
But his life cannot restore that—he's a man too
Of a fair promise—but, alas, my son's dead!—
If I have justice, must it kill him?
Man. Yes.
Gui. If I have not, it kills me.—Strong and goodly!
Why should he perish too?
Man. It lies in your power; 165
You only may accuse him, or may quit him.
Clod. Be there no other witnesses?
Gui. Not any:
And, if I save him, will not the world proclaim,
I have forgot a son, to save a murderer?
And yet he looks not like one; he looks manly. 170
Clod. Pity so brave a gentleman should perish:
She cannot be so hard, so cruel-hearted.
Gui. Will you pronounce?—yet, stay a little, sir.
Rut. Rid yourself, lady, of this misery.
And let me go: I do but breed more tempests, 175
With which you are already too much shaken.
Gui. Do now, pronounce! I will not hear.
Du. You shall not! [*Discovering himself.*
Yet turn and see, good madam.
Man. Do not wonder:
'Tis he, restored again, thank the good doctor.
Pray, do not stand amazed; it is Duarte; 180
Is well, is safe again.

171 Clod.] Theobald's correction for *Hip.* of fols.
177 [Discovering himself] Inserted by Theobald.

Gui. Oh, my sweet son!
I will not press my wonder now with questions.—
Sir, I am sorry for that cruelty
I urged against you.
Rut. Madam, it was but justice.
Du. 'Tis true, the doctor heal'd this body again; 185
But this man heal'd my soul, made my mind perfect:
The good sharp lessons his sword read to me,
Saved me; for which, if you loved me, dear mother,
Honour and love this man.
Gui. You sent this letter?
Rut. My boldness makes me blush now.
Gui. I'll wipe off that; 190
And with this kiss I take you for my husband.
Your wooing's done, sir; I believe you love me,
And that's the wealth I look for now.
Rut. You have it.
Du. You have ended my desire to all my wishes.
Man. Now 'tis a wedding again: and, if Hippolyta 195
Make good what with the hazard of her life
She undertook, the evening will set clear,
After a stormy day.
Char. Here comes the lady,

Enter HIPPOLYTA *leading* ARNOLDO *and* ZENOCIA, LEOPOLD, ZABULON, *and* SULPITIA.

Clod. With fair Zenocia, health with life again
Restored unto her.
Zen. The gift of her goodness. 200
Rut. Let us embrace; I am of your order too;
And though I once despair'd of women, now
I find they relish much of scorpions,
For both have stings, and both can hurt, and cure too.

198 Enter Hippolyta, etc.] Both the folios have "*Enter* HIPPOLYTA, *leading* LEOPOLD, ARNOLDO, ZENOCIA, *in either hand*, ZABULON, SULPITIA,"—which is far from intelligible (Dyce).

203 *scorpions . . . can hurt, and cure too*] Nares mentions Sir Kenelm Digby as a believer in this homœopathic cure, and quotes *Hudibras*, III. ii. 1029:—

> "'Tis true a scorpion's oil is said
> To cure the wounds the vermin made."

But the source is Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*; and its populariser in England was, of course, Lyly; *Euphues*, p. 68 (ed. Arber), "the Scorpion that stung thee shall heale thee," and again p. 356.

But what have been your fortunes?
Arn. We'll defer 205
Our story, and, at time more fit, relate it.
Now all that reverence virtue, and in that
Zenocia's constancy and perfect love,
Or, for her sake, Arnoldo, join with us
In th' honour of this lady.
Char. She deserves it. 210
Hip. Hippolyta's life shall make that good hereafter:
Nor will I alone better myself, but others;
For these, whose wants perhaps have made their actions
Not altogether innocent, shall from me
Be so supplied, that need shall not compel them 215
To any course of life but what the law
Shall give allowance to.
Zab. Sul. Your ladyship's
Creatures.
Rut. Be so, and no more, you man-huckster!
Hip. And, worthy Leopold, you that with such fervour
So long have sought me, and in that deserved me, 220
Shall now find full reward for all your travails,
Which you have made more dear by patient sufferance:
And though my violent dotage did transport me
Beyond those bounds my modesty should have kept in,
Though my desires were loose, from unchaste act 225
Heaven knows, I am free.
Leop. The thought of that's dead to me;
I gladly take your offer.
Rut. Do so, sir;
A piece of crack'd gold ever will weigh down
Silver that's whole.
Man. You shall be all my guests;
I must not be denied.
Arn. Come, my Zenocia; 230

209 *Arnoldo*] Restored by Dyce from the fols., Theobald and the rest having printed *Arnoldo's*.

218 *Be so, and no more, you man-huckster!*] Colman and Weber returned to this, the reading of the fols. (F2 om. comma after "more"), which Theobald, followed by Dyce, altered to "and no more your man-huckster."

225 *act*] Seward's emendation for "art" of the fols.

Our bark at length has found a quiet harbour,
And the unspotted progress of our loves
Ends not alone in safety, but reward;
To instruct others, by our fair example,
That, though good purposes are long withstood, 235
The hand of Heaven still guides such as are good.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

WHY there should be an epilogue to a play,
I know no cause. The old and usual way,
For which they were made, was to entreat the grace
Of such as were spectators: in this place,
And time, 'tis to no purpose; for, I know, 5
What you resolve already to bestow
Will not be alter'd whatsoe'er I say
In the behalf of us and of the play;
Only to quit our doubts, if you think fit,
You may or cry it up or silence it. 10

4 *spectators: in this place*] The colon at *spectators* was inserted by Theobald, the fols. having no stop.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE.

[AT A REVIVAL.]

I SPAKE much in the prologue for the play,
To its desert, I hope; yet you might say,
Should I change now from that which then was meant,
Or in a syllable grow less confident,
I were weak-hearted: I am still the same 5
In my opinion, and forbear to frame
Qualification or excuse. If you
Concur with me, and hold my judgment true,
Shew it with any sign, and from this place,
Or send me off exploded, or with grace. 10

10 *exploded*] in the original sense (Lat. *explodere*) of driving an actor from the stage by clapping or hooting. Cf. Chapman's *All Fools* (Prol.)—

> Who can show cause why th' ancient Comic vein
> Should be exploded by some bitter spleens?

The meaning here is—"if you *don't* want to disgrace me utterly, signify your approval in the usual way."

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